

## Dreams Lyrics by Signs Of Darkness

### "Flip'n on My Block"

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(\*talking\*)

Yeah, I go by the name Lil Flip  
(that's right), me and my nigga Greg Street  
It's from Texas, to ATL, yeah

[Lil Flip]

(on my block), them niggas jamming Flip and 'Face  
And don't nobody have muscles, but we all moving  
weight  
(on my block), where the dopefiends let you rent they  
car  
And if you got the biggest rocks, you the neighborhood  
star  
So holla at a nigga, when you get your check  
And if it's 800 dollars, you about to triple that  
(on my block), we staying up playing dominoes  
And we got boosters in the hood, that be selling fake  
clothes  
That's how the game go, when you living in my city  
And niggas in the hood, they don't show no pity  
So don't act hot seditty, when you see me at a show  
And the reason we don't hang, cause you act like a hoe  
(on my block), the little kids they be smoking weed  
And if you go to sleep, they coming to steal your ten  
speed  
I'm from the C to the L-O-V-E-R-Land  
And where I'm from (Cloverland), bitch I'm the man

[Hook]

On my block, everybody on the corner hustling  
On my block, niggas pulling up on them buttons  
On my block, we getting that money fa sheezy  
I cant leave freestyling alone, the game need me

[Lil Flip]

(on my block), you might see my nigga Greg Street  
In a black G-Wagon, or that black Bentley  
Or you might see my nigga, C-Note in the drop  
You might see my nigga, Will-Lean on the block  
You might see my nigga, Rebel at the Chop Shop  
You might see my nigga D, at the Barber Shop

You might see my niggas, on Groden shooting hoops  
Or you might see my nigga T.A.Z., rolling in a Coupe  
You might see my nigga Dre, from S.A  
Or you might see my nigga Ken, at Quickway  
Or you might see the cops, just rolling through the  
hood  
Trying to bust another nigga, when they see you living  
good

[Hook]

[Lil Flip]

You got dope dealers and crackheads, with bumps in  
they face  
We drive fo' wheelers on flat beds, so nigga let's race  
And we can't catch a case, cause we got the best  
lawyers  
And I spit dead in your face, now that's some gangsta  
shit for ya  
And to my fans, who really buy my shit  
I appreciate the love, cause y'all made me rich  
And if it wasn't for y'all, I wouldn't be shit  
So I'ma hold this shit down, for the Screwed Up Click

On my block, ha-ha, ha-ha

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