

Mia X

"Flip and Rip"

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DJ KLC]

Yo Mia. I got the firest beat and I want you and Mac to bust off it.

So who goin first?

[Mia X]

It don't matter to me, Boo.

[DJ KLC]

Well, we gone flip for it. Call it in the air.

[Mia X]

Heads.

[Mac]

Tails

[Mia X]

Mac, you up first.

[Mac]

Say, KL. Since I gotta go first and shit I'ma kick this shit one more time

for the old fake ass niggas who thought I lost it. Ya heard me? Check it

Verse One: Mac

Street camo

Cover my flesh

I'm one of the best in the contests
They steppin to Mac without a vest on they chest
If all you wanted was rest
Then I'm your Nyquil guy
Your night time sniffin and stuffiness
I kill with one shot
The murder murder verses
Quench lunatic's thirsts
I get pussy from nurses
Comin from churches
The camouflage A-S-S A-S-S I-N
I'm deadlier with my pen
Then niggas with the mac 10
But that was back then
In 98 I'm strapped
Cuz I'm on the map
Ain't afraid to bust a cap
And I get paid for bustin raps
I like them ghetto girls
Y'all can have them super models
Cuz gangsta bitches got bodies like Coke bottles
I get the game from my nigga V9
I get the beats off the 3-9
Them niggas can't see mine
I'm lyrically a therapist
A fuckin terrorist

Boom Boom!

I never miss

I'm on the next level

Chorus: repeat 2X [Mia X and Mac]

Well I'ma flip it like this

And I'ma rip it like that

And I'ma rip it like that

And I'ma flip it like this

Verse Two: Mia X

When the smoke clears

I'ma still be here nigga

Mic in my hand

Rowdy doin the rip the rapper dance

I set the lines behind the fallen emcees that challenge
me

You cross my path

You gets flipped in my wrath

The aftermath left bitches quiet as fuck

Like when the neighbors saw the crim and the cops
came up

I rips it up from the gut

Like Jack the Shanka Man

Chasin hoes down with the knife in his hand

The better man's gone be Mama

And you know this nigga

On the top or the bottom

I'ma show this nigga

He's goin to sleep

I'm too deep

The lady alligator

Stick your seven inches in the swamp

And I'ma fade ya

I made you motherfuckers recognize the south

For the gumbo flava comin out my mouth

About drama

Bout paper

Bout settin it off

Fuck the verbal fantasies

My shit is real y'all.

Chorus: X4

Verse Three: Mac and Mia X

[Mac]

Pass me the mic

And let me dig into they chests

Like AK bullets through they proof vests

In a shootin fest

I murder emcees like media

Mac the street encyclopedia

Who wanna test me?

Bless me with somethin knottin

Bitches who start pussy poppin

Rhyme I quote em

Nines I told em

Like wallets

I'm rock solid

And I like it when they suck and swallow it

I'm hardcore

Fuck that slangin and shit

Cuz when I'm on the mic

Niggas be bangin and shit

[Mia]

I love them buck wild crowds

Mama be center stage

Throwin lyrics at them niggas

Like hand grenades

You can' take the projects out of a bitch like me

Six figures make me throw bigger block parties

Still warm my bed with a thug nigga of course (fo sho)

Still in the mix with all them messy ass hoes

Still bust a freestyle with my camouflage son

Off top, then leave the studio with my gun cocked

What

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