

2 Grössen Zu Gross

"Flipside"

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[Intro: Peedi Crakk] + (Freeway)
WHOOOOOOOOOO! Now clap for me mami, OH!
Just clap for me mami (JUST BLAZE!)
Okay, and Free, okay, yeah (?)
Que tu quieres mujeres, she said she blow la-la
FLIPSIDE - and she my baby mama
Get wild! Okay

[Freeway]
Freeway got the hood on smash
Pop in tape, step on gas and get ghost nigga!
Freeway got the club on lock, step on stage
Set it down leave with a broad, check for her age
Post up, fans suffer circle the block
Call the cops - it's the ROC in your area!
Post up, distribute to the block
Freeway move the rocks in your area!
Yeahhhh, pop tried to shut me down
Cops tried to shut me down, haters wanna hit me up
What, my glock carry heavy rounds
Mack carry heavy rounds packed in the Chevy truck
What, you better ring the alarm
Before I cock back, dump on you and your boys
And have black suits, tucked on you and your mom
But back to the song, said she wanna suck on me and
the boys
Her ass look good in a thong
And she want me to sneak in the building like trolls and
a troy
Best believe there's Trojans involved
Hats lift over the boy, oh boy

[Chorus: Freeway]
We rip crowds, whole lot of fire
And a little bit of bass, is all it takes to make the place
GET WILD, whole lot of style
And a little bit of cake, is all it takes to make her skate
FLIPSIDE (flipside) crack house
And a little bit of bass, is all it takes to make the block
GET WILD (get wild) park keys
And a little bit of cheese, is all it takes to make her

leave

[Peedi Crakk]

With these (with these) O.G.'s (O.G.'s)
Tell that hoe until she roll on a pole I'm tryna squeeze
With ease (with ease) then breathe (then breathe)
I ain't Hov', I just know what I know
I'm talkin O. Sparks five, ride for a dollar bill
Famous up in Hollywood, high in them Holly-hills
I, can't deny how the mami's feel
Hidin' the cable bill, slide with your baby girl
P. Crakk and I ain't for play
I got a mack that'll change your day
Fall back, get your act in tact
P-I-M-P U-P H-O-E-S is all the rest
And yes, this is Philly, you welcome to come check us
Crakk, wherever I holla at be gettin' naked
Pass her the thing, tell her make it go ring
The prince of S.P., is soon to be the king, and we

[Chorus]

[Freeway]

Now how many hoes, in your motherfuckin group
Wanna take a ride, in my '89 Delk
She felt the kid, thumbtack, held the roof up
On her cell phone, "Freeway got me in the squadder
He a rider, from the block to the booth."
I'm as, real as they come, the gorillas'll come
Six could chill 'til they come, gotta peel when they done
But let her spend the night, all night
Cause the heat call me a liar
She just like +Honey+ so I called her +Mariah+
Wanna see, if she got what it takes to carry across
state
And travel across state, with things taped to her waist
Mami wanna ride with pa, bad bitches get scooped like
Haagan Daas
And put on the team shoot, put on the bean bitch
Lean bitch, shoot at they entourage
Hit up the team camp, pull on your jeans bitch

[Chorus]

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