

## Lil Flip "You'z A Trick"

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Don't spend no money  
I'm a pimp, I'm a pimp  
Why you keep spendin' money?  
You'z a trick, you'z a trick

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Once again I'm back with the flow to make all y'all  
haters mad  
I'm at the club every night but I ain't trickin' cash  
Poppin' bottles, fuckin' models you know we do it big  
Clip with hollows if you follow me I'm a split ya wig  
We thirty deep at the club we all iced out

Clover G's party until they cut the lights off  
Drinkin', smokin', chillin' you know we get it crunk boy  
VVS's in my ear this how you stunt boy  
On the east they roll dutches, we smokin' blunts, boy  
When we get in town look at the line in the front boy

Now listen ma, you know, you rollin' with a G right  
And half of my crew already got three stripes  
Y'all gettin' three mics, I'm gettin' four and better  
That nigga wanna fuck you, I just want yo' cheddar  
I'm on another level, take a look at my bezel  
If yo' baby daddy wanna fight, tell him it's whatever

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Aye I got my cash up, my top down, these hoes think  
I'm hot now  
Grippin' grain, diamond chain five karat rocks now  
Don't nobody get it poppin' like my crew do it  
If the music too fast homey, I can screw it

24's on H2's drop top, candy blue  
Ya friend wanna leave with me but shit, I'm tryna leave  
with you  
I can show you all my game, pimpin' ain't gon' never  
change  
Get my money in arrange you might get a clover chain

I be drivin' state to state, pimpin' hoes, makin' cake  
Clover G's collared shirt, tennis shoes, baby, they  
I do drive but half of the time, I'm too high  
Alligator air force ones, girl, I'm too fly

'Cause I'm caked up my wrist jac'd up  
I don't know why these niggaz hate us  
But I'm a stay paid and chop on blades  
'Cause every time you trick my money get made, yeah

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