

Lil' Jon And The Eastside Boyz F/ Big Kap, Chyna "Flowin in File"

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Never has it been so sweet to your ear
So lend it here and let go your fear
And give a green light to the man on the mic
And keep this beat cause it's just my type
And I'll ride the rhythm like a black cowboy
And I'ma get busy for y'all to enjoy
Whether dancefloor jeep or the comfort of your home
I'm kickin somethin out your back that rhymes with
comb
Flippin the script, because I used to be with Stet
But when shit got heck, had to step and keep the rep
Pack a forty ounce brew, leave it out it gets flat
So I'm comin freely in ninety-three with the fact
Okedoke supportin, a shoutout to the Hortons
and Burrells for supportin all the wars that we fought in
And now it's time for me to sorta claim my fame so
Please don't ask the question how low can you go
And as for traditional rappers and MC's
The Godfather sings please please please
to your parents, so I'ma sing a song to you
You're either friend or foe, so whatcha gonna do
Cause I'm
(flowin in file with a new style) -- 2X
In ninety-three I'm (flowin in file with a new style)
Give it to me I'm (flowin in file with a new style)

A special shout goes out to East New York
Brownsville, Bed-Stuy, Crown Heights, Redhook, Ft.
Greene

Styles upon styles, but I don't think so
Cause people only rock one style at a time
If you with it, as long as the Daddy has been
You learn that people gotta p-pay for the rhyme
They called the one eighty seven on a undercover cop
But the vest was bulletproof, so the cop didn't drop
My brother Ice-T couldn't take it no more
So he got with Sister Souljah and they bumrushed the
store
Cube was inside yellin dirty Korean
Turned around looked for Yo but the cops didn't see

her

Cause she eased to the back after checkin around
To get with Chuck Norm and Flav to Shut Em Down
News caught on, but Don't Believe the Hype
Only fools would believe that Rakim is on the pipe
Cause he stomped to the 90's singin songs of
Tennessee

And Luke's sippin daquiris in Miami
And we're rollin, couldn't keep a good rap down
And if it hurts ya, we don't wanna nurture
that of which you fear, so I'ma leave it up to you
Is it a new Daddy-O, or Daddy-O gettin new
I know you thought that if I kept back
I would stick to producin so the wack will get fat
But no way, no how, and no cigar
So do I call out your name or do you know who you are
Cause I'm

(flowin in file with a new style) -- repeat 2X
In ninety-three I'm (flowin in file with a new style)
Bustin em up I'm (flowin in file with a new style)
Now break it down for me

Oh Daddy oh Daddy where have you been
Well I built a studio in Brooklyn
And as far as rappin, no I didn't give up hope
And yo Erick and Parrish Das EFX is dope
And to Muggsy, comin out of 7A3
Props on Cypress Hill and the House of P
And though I never met him, and Flint is not my home
Shout out goes to the brother with the Breedy on the
chrome
And yes I get with this, so Black Sheep is a fave
And to X-Clan thank you for the road that you paved
To the Abstract, Phifer, and the True Fu-Schnick
And a LONG shout out, goes out to Slick Rick
I still love ya Biz, but clear ya samples bro
And to Big Treach and Naughty, keep talkin bout the
ghetto
To CL and Pete makin beats for the streets
And to Main Source, makin fakes pay the cost
To Premier and Guru, and every other crew
catches wreck, as Showbiz and A.G.'ll say to you
Give it all you got, and take it from your coach
Enemies I'm crushin like a roach, cause I'm

(flowin in file with a new style) -- repeat 2X
In ninety-three I'm (flowin in file with a new style)
For your mom I'm (flowinin file with a new style)

(flowin in file with a new style) -- repeat till fade

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