

## **Fox George**

### **"Flip 2 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't 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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