

Lil' Flip & Young Noble

"Speakin My Language"

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[Verse 1-Lil' Flip]

(I got e'm, gyeah-gyeah-gyeah)

Ay now you can catch me in the club, with my pistol in
my pocket
niggas talkin that shit but they know they better stop it
It's Flip Gates the number one Fly Boy
try to reach for my jewelry nigga, you could die boy
I'm a southside nigga steadily movin my work
steadily movin that purp, yeah I do my own dirt
see these niggas get alittle money then they change
but you ain't no bitch I'm fly like Wayne
Fly Boy tennis shoes-just to match the piece
if you from the south, you gotta have a stiff creese
heavy starch in the jeans that's how we do it
back in '95, I had them 20's on my Buick
but now I'm in the Lam-and I don't give a damn
when you make ya money you better pay Uncle Sam
cause they'll come and get ya cars like J.D
It's Flip Gates, fuck boy you gon'pay me

(Chorus-Lil' Flip + Young Noble)

You ain't talkin bout money-you ain't speakin my
language
You ain't talkin bout money-you ain't speakin my
language
You ain't talkin bout money-you ain't speakin my
language
don't you fuck with Flip Gates, cause this shit get
dangerous

You ain't talkin bout money-you ain't speakin my
language
You ain't talkin bout money-you ain't speakin my
language
You ain't talkin bout money-you ain't speakin my
language
don't you fuck with Young Noble, cause this shit get
dangerous

[Verse 2-Young Noble]

If it ain't about a dollar, you prolly shouldn't holla

Uh three wheelin my Impala, inhalin on the ganja
my women know I'm a rider-shades made by
Prada(yea)
mob through the club like I'm one of the fuckin owners
I'm a Outlaw solider(Outlawz)
we hot now, still my heart alittle colder
I do this for the hustlas
come here little mama get a dose of this pimpin
if that pussy still drippin a nigga still tippin
got me leanin to the left and sippin on that Goose
when I'm leanin to the right I'm off that California kush
if you ain't talkin green then you speakin chinese-or-
spanish
either way I don't understand it
so I'm stayin on my grind, I'm stayin on my grizzly
I stay so fuckin busy all my bitches say they miss me
I'm in the club tipsy throwin out stacks
Young Noble and Lil' Flip-tell the DJ bring it back

(Chorus-Lil' Flip + Young Noble)

[Verse 3-Young Noble]

I rock a fresh baldy and shades, spinnin on blades
these are the times and these are the ways we get paid
dickie buttoned to the top for my doggs and locs
if I don't know you mothafucka don't get to close
we in the club poppin them bottles, hollerin at models
leviate, never hesitate to rock you with hollows
we be them Outlaw leaders see the game done
followed
I spitt that ghetto gospel truth like it's straight from the
Bible
it's not a seat but I'm a solider so keep yo composure
hoe
slip on ya toes and yo, we be the chosen few
way cool, way over due-stay tuned it ain't over troops
operatin under thug laws as a warrior man
remain that till the coroner man
and been that from the corner with grands
leanin hard to the left with my hoodie on, gettin that
cash
and gotta dip in the stash(yeah)

(Chorus-Lil' Flip + Young Noble)

(Young Noble talking)

Yeah, Young Noble-Outlaw-uhhh
Lil' Flip in this*scratching*Clover G's
yeah, (Cloverland wut up)
Sac what's happenin(dirty third wut up)
Real Talk Entertainment

uhhh get ya money nigga-get ya money

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