

We Got It

Lil' Flip

Whooooaaaaa
I'm the streets
What you know 'bout it?
We got what you need man

You want that cocaine?
We got it
You want that heroin?
We got it
Cause I'm a thug
T-H-U-G
Cause I'm a thug
T-H-U-G
Look I'm a thug
T-H-U-G
I said all of the above

I'm spectacular, I bite your neck like dracula
I'm flippin' in my Acura
Cause Flip still a bachelor
I'm smokin' on tarantula
Flip a key just like the spatula
Got a bitch by the name of Pamela
With a cousin named Tamara
She posin' for my camera
Cause she know a nigga a star
She know I'm the type to buy the club
Nigga fuck tryin' to buy the fuckin' bar
That's who we are, aye
In the streets niggas act like they your friend but them nigga is your enemy
They just come around to smoke your weed and drink your hennesy (I ain't no hoe)
I ain't never been a nigga that would run from a muthafuckin' fight
I'm the nigga that run to the fight
I'm the nigga with the muthafuckin' calico cocked with a light
One to the head, one to the back
Kill a nigga just like that over one stack
Cause my niggas gangstas ya niggas wankstas and we'll kill 'em, thank you
I don't give a damn 'bout you or ya muthafuckin' crew
Tell me what you what the fuck you wanna do
If the nigga wanna box we'll box
After that we box and put ya niggas in a muthafuckin' box
I been callin' the shots
A lot of niggas get in the game and get a lil' fame
Sell a couple of ringtones think they bosses
Tell a nigga to come to my hood and my niggas take they crosses
Whatyouknow 'bout comin' up in the hood sellin' keys tryin' to get out
Whatyouknow 'bout try to rob another nigga just come it's a muthafuckin' drop
Yeah nigga I live it, yeah nigga whatever I say is real
I don't just make words rhyme
Muthafucka I was really sellin' that
Really sellin' them nine's, sellin' them blocks, sellin' them k's
Gotta get the block, gotta move a mill, gotta move 'em out
Gotta watch out for the muthafuckin' cops
Undercovers will get ya, put ya behind a cell like in jail can't get no mail
Gotta put ya bitch on the ground

But she can't watch the muthafuckin' trap all the time (damn)
So what you gon' do hustler? You a king pin
How much cocaine nigga you bring in?
I hear ya records and ya records sound real nice
Except I'm not you nigga, I don't write
I'm on some other shit, some shit you ain't known
I spit metaphors, I spit homophones
Embedded chromosomes, check my DNA
I'm always winnin' first place in a relay
I'm a marathon runner, nigga you a sprinter
I'm a green label Bentley dropper you a rental
I'm a sinner, I sin again but I repented
Sin after I do it, cause I went through it
I'm true to it, the streets, fuck the beef
Cause if I'm still walkin' around nigga it ain't no beef
Go to police, but nigga they can't help ya
Cause just like some muthafuckin' wax the K will melt ya
Put ya kids in a shelter cause daddy was a dickhead
All you had to do was come on time with Lil' Flip's bread
But when these niggas play with me, I don't lose my temper
I use my pistol, then spit on instrumentals
It's critical, I'm the type of nigga that'll get at you
Get rid of you, hell yeah nigga now you miserable
Will kill 'til you lose, he don't pay no dues
If you play by the rules, homeboy them keys will get move
But if you hate on a nigga like me cause a nigga like me I got respect
Cause a nigga like me in a G-5 jet, hand on my muthafuckin' 'tec
Reppin' my set, Cloverland
Ain't no holdin' hands cause I'm a muthafuckin' pimp
Still eat shrimp, still get head from ya bitch on the first attempt
Never been a wimp, always been a fighter
Gimme the lighter cause I got the fire
These hoe ass producers in the game never wanna sign work for hires
Grab the plyers, got pullin' they teeth
Grab the plyers, got pullin' they piece
Gotta let a nigga know don't play with Flip, cause he a muthafuckin' don fo'
sure
Oh no you ain't know hoe, I got niggas in 3rd Ward that'll put a pistol to y
a
I got niggas in Iraq that'll send a missile to ya
Real ass nigga I'm a trill ass nigga don't play no games with lames
Got a whole bunch of money got a whole bunch of change I can put a lil' on y
a brain
For a stack, I can get ya whacked
For two I can get two
For three I can get the whole family we'll spray at ya randomly
It's a casualty, yeah nigga don't battle me
Cause a nigga gettin' money like Master P
I rather be livin' so lavishly, I got ya bitch home back with me
On my jet ski, Wayne Gretzky say he got ice
Lil' Flip got a whole bunch of ice, got a whole bunch of Nikes
Got a whole bunch of hoes yeah a whole bunch of dykes nigga you can get one
Gimme a g, gimme a beat, I'll show ya how to have some fun
I'll show ya how to bust a gun, I'll show ya how to turn from a soldier to a
don
Don Ron these niggas hate us, they hate to congratulate
These niggas get behind ya and hate, well they rather late
Cause my success has been happening for 12 years
Almost 13, close the curtains
I'm in that Maybach, that shit ya always see
That shit ya never had, I'm in there blowin' weed
It came with a refrigerator, I'm watchin' "The Terminator"
That nigga the governor, haaaa, nigga I'm lovin' the

Hustle the way that I grind, I can get on any plane
I can spit a freestyle and leave it on any grain
Anybody complains that means they ain't a grinder
You can put up your rolex my breitling watch it blind ya
25 karats on my muthafuckin' grill
Yes I pay the cost to be the boss
You see the cross, nigga it's all frost
Where you been nigga? I'm number 1
Cloverland southside of H-Town that's where I'm comin' from
Still pack my 'tomic gun, still packin' the calico
Still go to war for my niggas just like we at the Alamo, plooooww!
Hit the ground you see me bussin'
Nigga cause when I'm comin' repercussions ain't nothin'
I, empty the drum
I'll, empty in one
2 to his face, murder was the case
Leave the cops on the high speed chase, I'm a getaway
Cause I got 'Diplomatic Immunity' just like Jim and Cam', and Juelz
Oh yeah you see my je-wels? Haha
I made the song 'Spinners'
So I, got to ride the ride on chrome spinners
Play with me now, cause I got the fuckin' cake with me now
Yessir, the baddest bitches say they wanna stay for me now
But pray for me now, I'm hustlin' on the edge
One slip, and I can get caught up by the feds
For one flip, I can get make a whole lotta bread
I ridin' for Gudda and the Dream Team until I'm dead