

## Lil Flip "Fuck Dat Nigga"

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Oh yeah, all the fucked niggaz gotta get the fuck out  
the way  
Know what time it is nigga, Screwed Up Click

Man, fuck that nigga  
(Fuck that nigga)  
Keep running your mouth  
I'ma touch that nigga

Man, fuck that nigga  
(Fuck that nigga)  
You ain't heard about my state  
We Screwed Up nigga

Will-Lean you riding  
(Yeah, I'm riding)  
B.G. Duke you riding  
(Yeah I'm riding)

Z-Ro, you riding  
(Yeah, I'm riding)  
Point Blank, you riding  
(Hell yeah, I'm riding)

Motherfuck you, I'll rush you, bitch, I don't trust you  
Like AT&T, my guillotines reach out and touch ya  
Bust ya like a head off your shoulders, then dust ya  
Pluck my Desert Eagle to the bone, then crush ya

See I'm a hustler, just look at my wrist  
All yellow canary diamonds, looking like piss  
Yo Flip, these boys acting sour  
I got money and respect, plus I'm packing power

Stacking up dollars, niggaz wanna fuck with me  
If it's hood, it's all good, so tuck your heat  
Even though I'm on parole, I still clutch my heat  
Pick up the street sweeper, to sweep up the street

I got my serve, that ain't your mama  
Smack you with the pistol and tell ya, I ain't your mama  
I'm ready for drama, I sleep with the fo' pound

It ain't shit to send my free lancers to your town

Ladies, we just ain't talking 'bout you  
'Cause some of these niggaz is bitches too  
And you know who, no need to say no name  
I'ma gas these niggaz up, like a tank of propane

They say we ain't strapped, they lied to ya  
They say Flip ain't from Cloverland, they lied to ya  
We got the mansion, n three kitchen, ain't lying brah  
Maybach, reclining seats, 'case we get tired, brah

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Every time I open my mouth, I'ma see talking shit  
Fuck a rap nigga, I slap niggaz, it's best you keep on  
walking bitch  
I represent the Southside of Screwston, Texas  
Got my name spinning in yellow diamonds  
Right up under my Rap-A-Lot necklace

But fuck some shine, brah, I'll loosen your tooth  
Better get wet ya with my tech weapon and swoop in  
the coupe  
'Cause I'm a gangsta my nigga, coming from the left  
side  
Equipped with a pistol grip, that will open your chest  
wide

I'm the King of the Ghetto, I gave myself that name  
Ain't nobody help me get rich, I made myself that  
change  
Talking 'bout charging me twenty thousand dollars to

spit a verse  
Bitch, I'm a legend, read about me, fuck it, come and  
see about me

Right now I'm barring eleven niggaz and seven record  
labels  
You can jump your narrow ass in line and straight up  
get strangled  
Z-Ro, the Crooked, the gangsta of the Screwed Up Click  
Fuck all that ear boxing, go 'head and lace ya shoes  
up, bitch

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Watch your mouth now, 'cause what you say can bring  
death  
One day you gon' say some shit a nigga can't accept  
Point Blank, the Bull, a big chip off the old block  
It ain't gotta be in Cloverland to be a Clover Gee block

Boy, we run this shit, Flip having fun with this shit  
And you tripping, Blank, how the fuck you get a gun in  
this bitch?  
When I see him ninety nice, Southside gon' be iight  
I know I might do some time, just shoot me a kite

I write straight from the heart, so I shoot straight for  
the heart  
If Flip said fuck T.I., then it's fuck that mark  
Southsi' for li', till I flat line trick  
Talk a lot of shit but I can back mine, bitch, what's up?

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Oh no, that nigga ain't scaring me  
Look, I don't wanna hear about, your ass weighing ki's  
This lil' nigga ain't a threat, you a peon nigga  
'Cause in my hood, I play the corner like Deon nigga

Them niggaz only fucking with you, 'cause you pay 'em  
for beats  
And I saw that bullshit, grill you got on your teeth  
My grill cost thirty G's, my ice cost fifteen  
Say you gained a lil' weight if you drank some lean

Hey, I got beef with a nigga that weigh eighty pounds  
He wear my bracelet in the pool, that nigga'd probably  
drown  
Big Oomp got my back, Pastor Troy got my back  
And you know, Ludacris got my fucking back

Asking 'bout my whole team, he know I roll with G's  
So why should I fear a man that bleed like me  
Down in Texas, we ain't feeling you, kid  
As far as record sales go, I'm killing you, bitch

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Nigga, now how you gon' try to charge Z-Ro  
Twenty grand for a mo'fucking verse  
Nigga, that shit ain't worth  
A goddamn wing dinner bitch

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