

## Aqua

# "Get Flipped"

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Let's go  
I need somebody to send me some zig-zags back here  
Yeah

[Verse 1]

A couple seconds of game, I got you telling me your  
bra-size  
It's YA up in the club, now it's all eyes  
We kick-back with the click-clack, sitting in my lap  
while I'm dipping in my 'llac  
And chicken heads always hit a nigga back  
When they see 'em how I'm rolling, sitting on a stack  
Scoe-Dellic, let a pro tell it  
Cop a gang of snow, and let a hoe sell it  
Blow dro 'til my eyes turn mo' yellow  
Rule number one, when the cops come, no telling  
So poetic, the flow genetic  
And I couldn't have said it better than my big bro said it

[Hook]

Take her to the spot, get flipped  
She a flipper, once she off liquor  
Hit it from the back, she get thicker  
You better watch your back though, cause she'll stick  
ya  
Never call her back, cause she'll flip  
She a flipper, once she off liquor  
Hit it from the back, she get thicker  
After that, holla back, I get wit' cha

[Verse 2]

Everybody talking that garbage, don't wanna walk wit'  
What they talk, walk the walk  
Wanna step to the street, ain't got no heat  
Ain't ready to ride, when it's on the spot  
I come off the rain, I'm off the chain  
I'm off the cane, like Eddie Cane off the 'caine  
Yeah, all the same  
And I'm in it for the dollars, ya feel me then holla  
(Scoe!)  
And all the homies on the streets, ain't got no love for a

nigga on the beat  
Cause a nigga on the beat got money in his pocket,  
now they jealous of me  
So now they looking in my face like they wanna take  
something from me  
Looking at my money  
I'm like 'Nah', now Im looking at the honey  
Like what she wanna do, wanna roll wit' the crew

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

Oh shizzle, Mr Scoe-Dizzle  
Yo' brizzle all on my jizzle  
Now this here's where it counts  
So walk in, +jig+ it out, like +Show Me The Bounce+  
Show me the shake, and show me the drop  
Show me the snake, and show me the watch  
She was making it break, and making it pop  
Wiggling it fast, then slow to making it stop  
Now should I play my part, and do my thing?  
Or keep it G? I chose to remain composed  
Taking off her clothes  
But I'm Young Scoe-Dellic, I don't love them hoes  
The B-O-Y wit' the D-U-I, and the SUV full of THC  
The K-I-D wit' P-H-I-D, I burn rubber like I had HIV

[Hook]

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