

Lil Flip "Remember Me"

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(feat. Z-Ro)

[Hook]

Remember me, that lil' nigga playing ball
Remember me, like Warren G and Mack 10 I want it all
Remember me, that young nigga spitting raps
The rats looking for cheese, that's why we call it the trap

[Lil' Flip]

I'm one of the few, that drink Mountain Dew
With so much lean, it might turn it blue
I got so much green, I might burn a few
Stacks on throwbacks, plus tennis shoes
Matter fact, jerseys played out now
I run this mob shit, hey you gotta wait outside
Cause we don't talk around strangers, we use our codes
And it's gon be like that, until my casket close
Remember me, as the cat with the baddest hoes
In a week and a half, his album's gold
I use to ride big bodies, and switch the lanes
Like Jay-Z and J.D., money ain't a thang
Man fuck this rap game, cause I been through it all
From rocking hole in the walls, to arena crowds
And the ladies love my style, cause I'm debonair
Look we ain't gotta fuck, just braid my hair

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Flip]

Only time will tell, whether I lose or fail
What I look like, sitting in the middle of jail
When my family need me, I gotta make ends meet
In 9-9, I was the first to have a black Benz Jeep
So I creep, the Astros got beat
The next week, St. Louis got swept
It's like we almost make it, but we never take it shit
I'm on the road, trying to be the greatest
I got a good work ethic, I ain't never relaxed
If you can't afford a verse, I'll make ya a track
I a-ttack the beats, with my lyrics nigga

You see that Continental Coupe, don't go near it nigga
Remember me, as the cat with two gold teeth
Back when me and Carl, use to patch up and eat
I thank my hood for the love, that they showed me man
I'm the white chocolate of rap, you can't hold me man

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Flip]

Hey, I got tattoos on my hand
And the beef squashed, if you admit you a fan
Can't nobody down here, do it like I do
And we extort niggaz, what about you
Nigga move, cause I ain't got nothing to prove
Before "Never Scared", wasn't nobody fucking with you
I'm a fly, young nigga-ro
I'll put you in a full nelson, but I got rap in a figga fo'
Check the sco', cause I'm up by eighty
And it's the third quarter nigga, I am the greatest
Rapper my age, with a gang of hits
And you need to step up your weak chain, ya bitch

(*talking*)

Ha-ha nigga, you know how I do it nigga
I got two houses on my neck nigga, ya dig
A Bentley watch, a Bentley car Maybach
All that shit, you know I'm saying
You need to have MTV, pimp your motherfucking ride
Cause we got the real spinners
Not the kind with the adaptors, ya know
Clover G's nigga, know how we do it
My nigga Price on the track ya know, respect nigga
I paid my dues, so I'ma make the world remember me

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