

## **Lil Flip**

### **"Burbans And Lacs"**

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Rest in peace, Big Mello, we gon' miss you, nigga  
Man, I done lost so many homies, I need tissue nigga  
Taking million dolla pictures, me and all of my niggaz  
In three years, I plan to have stacks like Jigga

Aw naw, hell, naw, man, y'all done up and done it  
We chiefting like everyday, smoking bluebonic, chronic  
I did it, I done it, this rap beef, you know who won it  
I'm five million worldwide, I got mo' money

Europe paid me eighty G's for a hour show  
And any nigga would be a damn fool, not to go  
You rap about Amsterdam, nigga, I really been  
And over there, you could get ten blunts for ten

I smoke over and over again, God, forgive me  
'Cause I'm a young thug with tattoos in my skin  
Four hundred thousand dolla Benz with my name on  
my rims  
And when I pull up, hoes be like, I know that's him

Sometime I flip in a cream Caddy, sometimes I flip in a  
Fleet wood  
You know the one with the platinum skin  
And the chrome spinning shoes, that fill the feet good  
Might slide in my Dodge Intrepid  
Or the limousine tint over 83's and fresh meat

Guaranteed to squeeze when enemies test me  
I'ma empty the clip and reload again  
Ain't got no gal, ain't got no friends  
Only thing I give a damn about is my ends

I wish [unverified] was alive  
So I could watch him make another Dub again  
I'm mad at the world, fuck love again  
'Cause my so called partnas think I'm cappin'

Bitch, I've earned the right to live the good life  
Y'all know how long I've been rappin'

We ride Burbans and Lacs, black yellow or blue

That's the only way we ride, chopping blades like Screw  
I'm the King of the Clover, Z-Ro, the Mo City Don  
And all we do is get money  
(Where I'm from)

We ride Burbans and Lacs, black yellow or blue  
That's the only way we ride, chopping blades like Screw  
I'm the King of the Clover, Z-Ro, the Mo City Don  
And all we do is get money  
(Where I'm from)

You know, I'm thinking of a master plan  
I got chrome fans on my promotional van  
I'm the new Liberraci, look at how this shit got me  
I fuck with D-Block and the Dipset posse

My spinners don't stop, y'all rappers don't shop  
'Cause your jeweler told me, you be wearing fake rocks  
And if I catch you in my hood, homie, you can't leave  
'Cause I do niggaz like Fabolous, man, they can't  
breathe

I got a trick up my sleeve, don't ever pick up my weed  
And I don't tell my hoes bye, I fuck 'em, get up and  
leave  
And when I pass by the laws, I gotta switch up my  
speed  
'Cause my spider on the highway, doin' 153

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Every morning I wake up and give my praises to God  
Just for letting me see another sunrise  
'Cause sometime, making it through the night is hard  
Livin' in a place where cheering kills, cheering and  
police be the civilian

Lord, I've been callin' you so long, I wonder if you even  
hear me  
Even though I can call a whole heap a burdens  
I know there's a bunch of blessings as well

I remember when I had to sleep on benches  
Straight rob motherfuckers and leap over fences

In a single bound, I wish my mama could see me now  
Ain't no detectives tryin' to see me now  
With no rival gangs trying to beat me down  
It's MTV and BET now and ain't no mo' regular weed  
Ain't nothing but the best herb

With a granddaddy size cup of codeine  
Straight eight over ice, nigga, yes, sir  
I'm leaning like I need a V8, representin' for the 3rd  
Coast  
Look, respect the South and we gon' see straight, see  
straight

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