

Lil Flip "For My Thugs"

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Lil Flip, Trick Daddy...

[Hook: Trick Daddy - 2x]

I'm doing this one for the thugs
And them boys down South, much love for the thugs
yes sir
For the thugs, and them boys in the city
Much love for the thugs, yes sir

[Lil Flip]

From city to city, state to state
Me and my niggaz on the road, trying to make this
cake
Cause if you don't work, you don't eat
So right now I'm in the studio, bringing the heat
And I've been doing this rap thang, for a long time
I went from flipping them dimes, to kicking them
rhymes
From one tat, to twenty five tats
I went from one sling shot, to twenty five gats
And all I want, is twenty five placks
And if you want a show, I need twenty five stacks
Fuck a dat, I got a playback machine
One mic one stage, and a ounce of green
And I'ma show you, how we do it down here
And if you ain't from round here, get the hell from
down here
And just kick off your shoes, and relax your feet
It's Lil Flip, Trick Daddy and my boy Greg Street

[Hook: Trick Daddy - 2x]

[Lil Flip]

When I'm thugging like Pac, when I'm hugging my
block
If you run to the cops, I'ma come with my glock
If you play with my do', I'ma spray at your hoe
So if the shit ever happen, don't act like you ain't know
Cause I got niggaz on my team, that'll pop the steal
And make your body disappear, like David Copperfield

And I got family in Miami, that'll ride for me

I got some homies in Atlanta, that'll die for me
And I'm a pimp, so my hoes never lie to me
They get taped with my cane, and go fly for me
So bring daddy his cash, so I can re-up quick
Then supply my customers, when I flood the strip
Fuck a drought I got that work, like a booking agent
I got bricks in the attic, and pounds in the basement
And that's how we hustle, around my way
We living like Denzel, on Training Day, cause I'm a thug

[Hook: Trick Daddy - 4x]

[Lil Flip]

I'm doing this for Houston, Dallas, College Station
To all my young thugs, who still on probation
For my niggaz locked up, with no parole
And to whoever bought my tape, cause my shit went
gold
And we thugging, rolling on Dubs and
We valet, when we come to the club and
I stay strapped up, cause I got shot this year
And I'm about to go quadruple, like Pac this year
That's one million, two million, three million, fo'
And after that, I'ma put red in the do'
So just kick off your shoes, and relax your feet
And watch me put these hoes, on the ecstasy

Yeah nigga...

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