Give Me A Beat

Lil' Flip

[Talking:]Ay this what I do nigga
I do this shit with my eyes closed nigga (fuh sho, fuh sho)
y'all niggaz tryin too hard man heheh...yea Clover G's!
[Verse 1: Flip]Uhhh lyrically I'm a menace
I'll take ya chain and ya tennis
I was raised in the Clover, I roll with Note and the Chemist
no more shoppin at Mervan's, cause I'm tourin in Burlan
candy paint flip flop, on my black Excursion
now I'm creepin the block, with my wrist all rocked
put up ya lighters for BIG, now light a blunt up for Pac
fuck all this beefin on beats nigga we deep in the streets
and all the beef I ever had, I got out my teeth
I'm a young ass nigga with a master plan
I make a hundred grand everytime I move my hand
niggaz tryna diss me just to get a fan - but I'm rich bitch you understand
cop them cars, cop them cribs, cop them guns just for fun
I'll bring ya hat to ya, once I put my gat to ya
y'all niggaz can't fuck with me cause I'm a Clover G and I got respect
and for that paper I'll bounce yo'ass like a check
I've paid my dues from the start - this music poetry art
y'all rappers ain't that smart...now get ya weight up nigga
[Chorus: Flip]Just give me a beat (beat) and I'll kick a rhyme (rhyme)
you gotta get yours (yours), I gotta get mine (mine)

Just give me a beat (beat) and I'll kick a rhyme (rhyme)
see I'm different from y'all, I'm livin my rhymes
[Verse 2: Flip]I'm a thug ass nigga that love to bust
I only know one thing "In God We Trust"
you bitch ass niggaz ain't hard as us
you wanna little B - O you better smarten up
I bought that truck, drive that 'Llac with two hoes I'm a mack
three albums one gold, the other two platinum plaques
I move swiftly for three gigs it's 250
I went to Amsterdam for a week and I blew sticky
all that weed I got to light one
out of all these hoes I got the right one
you know my name baby (Flip) - I hope yo'brain crazy
you did it, I love it - we did it in public
look you ain't my girlfriend either you with it or fuck it

don't get attached to my charm, just bring my stacks in the morn'
cause I'm a G and you know it with twenty tats on my arm
I change my style like the weather - cause every year I get better
game smooth as the ocean - my lyrics tight like a sweater
I change my style like the weather - cause every year I get better
game smooth as the ocean - my lyrics tight like a sweater, yea
[Chorus: Flip]Just give me a beat (beat) and I'll kick a rhyme (rhyme)
you gotta get yours (yours), I gotta get mine (mine)
Just give me a beat (beat) and I'll kick a rhyme (rhyme)
see I'm different from y'all, I'm livin my rhymes (whaaaat)

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