

# Lil Flip "Can't U Tell"

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(feat. Gudda (Squad Up), MJG, Supa)

[Talking:]

Ay I know alot of y'all niggaz wonderin', haha  
is this nigga doin good? (yup)  
is this nigga really ridin spinners? (yup), hah  
I tell them niggaz man - can't you tell a nigga doin  
good man  
can't you tell, Lil' Flip is in the building  
we got Dj Squeeky on the track...Gudda, Gudda -  
Clover G's

[Chorus x2: Flip]

We throw bows, we blow dro  
we ride blades and low pro's  
umm....I heard you doin good  
nigga can't you tell  
oh you still in the hood, cause you ain't doin too well

[Verse 1: Flip]

Now when I pull up in my drop, one switch make it rock  
one switch make it hop, the other switch make it stop  
I got wood grain on my dash, paper out the ass  
I don't ride around with wallets I carry paper bags  
ride around with tech's, endo, with a vest  
Giovanni's on my Hummer, and spinners on my Lex  
I rep Houston, Tex where niggaz bang Screw  
we ride candy paint nigga what about yo' crew  
got a piece and a chain, a watch and a ring  
ten thousand square foot home, plus a spot for my  
plane  
I spitt game to hoes to get 'em out they clothes  
cause that's how it go when all ya jewelry froze  
I been pimpin for awhile, I'm a hot boy like Nile  
my jacket is mink - but my shoes are crocodile  
I'm thuggin forever, fifty karats in my bezzel  
but I'm like 'Trillville' cause y'all can't get on "my level"

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Gudda]

Uhhh I'm in the club buckin, fuck it I'm a throw some

bows  
hit the bar and get bent and go and fuck some hoes  
I'm this bitch actin wild you know how Gudda do it  
I got my pistol on my hip incase I get into it  
niggaz drinkin that 'Incredible Hulk'  
now he drunk and he think he the "Incredible Hulk"  
uhhh they gon'have to drag him out this bitch  
then the police gon'come and drag me out this bitch....  
(yea, Gudda)

[Verse 3: Supa]

I'm doin good and it feels great  
I'm in the hood H2 and it's charcoal gray  
supa dup'fly, boy I'm supa dup'frisby  
give a fuck about the name just know he gets busy  
mouth of the south you know ya know me well  
hollow shells - swell you like a macaroni shell  
fuck you haters, the chains is off  
Clover chains is on...we off the chains lil'boy (yea)

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: MJG]

Uh, yea, come on....  
MJG, pimp tight and Lil' Flip got a hit on the chart  
but if a girl wanna get on the chart, shit I'll still put a  
bitch on the block  
you don't really want that really now tell the truth, slow  
ya role  
you got the cars and clothes but you still don't know ya  
hoes  
I'm a Hoe - ologist I dissect the bitch and find the  
problem  
I got solutions for a problem I'm here to resolve 'em  
pull up in a 1969 Impala whites over blacks they harder  
everyday I wake up early tryna make a dollar, I think I  
wanna pop my collar  
could it be I'm just a natural born with alittle dose of  
pimpin  
oooh nothin but motionless women strap up put alittle  
life up in 'em  
I don't pretend I mean exactly what I mean  
I don't sell those you can go to sleep and have a dream  
when I roll through the dirty south sittin up on my  
twenty - fo's  
breakin me a ciggerillo down...fillin it up with nothin but  
dro  
M - J - fuckin G representer of the dirty  
but I spit it hard enough to make sure that the world  
heard me

[Chorus]

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