

**Wayne Toups****"Boy"**

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[Chorus]

Booooooyy

(Repeat 4X)

[Nelly]

oh oh oh oh oh oh

So you the kang boy  
how could this be boy  
you gotta be blind to sell more records than me boy  
I can't complain boy  
don't say my name boy  
I'm like a run away slave I'm off the chain boy  
I'm bout' to jet boy  
straight flex boy  
I'm about to round princess cut and bagette boy  
don't disrespect boy  
I'll break your neck boy  
I got niggaz that sherm it up and get wet boy  
we driving vets and bentley coupes boy  
I ain't lying check my garage, I tell the truth boy  
I do it big boy  
you do it small boy  
I do some shit that you can't even do at all boy  
platinum tooth boy  
make it two boy  
come to the crib you can bowl, swim, or hoop boy  
big rule boy  
what are you doing in me yard  
you can run two miles and you still in my yard

[Chorus]

[Big Gipp]

Quarter Quarters Nickels Dollars Dimes everytime boy  
butterfly my 84', fly first class boy  
dipping through the hood candy coated paint boy  
triple zero dope sacks no tax boy  
you walk fast, well I slow-poke boy  
you grip the leather, well I grip oak boy  
I keep a crease in my Dickies when I corner hang

I love to sip champagne, funny ass names  
ladies love to see me Gucci or many of poochie  
love to see me in the gazelles to King Louis'  
shingles hanging from the end of my pants boy  
they love to see me do the old man dance boy  
I smoke plenty grass boy  
I'm touching on the ass boy  
go ahead and Sir Mix-A-Lot put it on the glass boy  
I'm from the South boy  
that's how it go boy  
we like to see em' drop it down  
and touch they toes boy

[Chorus]

Lil Flipper..  
[Lil' Flip]  
I flip tracks boy  
like crack boy  
I got that 62 inch Maybach boy  
two tone boy  
lets get it on boy  
my money long boy  
now we smoking zones boy  
come take a hit boy  
we got the shit boy  
my big clover cost the price of ten bricks boy  
I'm from the South boy  
don't run your mouth boy  
sshhh.... cuz I'll have Al Capone at your house boy  
pull up in my drop top, you like boy  
to you it's a Bentley, to me it's a toy  
I'm like a pimp boy  
I ride spinners boy  
I'm hopping out with 3000 dollar tennis boy  
come take a look at me  
I'm off the chain boy  
the gameover, bitch, you know my name boy  
I'm Lil Flip boy  
a Clover G boy  
you better free Will Lean and Pimp C boy

[Chorus]

- fade out

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