

Flipmode Squad "Everything"

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

Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh uh
Everything, everything, everything, everything,
everything
Everything, everything, everything, everything,
everything
Everything, everything, Flipmode Squad is everything,
everything
Everything

I handle weed steamers, niggas who push bench to
beamers
Trigga finga happy niggas street corner heaters
Try to get a rap game crack game whatever
I gotta make it even if I gotta take it forcefully
Life is a bitch yo I love her but she's costing me
Fly nigga head who thought about double crossing me
Spliff Star, the dutch hits, one of the hungriest
Backed by Donald Johns and that's where my money is

I told y'all six weeks rich don't forget
Another smash hit from my squad don't forget
It's Rampage yo y'all really want doubts
I'm the one that flipped your broad and make her freak
out
And call her girlfriend then eat her ass out
I'm the black Caesar people been talking about
Imperial, I got the platinum material
I got time to verbalize the crew that eat your cereal

We gon give y'all niggas everything that you want
We gon give y'all niggas everything that you need
We gon give y'all niggas everything that you aint got
We gon give y'all niggas hot shit to blow the spot

We gon give y'all niggas everything that you want
We gon give y'all niggas everything that you need
We gon give y'all niggas everything that you aint got
We gon give y'all niggas hot shit to blow the spot

Imperial chick represent broads yonder
Sing, rap, act or be a host like Ananda
Type spoken true zonin out in the vocal booth

How I do that Found new raps with tight blonde streaks
in the middle
Or die blue black
Q grill write the ill make you raise your brow
And still be the illest mad years from now
All the way hell out

Ayyo the realness, start from back in the days
In QB, when niggas had they grimy ways
Up in the street when thugs had to hold they heat but
never me
I slipped them off they own two feet
If you don't know I think you besta keep your flow
I'm the type of cat that'll just split your fro
And leave a big part you don't really want it to start
Catch you on a sunny day in front your crib double park

We gon give y'all niggas everything that you want
We gon give y'all niggas everything that you need
We gon give y'all niggas everything that you aint got
We gon give y'all niggas hot shit to blow the spot

We gon give y'all niggas everything that you want
We gon give y'all niggas everything that you need
We gon give y'all niggas everything that you aint got
We gon give y'all niggas hot shit to blow the spot

What
Panic and schizophrenic, sylvy-atlantic
Wrap up your face in ceramic, goddamit we controllin
the planet
Ask Mary, the way my shit vary the shit is scary
Havin you movin Larry hopin my niggas hear me
Timin the rhyme, flossin canary diamond me and my
niggas
Forever shinin y'all niggas been noble like a TV show
Simon and Simon
Chip in a million christenin you listenin
Now I own the pot I'm pissin in

I be wetter than mystic gellin off me 'cause you
unrealistic
I eat y'all niggas like a box of frozen fishsticks
Shortest nigga in my clique to hit y'all with the biggest
dick
Oooh what y'all niggas want kidnap em wit a gun throw
you in the
Car trunk
Sucker think he can whoop me nigga whole style
chump
Tightest new releases

Pocket size increases
Jesus, Flipmode blow the spot to pieces

We gon give y'all niggas everything that you want
We gon give y'all niggas everything that you need
We gon give y'all niggas everything that you aint got
We gon give y'all niggas hot shit to blow the spot

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.