

## Lil Flip "Kings Of The South"

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(\*talking\*)

Oh (oh), oh (oh) this what the streets been asking fa  
The real Kings, Lil' Flip and Z-Ro ha-ha-ha  
Clover G'z and Rap-A-Lot, different labels  
But we both in the Screwed Up Click, let's go

[Lil' Flip]

Look me and my niggaz, we fifty deep with them  
triggas  
I'm a school boy yeah right, I run with them killas  
Affiliated with pimps, I know too many cats  
I've been rapping eight years, I got too many placks  
Now when I run in your crib, and take your son out the  
crib  
And put the gun to his bib, now it's one in his ribs

[Z-Ro]

I stay in and out of the jail house, I can afford to bail  
out  
You can call me the post man, all I do is follow my mail  
route  
I got a stank ass attitude, excuse me nigga you have to  
move  
See these big \*old\* niggaz I'm walking with, there's  
some behind you too  
Don't want us to trip, you don't wanna see this  
extended clip  
Be on the lookout for Z-Ro and Lil' Flip, this is history in  
the making ya bitch

[Lil' Flip]

Now I'm back with my crew, like we ain't got nothing to  
do  
So if you beefing with them, then I'm beefing with you  
I'm the King of the South, you see the ring and the  
house  
I'm a major playa like, Mean Green in the South  
So if I kick in your do', and put my dick in your hoe  
Give me the brick in the flo', now it's time to go

[Z-Ro]

When I roll I roll solo, I got seven sets of fo' do's

I got rid of all my old bitches, to make way for some  
mo' hoes  
We are the real Kings, god damn it my grill clean  
I smoke and I still lean, hit up C-Note or Will-Lean (why  
dat)  
Cause I kick's it with my people, fuck friends they all  
turn evil

They might try, to do me something lethal  
All y'all niggaz claiming to be cold, can deal with my  
heater

[Lil' Flip]

Oh no I flip digits like Puffy, I slay niggaz like Buffy  
You a fag, I refuse to let a label fuck me  
Cause I'm calling the shots, my favorite rapper is Pac  
Nigga I was stealing cars, when you was wiping your  
snot  
So when I blow up your office, and rob one of your  
bosses  
I can't take no losses, you know how crunk the South is  
Hell yeah we throw bows for really, we blow dro and  
Philly's  
I get three dollas with this, you only getting a penny  
This skinny nigga, will never be in my position  
How you gon fight, when you got malnutrition  
So when I stomp your ass, and when I front your ass  
And when I punch your ass, you ain't gon wanna talk no  
mo' let's go

[Z-Ro]

I'm a gangsta kin folk, I stack and don't spend do'  
I got five percent tint, on each and every one of my  
windows  
Everytime the wind blows, another Benjamin goes  
Where the rest of the Benjamins go, hoe I'm paid for  
your info

[Lil' Flip]

I'm the rap LeBron, better yet I'm T-Mac  
I was flipping work, when you was playing pitty-pat  
I take a brick from here, then I move it on the East  
I got New York niggaz, paying 23  
So when I hit your gut, I'm in my pick-up truck  
I come to pick up bucks, after that I'm picking up sluts  
now let's ride

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