

## Lil Flip

### "We Got It"

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Whooooaaaaa  
I'm the streets  
What you know 'bout it?  
We got what you need man

[Hook]  
You want that cocaine?  
We got it  
You want that heroin?  
We got it  
Cause I'm a thug  
T-H-U-G  
Cause I'm a thug  
T-H-U-G  
Look I'm a thug  
T-H-U-G  
I said all of the above

[Verse]  
I'm spectacular, I bite your neck like dracula  
I'm flippin' in my Acura  
Cause Flip still a bachelor  
I'm smokin' on tarantula  
Flip a key just like the spatula  
Got a bitch by the name of Pamela  
Wit a cousin named Tamara  
She posin' for my camera  
Cause she know a nigga a star  
She know I'm the type to buy the club  
Nigga fuck tryin' to buy the fuckin' bar  
That's who we are, aye  
In the streets niggas act like they your friend but them  
nigga is your enemy  
They just come around to smoke your weed and drink  
your hennesy (I ain't no hoe)  
I ain't never been a nigga that would run from a  
muthafuckin' fight  
I'm the nigga that run to the fight  
I'm the nigga wit the muthafuckin' calico cocked wit a  
light  
One to the head, one to the back

Kill a nigga just like that over one stack  
Cause my niggas gangstas ya niggas wankstas and  
we'll kill 'em, thank you  
I don't give a damn 'bout you or ya muthafuckin' crew  
Tell me what you what the fuck you wanna do  
If the nigga wanna box we'll box  
After that we box and put ya niggas in a muthafuckin'  
box  
I been callin' the shots  
A lot of niggas get in the game and get a lil' fame  
Sell a couple of ringtones think they bosses  
Tell a nigga to come to my hood and my niggas take  
they crosses  
Whatyouknow 'bout comin' up in the hood sellin' keys  
tryin' to get out  
Whatyouknow 'bout try to rob another nigga just come  
it's a muthafuckin' drop  
Yeah nigga I live it, yeah nigga whatever I say is real  
I don't just make words rhyme  
Muthafucka I was really sellin' that  
Really sellin' them nine's, sellin' them blocks, sellin'  
them k's  
Gotta get the block, gotta move a mill, gotta move 'em  
out  
Gotta watch out for the muthafuckin' cops  
Undercovers will get ya, put ya behind a cell like in jail  
can't get no mail  
Gotta put ya bitch on the ground  
but she can't watch the muthafuckin' trap all the time  
(damn)  
So what you gon' do hustler? You a king pin  
How much cocaine nigga you bring in?  
I hear ya records and ya records sound real nice  
Except I'm not you nigga, I don't write  
I'm on some other shit, some shit you ain't known  
I spit metaphors, I spit homophones  
Embedded chromosomes, check my DNA  
I'm always winnin' first place in a relay  
I'm a marathon runner, nigga you a sprinter  
I'm a green label Bentley dropper you a rental  
I'm a sinner, I sin again but I repented  
Sin after I do it, cause I went through it  
I'm true to it, the streets, fuck the beef  
Cause if I'm still walkin' around nigga it ain't no beef  
Go to police, but nigga they can't help ya  
Cause just like some muthafuckin' wax the K will melt  
ya  
Put ya kids in a shelter cause daddy was a dickhead  
All you had to do was come on time wit Lil' Flip's bread  
But when these niggas play wit me, I don't lose my  
temper

I use my pistol, then spit on instrumentals  
It's critical, I'm the type of nigga that'll get at you  
Get rid of you, hell yeah nigga now you miserable  
Will kill 'til you lose, he don't pay no dues  
If you play by the rules, homeboy them keys will get  
move  
But if you hate on a nigga like me cause a nigga like  
me I got respect  
Cause a nigga like me in a G-5 jet, hand on my  
muthafuckin' 'tec  
Reppin' my set, Cloverland  
Ain't no holdin' hands cause I'm a muthafuckin' pimp  
Still eat shrimp, still get head from ya bitch on the first  
attempt  
Never been a wimp, always been a fighter  
Gimme the lighter cause I got the fire  
These hoe ass producers in the game never wanna  
sign work for hires  
Grab the plyers, got pullin' they teeth  
Grab the plyers, got pullin' they piece  
Gotta let a nigga know don't play wit Flip, cause he a  
muthafuckin' don fo' sure  
Oh no you ain't know hoe, I got niggas in 3rd Ward  
that'll put a pistol to ya  
I got niggas in Iraq that'll send a missile to ya  
Real ass nigga I'm a trill ass nigga don't play no games  
wit lames  
Got a whole bunch of money got a whole bunch of  
change I can put a lil' on ya brain  
For a stack, I can get ya whacked  
For two I can get two  
For three I can get the whole family we'll spray at ya  
randomly  
It's a casualty, yeah nigga don't battle me  
Cause a nigga gettin' money like Master P  
I rather be livin' so lavishly, I got ya bitch home back wit  
me  
On my jet ski, Wayne Gretzky say he got ice  
Lil' Flip got a whole bunch of ice, got a whole bunch of  
Nikes  
Got a whole bunch of hoes yeah a whole bunch of  
dykes nigga you can get one  
Gimme a g, gimme a beat, I'll show ya how to have  
some fun  
I'll show ya how to bust a gun, I'll show ya how to turn  
from a soldier to a don  
Don Ron these niggas hate us, they hate to  
congratulate  
These niggas get behind ya and hate, well they rather  
late  
Cause my success has been happening for 12 years

Almost 13, close the curtains  
I'm in that Maybach, that shit ya always see  
That shit ya never had, I'm in there blowin' weed  
It came wit a refrigerator, I'm watchin' "The Terminator"  
That nigga the governor, haaaa, nigga I'm lovin' the Hustle  
the way that I grind, I can get on any plane  
I can spit a freestyle and leave it on any grain  
Anybody complains that means they ain't a grinder  
You can put up your rolex my breitling watch it blind ya  
25 karats on my muthafuckin' grill  
Yes I pay the cost to be the boss  
You see the cross, nigga it's all frost  
Where you been nigga? I'm number 1  
Cloverland southside of H-Town that's where I'm comin' from  
Still pack my 'tomic gun, still packin' the calico  
Still go to war for my niggas just like we at the Alamo, plooww!  
Hit the ground you see me bussin'  
Nigga cause when I'm comin' repercussions ain't nothin'  
I, empty the drum  
I'll, empty in one  
2 to his face, murder was the case  
Leave the cops on the high speed chase, I'm a getaway  
Cause I got 'Diplomatic Immunity' just like Jim and Cam', and Juelz  
Oh yeah you see my je-wels? Haha  
I made the song 'Spinners'  
So I, got to ride the ride on chrome spinners  
Play wit me now, cause I got the fuckin' cake wit me now  
Yessir, the baddest bitches say they wanna stay for me now  
But pray for me now, I'm hustlin' on the edge  
One slip, and I can get caught up by the feds  
For one flip, I can get make a whole lotta bread  
I ridin' for Gudda and the Dream Team until I'm dead

[Hook]

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