

Flipmode Squad "To My People"

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Ya don't stop to my people in the front
Ya don't stop to my people in the rear
Say what, throw your hands in the air
Ya don't stop to my people on the left

Ya don't stop to my people on the right
Ya don't stop to my people everywhere
Say what, throw your hands in the air
Ya don't stop to my people in New York

Ya don't stop to my people down south
Ya don't stop to my people out west
Say what, throw your hands in the air
To my hip hop niggas, ya don't stop

To my niggas in the street, ya don't stop
To my niggas gettin' money, say what
Throw your hands in the air
Ya don't stop

Uh, straight off the bat
My squad is known across the map
When y'all niggas show love
Then we show you love back

Y'all niggas want beef
Fuck it take it to the streets
Y'all niggas gon' chill
Then we sit down and we build

My squad finally here
Unit of the year
We settin' up shop
And we ain't going nowhere

We want it all
Even if we gotta brawl for it
We want it all
Even if you gotta fall for it

We stage wreckers, fifty two car deckers
Reppin' to the world till the law come and get us

You jealous fellas
I'm puttin' holes in vendettas

Twist your body
With two shells from a shottie pow
Niggas wanna get me touched
(Naw, they cant touch you)
Shinin' and flossin' too much
(Naw, they can't cross you)

Light on my toes
Left him ten feet
Part from his heat
Play it softly

The truth speaks through this poetry
For me to call shot
Cock block my life
Add a little spice

Devil eyes snake rise on dice
Have your fam call Christ
Flipmode battle for mics
All my shit be high priced

I'm slashing dikes, feel me
Liftin' thugs out they crease it's quickly
Shift two keys in two weeks
And gross forty g's

Report me and live shortly
Slouch cat livin' off calibil breeze
You wanna get involved
Better grip on tight, take the next flight
We got it locked on the next bike

Check it out
I got the eye of a tiger
That's plan to go higher
My squad is on fire

And till death do us
If the label wanna sue us
Yo I'm taking the reels
I'm the man with the gat that be ready to peel

I'm the one next to Spliff when it's time to ill
I'm a show by astro red cross and blue shields
Watch us make a move
Catch us on smokin' groove

Rules house of blues, MTV news
On the bus with my Flipmode loco
(Loco)
Takin' flicks, hittin' chicks by the dozen
(Dozen)

Keep a shot runnin'
Now I'm on a journey
It take you twenty light years to burn me
(Burn me)
If you want beef call my attorney
All that other wack shit don't concern me

I'm being felt
I got a title under my belt
I'm out to get the wealth
I'm 'bout my squad and myself

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Uhh, comin' correct for all my Flipmode brothers
Stats ratin' higher then that of single mothers
Peace to my Outz clique
Bitches that I bounce with

Everybody else get the gas like Auschwitz
Like, flows for real like a rap bitch should
Type takin' niggas out like they packaged goods
Rappers wanna contest

They buggin', straight up and down
We run the underground like H. Tubman
What, I'm the bomb bitch

Nigga Rah, D I G got Rah

God be my witness
Long as I walk this globe
I be spittin' more verses
Than the 'Book of Job'

Why are you ignoring us
Running into hiding and avoiding us?
Niggas on the low be recording us
My rhyme flow remain poisonous

Thus
Yo your shit sound wack still annoying us
We alive nigga ain't no destroying us
You better off if you come join with us

Perpendicular
Or analyzing my whole molecular
In particular
Roll with my squad or go singular

I ain't into bitches who fuck animals like caligula
More hot shit so get your water sprinkler
Fire extinguisher, rhyme, prime minister
C'mon

Never mistake me for nobody else
Another blast make you shit on yourself
I hope all y'all know that I always master the art
Rip you apart

Put your hand on my heart
Flipmode number one on the charts
Solo or collective
My perspective the objective
Is to win

All praises due to my squad one in the same
Cherish every blessing
I have to make y'all witness my name
Burn another calorie

Come inside my galaxy
Put your money where your mouth is double your salary
Hey dude you know we stay rude high on a aquelude
Bust your shit bouncin' in a Honda Prelude

Let's G off
Nigga ease off
I make you breeze off

Brickfull make you rip your jeans off

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