

Roscoe

"Get Flipped"

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Let's go

I need somebody to send me some zig-zags back here

Yeah

[Verse 1]

A couple seconds of game, I got you telling me your
bra-size

It's YA up in the club, now it's all eyes

We kick-back with the click-clack, sitting in my lap

While I'm dipping in my 'llac

And chicken heads always hit a nigga back

When they see 'em how I'm rolling, sitting on a stack

Scoe-Dellic, let a pro tell it

Cop a gang of snow, and let a hoe sell it

Blow dro 'til my eyes turn mo' yellow

Rule number one, when the cops come, no telling

So poetic, the flow genetic

And I couldn't have said it better than my big bro said it

[Hook]

Take her to the spot, get flipped

She a flipper, once she off liquor

Hit it from the back, she get thicker

You better watch your back though, cause she'll stick

ya

Never call her back, cause she'll flip

She a flipper, once she off liquor

Hit it from the back, she get thicker

After that, holla back, I get wit' cha

[Verse 2]

Everybody talking that garbage, don't wanna walk wit'

What they talk, walk the walk

Wanna step to the street, ain't got no heat

Ain't ready to ride, when it's on the spot

I come off the rain, I'm off the chain

I'm off the cane, like Eddie Cane off the 'caine

Yeah, all the same

And I'm in it for the dollars, ya feel me then holla

(Scoe!)

And all the homies on the streets, ain't got no love for a
nigga on the beat

Cause a nigga on the beat got money in his pocket,
now they jealous of me

So now they looking in my face like they wanna take

something from me
Looking at my money
I'm like 'Nah', now Im looking at the honey
Like what she wanna do, wanna roll wit' the crew
[Hook]
Take her to the spot, get flipped
She a flipper, once she off liquor
Hit it from the back, she get thicker
You better watch your back though, cause she'll stick
ya
Never call her back, cause she'll flip
She a flipper, once she off liquor
Hit it from the back, she get thicker
After that, holla back, I get wit' cha
[Verse 3]
Oh shizzle, Mr Scoe-Dizzle
Yo' brizzle all on my jizzle
Now this here's where it counts
So walk in, +jig+ it out, like +Show Me The Bounce+
Show me the shake, and show me the drop
Show me the snake, and show me the watch
She was making it break, and making it pop
Wiggling it fast, then slow to making it stop
Now should I play my part, and do my thing?
Or keep it G? I chose to remain composed
Taking off her clothes
But I'm Young Scoe-Dellic, I don't love them hoes
The B-O-Y wit' the D-U-I, and the SUV full of THC
The K-I-D wit' P-H-I-D, I burn rubber like I had HIV
[Hook]
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