

# Sorry Lil Mama

## Lil' Flip

Sorry, lil' mama, I gotta go

Not tryna' hit and run ya but I got another show

It's already check out time plus my plane leaves at four

Give me them digits and a later date, I'll fuck with you some moreMeanwhile rollin' on chrome, every lil' mama

I run into wanna take me home

Tryna' give 'em all a fair share because they all want this bone

So don't get mad at me if my cell phone is on roam

I'm just tryna' get some domeYeah, now if you rollin' with me come now

I'm a gangsta I'll never put my gun down

I can't drive, girl, 'cause I'm high

I see ya belly ring plus you got a butterflyTwenty eights when I roll out

Ten clear coats on my gold drop

What's yo name? Where you from, girl?

I got a presidential suite, you can come, girlI got Cris by the case load

What the hell, ya ,baby, daddy in my face for?

Now I'm reachin' for my waist so

We got chicks in every state, woahSorry, lil' mama, I gotta go

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I'm just tryna' get some domeHuh, the whip paid fo', she starin' at my watch

I'm like, What you in my face for?

Oh, she heard of rider gang, she wanna ride a gangsta

Ride with a gangsta, I'm a type of gangstaIt ain't 'bout the fame, she just diggin' my nature

It ain't 'bout the change, she said, I want the paper

I'm feelin' ya style and ya classy ways

I want my child in ya stomach but not havin' my babyAnyway I'm a one night stand man

And after this night I'm a dump you like a trash can

Like I set you on fire I can put you out

I was ya gas can and I can be ya water spoutSorry, lil' mama, I gotta go

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I'm just tryna' get some dome Yeah, I gotta Sprint and a T Mobile and a Nextel phone  
And all three of 'em ringin' from bad ass bitches that wanna bone  
Take one or two calls, take one to the telly and take one home  
Cuttin' corners barely missin' the curb, tryin' not to break her bone I'm sittin' on choppa eighty-threes and fresh  
ass meat  
A nigga tried to jack me for 'em so I opened up his chest last week  
I'm rude as a mothafucker but I get nice when I receive head  
Might fall off for a minute but I get back right when I receive bread Talk up on somethin' short and thick, go  
straight to the bed with it  
But on the low, low 'cause someones always watchin' like a Fed visit  
Crucify the coochie then cut a couple of corners  
Cruisin' with me in the Bentley soon as I borrow ya Sorry, lil' mama, I gotta go  
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Give me them digits and a later date, I'll fuck with you some more Meanwhile rollin' on chrome, every lil' mama  
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So don't get mad at me if my cell phone is on roam  
I'm just tryna' get some dome Now if you're rollin' with me come now  
Now if you're rollin' with me come now

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