Lil Flip
"Takeover"

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[talking]
Hey Hump, how much you paid E.S.G.
To get on the H.S.E. album mayn
(I gave that nigga three full cookies, told him
Get his ass away come back and get a fifty pack)
Hey y'all, E.S.G.. snort cocaine ha-ha-ha

[Hook]
Sucka Free Records, we running this rap shit
Humpty-Hump, we running this rap shit
R-E double D, we running this rap shit
Lil' Ron, we running this rap shit

[Lil' Flip]
The take over, yeah the break's over
I'm the God of freestyle, bitch I'm from the Clover
And I'm screwed up, did I make myself clear
Now you got me pissed off, so I'ma end your career
I don't care if you swang and bang, you still broke to
me
Remember Hump, use to let you snort dope for free
Look you ain't on my level, cause you are lame
You had to run from your gal, so you could do some
caine
You went from Perion, Black Heart to Wreckshop
Now you got some tattoos, so you wanna be Pac
You fell from top ten, to not mentioned at all
Face it E, you will never have a plack on your wall
You did Maan with Big Moe, then you left the label
You ain't get shit, Big Moe got a Navigator
Matter fact, you had the worst verse on the song
But we all know, you ain't shit but a clone
You ain't write Buy the Car, nigga I wrote that hook
But I should of known that day, I couldn't find my
notebook
And you are, so laaaame
Damn E.S.G.., tell the truth how long you been in this
game
You came out with Ocean of Funk, and Sailin' Da South
Then you went to jail nigga, so you took a loss
Then you returned, with the Living Dead
But wasn't nobody feeling you, your career was dead

[Hook]
Big H.A.W.K., we running this rap shit
Po-Yo, we running this rap shit
T.J., we running this rap shit
Big Moe, we running this rap shit
3-2, we running this rap shit
Slim Thug, we running this rap shit
Scarface, we running this rap shit
U.G.K., we running this rap shit

[Lil' Flip]
Now you rolling with Slim Thug, cause you done lost
your buzz
You ain't shit, so you don't get respect in clubs
I took you to get your license, I paid your bills
And don't you think right now, it's time to change your
grill
Don't nobody wear crushed, we wearing princess cuts
And didn't you see the new Vibe, I bet that fucked you
up
Scarface said it all, in one paragraph
Now who the Freestyle King, don't make me laugh
Now tell your fans, how you stole raps out my books
Tell your fans, Lil' Flip wrote all your hooks
I'm spectacular, bite your neck like Dracula
Nigga I wrote it, you ungrateful bastard
And you are, so laaaame
You almost thirty, and you still broke in this game
You really from Bogalusa, but you claim you Texas
Tell the truth, you ain't never drive a Lexus
And you are, so laaaame
You might sell more records, if you quit screaming
mayn
Your style been whack, so now it's time to retire
I thought I made myself clear, to stop stealing my style
And Lil' Flex, you ain't shit but a hoe
Don't try to be Yungstar, get your own flow
We all know, that Z-Ro go the hardest
We Screwed Up Click, we gon shine regardless

[Hook]
Sucka Free Records, we running this rap shit
Humpty-Hump, we running this rap shit
R-E double D, we running this rap shit
Lil' Ron, we running this rap shit

[talking]
You fake motherfucking rappers
Yeah we run this rap shit, broke bitch
No rapping ass motherfuckers, that's jealous

Cause young niggaz got y'alls spots bitch
Been another nigga play, Freestyle King forever hoe
Sucka Free run this shit, fake motherfucker
Yeah nigga, y'all thought I was gone bitch
Remember this, don't give a fuck about Flex
We don't give a fuck about E.S.G.
Take a dick to your brain bitch, yeah CEO's for life
Sucka Free run this shit, you old Flex
You and that bitch Den Den, Den Den I thought
You were a CEO bitch, you a CE-Hoe
That's why we see your as at the Impact, broke bitch