

# What It Do

## Lil' Flip

Fresh, Fresh a yeah a Fresh  
Fresh, Fresh a yeah a Fresh  
Fresh, Fresh a yeah a Fresh  
Yo, Rednecks, Colords, Asians, Africans, Ethiopians  
What ever you is, this is yo boy  
Fresh to the snipes ya hear  
With young flip, and I call this one  
Now what it do, yeah nigga got to much loot  
Now what it do, ya baby push that GT G loot  
Now what it do, ya baby show the platinum twos  
Ain't playin' wit me homie let the eagle shoot  
Now what it do, yeah baby young flippa is back  
Now what it do, ya nigga candy cadalac  
Now what it do, pump yo bracks its just to much playin'  
I still rep for my lane, now what is y'all sayin'  
You know you baby,  
Mama wanna ride wit a G  
'Cause she shakin' her ass to this  
Mannie Fresh beat  
I'm fly as a mothafuckers  
High as a mothafuckers, fo row  
Down the chain iced out belt buckle, aaa  
And I'm still on the grind  
I own ten watches  
But I'm neva on time  
I show up late  
'Cause I blow up weight  
You doin' shows down hear  
But you can't go up state  
Now what it do  
I tryin' to leave wit you and you  
I'm 20 deep, I ain't tripping bring ya crew  
I got my heat  
You pakin' lil' 22's, we cloven g's  
The home and leaving DJ crew  
Now what it do, yeah nigga got to much loot  
Now what it do, ya baby push that GT G loot  
Now what it do, ya baby show the platinum twos  
Ain't playin' wit me homie let the eagle shoot

Now what it do, yeah baby young flippa is back  
Now what it do, ya nigga candy cadalac  
Now what it do, pump yo bracks its just to much playin'  
I still rep for my lane, now what is y'all sayin'  
I got the, big home, the whip chrome  
The king back you cant take my throne  
I been chillin' on the low gettin' dough fo show  
Run up on me 30 shots but I'm lettin' 'em go  
You can't fuck wit my team I'm just lettin' you know  
If it cost 500 that regular dro  
Cops pull a nigga ova  
'Cause they jealous of my Carmo  
ZZ's 1200 you could smell it through the charts  
Rapper sweet roll it up  
Get the drink, pour it up  
You know you can't  
Come wit me if you ain't old enough  
You know that desert eagle come wit a holster  
But my GT ain't come wit a choffer, damn  
Now what it do, yeah nigga got to much loot  
Now what it do, ya baby push that GT G loot  
Now what it do, ya baby show the platinum twos  
Ain't playin' wit me homie let the eagle shoot  
Now what it do, yeah baby young flippa is back  
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Now what it do, pump yo bracks its just to much playin'  
I still rep for my lane, now what is y'all sayin'  
Yeah, the dough boy say I'm shinin' boy  
But that shit came from grinin' boy  
Yell the diamonds everywhere like a stuck up junin'  
Dog I heard your paper low I got that stuck up money  
Shut the fuck up dummy, you ain't hard as us  
I went to France and found out you ain't large as us  
I get paid just ta come to the club and chill  
Let yo chick braid my hair cause she love my grill  
Fuck a house on the hill 'cause my ship by the lake  
I'm like jiga, I can do this in one day  
We got weight, we got drunk, we got all the guns  
Ask 'bout Lil' Flip you don't know where I'm from  
Now what it do, yeah nigga got to much loot  
Now what it do, ya baby push that GT G loot  
Now what it do, ya baby show the platinum twos  
Ain't playin' wit me homie let the eagle shoot  
Now what it do, yeah baby young flippa is back  
Now what it do, ya nigga candy cadalac

Now what it do, pump yo bracks its just to much playin'  
I still rep for my lane, now what is y'all sayin'  
    Yeah, yeah this how we do it man  
    Ya niggas need to step ya game up man  
    Glove G's in the mothafuckin' buldin'  
        Desse duk in the buldin'  
        D-rad in the buldin'  
        Rarena kimmims in the buldin'  
        Black Al Capone in the buldin'  
        Dre Add in the buldin'  
        Big west in the mothauckin' buldin'  
        And we doin' it, so, so mothauckin' big  
        Big charts in te buldin'  
        M dolla in the buldin'  
        We gettin' money nigga  
And when you see me in the street say what it do  
    And don't call me flip no mothauckin' more  
        Call me flipa rachie ha ha ha  
        And we out

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