

Lil' Flip f/ Mya

"Flippin'"

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You are now rockin' wit The Symphony

[Lil' Flip]

Yessir

It's ya boy Fliperachi the #1 fly boy (yeaahhh)

I'm the building wit my girl Mya (fo' sho)

You know we doin' a song for the ladies, they want records too, you know

So if you want to come kick it wit some real pimp, a real man, a young boss

Girl money don't run out

Let me holla if you down wit Clover G's (fo' sho)

[Hook - Mya] (Lil' Flip w/ ad libs)

I know that you'd take care of me, baby please (that's right, that's right)

No baby is not jealousy, jealousy

I know that I know that you pimpin' you pimpiiinn'

I know that I know that so I'm flippin' I'm flippiiinnnn

[Verse 1]

The first day we met, I was in my vet

I just left Warner Brothers pickin' up my check (hahaaa)

I pulled up in Wing Stop just to get me a bike

Rubber cushion on my blunt so I'm high as a kite

Red monkeys wit a crist twelve hundred to pop

And when you walk by I couldn't do nothin' but watch

Cause I know you wit a cat who ain't treatin' you right

And if you wanna be happy you should leave him right now

I got a ten o'clock flight on my G-5 girl

Let me upgrade you, no more Levi's girl

I'mma show you finer thangs you can cruise the world

And when we come back you gon' have bluest purse

Yessir

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

I ain't a pimp no more, that was '99 (99)

Cause when it came to the bread I had to get mine

Top down when I'm roll up the Vegas Strip
Four pound on my hip in case a nigga trip
A hundred dollar chips, let's gamble ma (let's go)
And if the crowd get thick let's scramble ma (let's go)
No gal can cook shrimp better than ma (haha)
I had a gal ain't know what berretta or nine
After this, I'mma drop "Ahead of My Time"
The true things that I love is my bread and my dyme
They be like "Flip man you got a lazy flow"
That's when I say "oh wellll, I make crazy dough"
Chuchhh Chuchhh

[Hook] w/ Mya singing
You always say the things to make me staaaayyyyy
He then told me that you would change your
waaayyyssss
You always got the best from meeee
I gave 'em to you faithfully
I'm flippin' now I gotta get awaaaayyyyy

[Verse 3]
So come and roll wit a fly boy
You can be my fly girl
Just you and I girl
The kid ballin' like Jim Jones (balliiiiinnnnnnnnn)
Cause I made about 8 million ringtones
(balliiiiinnnnnnnnn)
I'm a certified mack in the streets
How many rappers got ice on the back (but they not too
many)
I do it big like that rapper from ???
While you exit home put your ring out (hahaaa)
And we on private jets sippin' real wine
I was in the projects watchin' feds crime
But now I'm doin' projects gettin' paid now (yeahh)
There go the paparazzi go and put your head down
(cheese, cheese)

[Hook]

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