

Lil' Flip Feat. Z-Ro & Nutt "Sorry Lil' Mama"

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Sorry, lil' mama, I gotta go
Not tryna' hit and run ya but I got another show
It's already check out time plus my plane leaves at four
Give me them digits and a later date, I'll fuck with you
some more

Meanwhile rollin' on chrome, every lil' mama
I run into wanna take me home
Tryna' give 'em all a fair share because they all want
this bone
So don't get mad at me if my cell phone is on roam
I'm just tryna' get some dome

Yeah, now if you rollin' with me come now
I'm a gangsta I'll never put my gun down
I can't drive, girl, 'cause I'm high
I see ya belly ring plus you got a butterfly

Twenty eights when I roll out
Ten clear coats on my gold drop
What's yo name? Where you from, girl?
I got a presidential suite, you can come, girl

I got Cris by the case load
What the hell, ya ,baby, daddy in my face for?
Now I'm reachin' for my waist so
We got chicks in every state, woah

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Huh, the whip paid fo', she starin' at my watch

I'm like, "What you in my face for?"
Oh, she heard of rider gang, she wanna ride a gangsta
Ride with a gangsta, I'm a type of gangsta

It ain't 'bout the fame, she just diggin' my nature
It ain't 'bout the change, she said, "I want the
paper"
I'm feelin' ya style and ya classy ways
I want my child in ya stomach but not havin' my baby

Anyway I'm a one night stand man
And after this night I'm a dump you like a trash can
Like I set you on fire I can put you out
I was ya gas can and I can be ya water spout

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Yeah, I gotta Sprint and a T Mobile and a Nextel phone
And all three of 'em ringin' from bad ass bitches that
wanna bone
Take one or two calls, take one to the telly and take one
home
Cuttin' corners barely missin' the curb, tryin' not to
break her bone

I'm sittin' on choppa eighty-threes and fresh ass meat
A nigga tried to jack me for 'em so I opened up his
chest last week
I'm rude as a mothafucker but I get nice when I receive
head
Might fall off for a minute but I get back right when I
receive bread

Talk up on somethin' short and thick, go straight to the
bed with it
But on the low, low 'cause someones always watchin'
like a Fed visit
Crucify the coochie then cut a couple of corners
Cruisin' with me in the Bentley soon as I borrow ya

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