

C Note

"Flossin'"

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(feat. Lil Flip, Big Pokey, Chris Ward, Papa Reu, Marilyn)

[Marilyn singing]

[Papa Reu talking]

[C-Note]

We flossing they glossing, big bossing for life
Nina Ross paid the cost, so I made her my wife
I got them digital screens, in the back of the ride
I got them 20 inch strings, sitting low outside
Taking flights seeing sights, up in Kansas City
All the way down South, in Jackson Mississippi
Made a stop in N.O., so I can holla at Juve
Blowing green got a scene, in Baller Blockin' the movie
Pull the set fly the jet, bout to land in Texas
Touched down in H-Town, home of candy and Lexus
I've been around the world, should of seen what I saw
Pieces hanging gangbangin', down in Arkansas
Everytime that they see me, I'm in some'ing that's
pretty
My nigga Ike's keep it tight, in Oklahoma the city
You know I gotta keep it real, with them boys down
South
That got them diamonds in they grill, and the gold in
they mouth

[Hook x2: Papa Reu]

Cause we flossing, we flossing
Everything glossing, they glossing
20 inch shining, they shining
Piece and chain swinging, they swinging come again

[Sugar]

God damn, what is life about
What I gotta do pull a rifle out, to have a cumfy nice
amount of money
Take it from a playa, who's seen some'ing kicked
Hustling use to be my deal, till I noticed it ain't pay the
bills
I do my thang around you satin, cut up cocaine around

you
Couldn't even keep no slang around you, no mo' letting
em hang around you
(ask girlfriend), slam cats like a screen door
In a Hurricane, Botany Boys top ranking up
In the harder game, see this lady always makes the
bucks
From this state, niggaz got carpet burns on they nuts
By letting em hang, wreck fools from the gate
I run with the big dogs, and the heavyweights
I peeped you, put up your defense to hate this
I rush your ass, like Terrell Davis
And Mavis, couldn't staple my rap book together
See I'm the type, that'll shoot dice or do whatever

[Hook x2]

[Lil' Flip]

I got ice, cause I get that do'
Cardier watch, tic-tac-toe
S-Class, Jaguar sitting low
(what you listening to Flip), man I'm jamming Big Moe
I'm jumping out, in Iceberg wardrobe
I'm 18, and I'm a CEO
My lifestyle, is what you see on television
PT Cruisers, Navigators, Expeditions
I fuck hoes, everyday of the week
10 karats, my record label on my piece
Sucka Free knows, I'm the Freestyle King
I hate to say it, but my teeth look better than my ring

[Chris Ward]

I'm sitting low but large, backing out the garage
I'm in a brand new, fountain blue Bentley Anage
What the neighbors seeing, is not a mirage
I'm on my way, so sha'll I say Bon Voy-age
Cause I'm a wood wheel guider
20 inch glider, boulevard slider
Crawling low, like a spider
When I pull up on dubs, right beside ya
Hopping out in Iceberg, and Nike tennis
Flow is tremendous and endless, I'm a lyrical menace
I hang with big shots, like C-Note and the Chemist
Cause y'all know, Chris Ward floss just like the dentist

[Hook x2]

[Big Pokey]

I'm a H-Town playa, and I love to ball
20 inches on the crawl, V.P. and cigar
V-dubs and don't stall, me out there creeping

C-Note and Will-Lean, got the 6-4 leaping
Got bad broads peeping, cause they know we playa
made
8's and Gator-aide, plus a bunch of bald fades
Escalades, DVD's
Wrists is lit up, watching three T.V.'s
Hoes on dick, like disease
H.P.D.'s on skis, A.C. blowing freeze
It's a hundred degrees, niggaz dropping the top
If the car ain't convertible, then pop up the pop
Keith on Scott, trying to hop till the rim whop
If he don't stop, he gon be back at the rim shop
And them slims bop, nonstop
Papa Reu, tell em what we talking about

[Hook x2]

[Marilyn singing]

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