

# Lil' Flip

## "3,2,1 Go!"

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### "3,2,1 Go!"

(feat. Three 6 Mafia)

*[Intro - Juicy J (Lil' Flip)]*

DJ Paul, Juicy J Productions

Hypnotize Minds

SHUDAFUCKUUUP!

(Let's do it, nigga)

(Pay attention)

Bring it back

Bring it back

Bring it back

Bring it back

Bring it back

Bring it back

Bring it back

Bring it back

*[Pre-Verse - Lil' Flip (Three 6 Mafia)]*

Now if I front you a O (Bring it back)

And once you make all ya doe (Bring it back)

And if you steal from me nigga (Bring it back)

Cause my homies kill for me nigga (Bring it back)

We'll cut off ya head (And bring it back)

Duct-tape it to ya leg (And bring it back)

And yo partnas can get it too (Bring him back)

Now they pumpin on his chest, cause they tryin'a (Bring him back)

I told y'all niggas, you supposed to (Bring it back)

But that's what you get when you talk behind my back

So tell my foes they can get it anytime

Cause when I'm on that shit, yeah I got it on my mind  
for real

Here we go

*[Hook - Lil' Flip]*

Three, two, one, go!

I'ma let'chu know, these rap niggas hoes

Look you don't wanna fake

Cause I'll break yo shiit

And you don't want drama with the Clover G clique,

yeah!  
Three, two, one, go!  
I'ma let'chu know, these rap niggas hoes  
Look you don't wanna fake  
Cause I'll break yo shiit  
And you don't want drama with the Three-6 clique,  
bitch!

*[Verse 1 - DJ Paul]*

See nigga, this dope is cut-less  
Flippin iron n' weight out my black Cutlass (Cutlass)  
Shiny paint, with the quarter-top rag (Rag)  
Got it for cheap, but we can't brag (Can't brag)  
Haters playin, but they better have a plan-B  
I got a Glock everytime that they see me  
And I'ma bust til' my clips out of business  
And that won't be til' I down all that witnessed  
See I'ma do you bitches clean, by the book  
With no murder weapons or talkers, then I'm good  
See I ain't no trouble maker, just love to smoke wood  
But'chu Three-6 wanna-be's got me mis-understood,  
bitch!

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 2 - Juicy] (Left! - repeats on beat throughout verse)]*

Yes sir  
When you make a little cheese, then these niggas start  
to hate  
For just rappin, or a jackin, or a dealer pushin weight  
Don't get mad at the Juice, cause I hustle til' it's late  
And you somewhere passed out, wit'cha face off in a  
plate  
Heard you never get no pussy, so you hold 'em down  
and rape  
Ridin 'round in rental-cars, like you head of the state  
Tryin'a cut niggas deals, in the trunk he got the ba-kin  
soda  
Thought I told ya, he'll get'cha cause he fake  
Since I rap, don't be thinkin I can't leave yo body stinkin  
Yes, we do a lot of drugs and a whole lot of drinkin  
In this business, yeah it's gangsta  
But this hatin, I'm gon' finish  
Hit'chu in yo fuckin mouth, send you back to the dentist  
(Nigga!)

*[Hook]*

