

## Lil Flip

# "My Mama Used To Tell Me"

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Ooooh-oooh-oooh  
Make yooooour cash  
My mama used to tell me...

[Lil' Flip]

Let me state my name, and show my skills  
I'm Lil' Flip, and I got that deal  
But I keep it real, with my peeps  
And I hold my heat, when I'm in the streets  
But I can't stop and I won't stop, rapping till I'm dead  
Cause every single day, I got ideas in my head  
Like tripling my money, and doubling my fans  
I did shows for hundreds, but now I'm getting grands  
But I give thanks to the man, for giving me a talent  
Cause I could still be hustling, trying to feed my family  
And y'all think its a fantasy, to wanna drive a Benz  
But if you get that car, how you gon supply them ends  
And you gon want some rims, and you gon want a  
house  
But when rent come around, nigga why your lights out  
Now you sitting on the couch, all slouching and mad  
Cause you acting like you balling, but you really doing  
bad  
But trust me dog, I've been down the same road  
But what I learned, is that you can't let money control  
The way you act, the way you talk (the way you talk)  
Your attitude, and the way you walk (the way you walk)  
The way you feel, the way you think (the way you think)  
Cause everything you got, could be gone by one week

[Chorus: Big Shasta]

My mama used to tell me  
Ooooh-oooooh-ooooh  
My daddy used to tell me  
Make yooour cash  
My granny used to tell me  
Ooooh-oooooh-ooooh  
My grandpa used to tell me  
Make yooour cash

[Lil' Flip]

To whoever you are, and wherever you be

Whether you punching a clock, or selling them ki's  
Just keep your head up, don't get fed up  
Just do what you gotta do, to keep your bread up  
And watch for your friends, who always wanna get you  
high  
Cause that might be the one, friend let you die  
Sometimes I cry, yeah nigga I cry  
Because half of the people I loved, they already died  
Like my cousin, I can't forget my best friend  
And my mama's mama, so everyday I'm stressing  
But I went and got a tat, for all the people I love  
And money won't change me, I'm still a educated thug  
Riding 20 inch dubs, even though I didn't want em  
But Hump paid for it so fuck it, I'ma flaunt em  
And I'm still in the hood, giving money to the kids  
But I don't want publicity, for all the shit I did  
But I did it from the heart, not to get famous  
Cause I been having paper, and it'll never change us  
And if I ain't in the hood, that mean I got a show  
That's why I stay on my grind, cause I gotta have  
dough

[Chorus]

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