

## **Lil' Flip F/ Deep Threat**

### **"Dip Dip Die!"**

Visit "[Dip Dip Die!](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah...it's time to get ill and suerve...lets get down...get  
deep in  
these Brooklyn streets...Kna meen?...let's do this...It's  
time to throw  
on our cleets and get filthy....tell you 'bout some shit...

#### Verse 1:

Dangerous curves for Brasco to suerve  
shit gets hot in Bushwick suburbs  
I heard Maria told Marisol  
"Baby, daddy balls, Poppi had these draws  
soakin", my strokin' got them open  
thats why Hector's motions I be scopin'  
he hates that I play Lat's like the eight track  
"Black Mothafucka, pluckin' my baby's Mother"  
sucka, his crazy brother don't want no part of this  
one block on Knickerbock will get burned by arsonists  
Mommi likes me, she say so  
Viejo gave me his blessin', and not just him  
your Men gave me props like cops thats corrupt  
laced 'em all with trucks, what the fuck  
I suck, thats your opinion  
my dominion offends men like anorexics in Fin-Fin  
tin men seein' their endin' is madness  
I'd rather kick hits instead of kickin' they asses.

#### Chorus -

Dip dip I so-socialize  
to clean out the safe and open up her thighs  
(Repeat once)

#### Verse 2:

Bitches with cash is the best to have  
'cause they won't clash with niggas to arrest your ass  
I keep one eye open like a sailor  
watchin' these kids so I don't feel a failure  
you heard Mahalia's voice, here's the choice  
Black suits and gospel or cop the Royce  
I got her moist thinkin' of the heated cars  
treats at bars with stars, Mamasita's large  
you can get that if you just sit back and think

why's there sex tapes and coke in the sink?  
ropes filled with links, ice like Alaska  
would you trade that for smacks of wet plaster?  
I know you need to eat, need to creep  
get money baby, just keep it discreet  
stress me in the streets, so I look insane  
have these cats chantin' my name on the train  
I aim for the platinum plaques  
nowadays you gotta pack them gats  
it's like that, right back at ya to splat ya, capture the  
moment  
sounds twisted don't it?  
I'm on my own shit.

Chorus 2x

Verse 3:

They wanna go there like the old pair  
end up weighin' about 8 pounds with no hair  
yeah, you show fear so here's half a hundred  
give me a double take then act fronted  
just be back, don't act in the Ac  
niggas love to jack all my stacks from rap  
the temptation you facin's erasin' the situation  
don't lace them just waste them  
if I wake and you ain't beside me  
I see two other Mommies who love Versace  
love to pop Cris', love to cop V's  
love to knock knees above the Roxy  
in Biloxy, hidden reports, exotic resorts  
you missed this  
look for a postcard on Christmas  
snap shots with fat knots and chicas  
black drops with backdrops of P.R.  
Visa gold, three live hoes in the truck  
about two bucks, thick muts for quick nuts  
it's just me, the same MC from ultra  
droppin' the roots of culture for you vultures.

Chorus 6x

Visit [Lil' Flip F/ Deep Threat](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.