

Lil Eddie

"Flip'n On My Block"

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(*talking*)

Yeah, I go by the name Lil Flip
(that's right), me and my nigga Greg Street
It's from Texas, to ATL, yeah

[Lil Flip]

(on my block), them niggas jamming Flip and 'Face
And don't nobody have muscles, but we all moving
weight
(on my block), where the dopefiends let you rent they
car
And if you got the biggest rocks, you the neighborhood
star
So holla at a nigga, when you get your check
And if it's 800 dollars, you about to triple that
(on my block), we staying up playing dominoes
And we got boosters in the hood, that be selling fake
clothes
That's how the game go, when you living in my city
And niggas in the hood, they don't show no pity
So don't act hot seditty, when you see me at a show
And the reason we don't hang, cause you act like a hoe
(on my block), the little kids they be smoking weed
And if you go to sleep, they coming to steal your ten
speed
I'm from the C to the L-O-V-E-R-Land
And where I'm from (Cloverland), bitch I'm the man

[Hook]

On my block, everybody on the corner hustling
On my block, niggas pulling up on them buttons
On my block, we getting that money fa sheezy
I cant leave freestyling alone, the game need me

[Lil Flip]

(on my block), you might see my nigga Greg Street
In a black G-Wagon, or that black Bentley
Or you might see my nigga, C-Note in the drop
You might see my nigga, Will-Lean on the block
You might see my nigga, Rebel at the Chop Shop
You might see my nigga D, at the Barber Shop

You might see my niggas, on Groden shooting hoops
Or you might see my nigga T.A.Z., rolling in a Coupe
You might see my nigga Dre, from S.A
Or you might see my nigga Ken, at Quickway
Or you might see the cops, just rolling through the
hood
Trying to bust another nigga, when they see you living
good

[Hook]

[Lil Flip]

You got dope dealers and crackheads, with bumps in
they face
We drive fo' wheelers on flat beds, so nigga let's race
And we can't catch a case, cause we got the best
lawyers
And I spit dead in your face, now that's some gangsta
shit for ya
And to my fans, who really buy my shit
I appreciate the love, cause y'all made me rich
And if it wasn't for y'all, I wouldn't be shit
So I'ma hold this shit down, for the Screwed Up Click

On my block, ha-ha, ha-ha

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