

Christina Werner**"Flipside"**

Visit "[Flipside](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Peedi Crakk]

WHOOOOOOOOOO!! Now clap for me mami, OH!

Just clap for me mami, JUST BLAZE!

Okay, and Free, okay, yeah (?)

Que tu quieres mujeres, said she blow la-la

FLIPSIDE - and she my baby mama

Get wild! Okay

[Freeway]

Freeway got the hood on smash

Pop in tape, step on gas and get ghost nigga!

Freeway got the club on lock, step on stage

Set it down leave with a broad, check for her age

Post up, fans suffer circle the block

Call the cops - it's the Roc in your area!

Post up, distribute to the block

Freeway move the rocks in your area!

Yeahhhh, Pop tried to shut me down

Cops tried to shut me down, haters wanna hit me up

What? My glock carry heavy rounds

Mack carry heavy rounds packed in the Chevy truck

What? You better ring the alarm

Before I cock back, dump on you and your boys

And have black suits, tucked on you and your mom

But back to the song, said she wanna suck on me and
the boys

Her ass look good in a thong

And she want me to sneak in the building like Trojans in
"Troy"

Best believe there's Trojans involved

Hats lift over the boy, oh boy

[Chorus: Freeway]

We rip crowds, whole lot of fire and a little bit of bass
is all it takes to make the place

GET WILD, whole lot of style and a little bit of cake

is all it takes to make her skate

FLIPSIDE (flipside) crack house and a little bit of bass

is all it takes to make the block

GET WILD (get wild) park keys and a little bit of cheese

is all it takes to make her leave

[Peedi Crakk]

With these (with these) O.G.'s (O.G.'s)
Tell that hoe until she roll on a pole I'm tryna squeeze
with ease (with ease) then breathe (then breathe)
I ain't Hov', I just know what I know
I'm talkin owe Sparks five, ride for a dollar bill
Famous up in Hollywood, high in them Holly-hills
I, can't deny how the mamis feel
Higher than the cable bill, slide with your baby girl
P. Crakk and I ain't for play
I got a mack that'll change your day
Fall back, get your act intact
P-I-M-P U-P H-O-E-S is all the rest
And yes, this is Philly, you welcome to come check us
Crakk, wherever I holla at be gettin neck in
Pass her the thing, tell her make it go rrrring
The prince of S.P., is soon to be the king
And we..

[Chorus]

[Freeway]

Now how many hoes in your motherfuckin group?
Wanna take a ride in my '89 Delk
She felt the kid, thumbtack, held the roof
Up on her cell phone, "Freeway got me in the squadder
He a rider, from the block to the booth"
I'm as, real as they come, the gorillas'll come
Six could chill 'til they come, gotta peel when they done
But let her spend the night, all night
Cause the heat call me a liar
She just like +Honey+ so I called her Mariah
Wanna see, if she got what it takes to carry across
state
And travel across state, with things taped to her waist
Mami wanna ride with pa
Bad bitches get scooped like Haagan Daas
And put on the team shoot, put on the Bean bitch
Lean bitch, shoot at they entourage
Hit up the team camp, pull on your jeans bitch

[Chorus]

Visit [Christina Werner](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.