

You'z A Trick

Lil' Flip

Don't spend no money
I'm a pimp, I'm a pimp
Why you keep spendin' money?
You'z a trick, you'z a trick

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Once again I'm back with the flow to make all y'all haters mad
I'm at the club every night but I ain't trickin' cash
Poppin' bottles, fuckin' models you know we do it big
Clip with hollows if you follow me I'm a split ya wig
We thirty deep at the club we all iced out

Clover G's party until they cut the lights off
Drinkin', smokin', chillin' you know we get it crunk boy
VVS's in my ear this how you stunt boy
On the east they roll dutches, we smokin' blunts, boy
When we get in town look at the line in the front boy

Now listen ma, you know, you rollin' with a G right
And half of my crew already got three stripes
Y'all gettin' three mics, I'm gettin' four and better
That nigga wanna fuck you, I just want yo' cheddar
I'm on another level, take a look at my bezel
If yo' baby daddy wanna fight, tell him it's whatever

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Aye I got my cash up, my top down, these hoes think I'm hot now
Grippin' grain, diamond chain five karat rocks now
Don't nobody get it poppin' like my crew do it
If the music too fast homey, I can screw it

24's on H2's drop top, candy blue
Ya friend wanna leave with me but shit, I'm tryna leave with you
I can show you all my game, pimpin' ain't gon' never change
Get my money in arrange you might get a clover chain

I be drivin' state to state, pimpin' hoes, makin' cake
Clover G's collared shirt, tennis shoes, baby, they
I do drive but half of the time, I'm too high
Alligator air force ones, girl, I'm too fly

'Cause I'm caked up my wrist jac'd up
I don't know why these niggaz hate us
But I'm a stay paid and chop on blades
'Cause every time you trick my money get made, yeah

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