

Lil' Flip & Young Noble

"I'm a G"

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[Talking]

Gyeah(I'm A G)I don't know about you
Look I don't know about you*repeat 2x*
Gyeah, It's Flip Gates...my nigga Noble
Clover G's, H-Town...Southside

[Verse 1-Lil' Flip]

Ay Look I'm A G and that's the family tradition
fuck bein broke my nigga I'm on a mission
I was fifteen with a bag full of dope
while ya'll was learnin math nigga I was cookin coke
I use to ride with my uncle, he use to make the runs
he told me if he didn't come out to take the gun
and call the mothafuckin house and let mama know
I got the callico just incase the drama go
way too far and trust me you don't want that
you don't want me aimin straight for ya fitted cap
I been thru a whole bunch of shit my life time
the cops in the hood they suppose to fight crime
but the cops in my hood they cut side deals
now look at my wheels, now look at my grill
it feel good to be a millionaire so young
gon'and catch twenty two as I pack fo'guns

(Chorus-Lil' Flip)

Look I'm a G-that's why I keep a glock in my ride
I wish Screw was alive, I wish 'Pac was alive
to all you ringtone rappers just enjoy ya'll fame
I bet you in a whole year they won't remember ya name
Cause I'm a G-I never got robbed in the streets
I'm a G-so fuck that I'm out cookin with ease
I'm a G-I keep that Mac-90
I'm tryna stack 90, cause I'm a G-fuck boy, I'm a G

[Verse 2-Young Noble]

They say I'm stuck in my ways and I prolly won't change
and the way that we was raised, shit we gotta get paid
call us money over bitches in this scandalous age
like my niggas all gone-ain't nobody to save
and look at me I grew crookedly
saw (?) on the block-blowin trees in like 20 degrees

in the huddle it's a hustle don't get it confused
I know niggas who stack dimes like Mr.Schrooge
I know niggas who pack nines quick as they use
this is the blues that street shit that do what it do
you gotta watch how you move youngin, ya freedom-ya
life
you might lose somethin youngin-tryna prove somethin
youngin
you gotta be a man on ya own-no crew or nothin
niggas pop that pop but niggas ain't doin nothin
Nob'staye humble-till you cross that line
cross me you gon'see you only got one time

(Chorus-Lil' Flip)

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[Verse 3-Lil' Flip]

I got respect from the Bloods, I got respect from the
Crips, shit
everywhere I go I keep a extra clip, shit
cause if you slip nigga it might be over
you heard Game Over, you seen the Range Rover
the CD changed over, I'm jammin Noble's shit
that Cloverland, that Botany Boy's, that Screwed Up
Click, that Clover shit
you niggas talk all that shit but you don't back it up
and please don't get shot in the head cause they can't
patch ya up

[Verse 4-Young Noble]

It's the mothafuckin movement-the truth is
niggas can't do it like we do this
Nah don't compare us to ya'll
we Outlawz from day one in the game
stayed true from day one in the game
through the love and the pain
nothin to gain but respect in the game
and this shit gon'live on way after we gone
real niggas keep pushin along
real niggas keep gettin it on, sing 'em a song

[Chorus Till End]

