

## **Black Rob F/ Beanie Sigel, Da Brat, G-Dep, Joe Hoo**

### **"Flow On"**

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[ Dr. Dre ]

Hey yo, check this out, y'all  
Since we almost at the last song  
Won't y'all kick some of that fly-ass gangsta shit?

[ KM.G ]

Alright

Once again, a black nigga named KM.G  
And now it's time to drop some real pimpin shit  
Knowledge it, cause we livin like hustlers  
Comin from U.S.C.  
For those that don't know  
That's the University of South Central  
So bless the 40oz.  
Cautse his is somethin to jump on  
Why, you can drink whatever  
Like I said before, ain't nothin changed but the weather  
'bout to take you to a higher plateau of hustlers  
Hustlers beyond control  
Homies ranchin, rollin nationally, clockin hoes  
We was there when the pimpin shit was put down  
Yo, 187  
(What's up, man?)  
Yo, this shit is flowin  
(Muthafuckin right, it is)  
Yeah, let's take our time and do it the way a player  
would  
(Alright)

Okay!

[ VERSE 1: Cold 187um & KM.G ]

Here we go, flowin on and on  
What's this we're doin so well? That's the name of the  
song  
Let's break it down, we're rollin nationally, clockin hoes  
Well, just to turn em into freaks, but if they turn to foes  
We don't need em, we know too many backstabbers  
now  
In our face they say they're with it, behind they back  
they put us down

And try to clown a player like me, 187 from 'Mona  
And my homie the rancher from the city of Toners  
I hit a corner, cause they ballers in L.A.  
We give our props to the homies that be clockin on the  
Trey  
They sayin, "What's up, gees, tell me what's happenin  
I heard you're clockin dollars, but you're still out there  
rappin"  
You should know, it's my cash flow, now I'm just hangin  
With these beats called dope and these rhymes that  
I'm slingin  
That are so fly, we can't deny, we must reply  
If we twist it in two zags, we can all get high  
Off this shit, it's so legit, label it Chronic  
Cause if our rhymes was a robot, they'd all be Bionic  
Get up and get with it, if not, we feel we're owin  
Throw your hands in the air while we keep on flowin

[ Cold 187um ]

Yo KM.G, I think we got em locked on  
See, flowin is a art from the heart of a player  
So we gon' do the next one like this, man

[ VERSE 2: Cold 187um & KM.G ]

People say we have such strange vocabulary  
To find these words you need a underground  
dictionary  
Plus trey lifetimes of the inner city knowledge  
And to get this, boy, you see, you can't go to college  
Now see, you gotta be around when the shit goes down  
Not only spectating, man, you gotta throw down  
Yeah, and check em in a bottle like if you were at  
Ceasar's  
Or maybe over somethin like money and skeezers  
That's why we got this rule: first come, first served  
And if you don't know the meaning, just listen to the  
words  
I'm sayin, I don't be playin when I'm housin the scene  
I keep my Locs on, because I know you on fiend  
But I take them off, it's just because I'm scrappin  
But I put em back on as I commence to rappin  
Well, we do a show, rock the house and get paid  
Take a bitch to the mote, then get laid  
Send her home with a smile, cause it's worth her while  
She's to the homies how she did it and she went the  
mile  
I'm talkin whole nine yards, if you can understand  
Cause I'm a playin muthafucka and I'm in demand  
So flow on

[ KM.G ]

See  
Untouchable players in effect  
Makin all the big pay-offs  
Callin all the shots  
Ballin  
Punishin punk muthafuckas on the 12-gauges  
I call on K-oss  
Knowledge Over Sucker-Spinners  
Dopeness jumpin off  
Gots to be platinum-bound  
O.G. G-O, a mack, a arson, a chiller and a killer  
A double-dose of the mega-flex  
Like all you gees that think you're niggas with attitudes  
You ain't got it like that  
Cause Ruthless done fixed that  
(Hey yo, what happened to peace?)  
Fuck peace  
I'm outta here

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