

Kings of the South

Lil' Flip & Z-Ro

OHHH

OHHHH

This what the streets been askin fo

The real kings

Lil' Flip and Z-Ro

HA HA HA HA

Colver Gs and Rap A Lot

Different labels but we both from the Screwed Up Click

(Lil' Flip)

LETS GO!!

Look me and my niggas

we 50 deep with them triggas

I'm a school boy? Yeah right I run with them killas

Affiliated with pimps

I know too many cats

I've been rappin 8 years I got to many plaques

Now when I run in your crib

And take your son out the crib

And put the gun to his bib

Now it's one in his ribs

(Ahhhhhhh)

(Z-Ro)

I stay in and out of the jail house

I can afford to bail out

You can call me the post man

All I do is follow my mail route

I got a stanky ass attitude

Excuse me nigga you have to move

See these big ass niggas i'm walkin with and some behind you too

You don't want us to trip

You don't want to see this extended clip

Be on the look out for Z-Ro and the Flip

This is history in the making ya bitch

(HA HA)

(Lil' Flip)

Now I'm back with my crew like we aint go nothin to do

So if you beefin with them then im beefin with you

Im the king of the south

you see the ring and the house

Im a major playa like mean green in the south
So if i kick in ya do'
and put my dick in ya hoe
give me that brick in tha flo'
Now its time to go
(Z-Ro)
When I roll I roll solo
I've got 7 sets of fo' do's
I got rid of all my old bitches to make way for some mo' hoes
We are the real kings
Got damn it my grill clean
I smoke and i still lean
Hit up C-Note or Will-Lean
Why dat?
Cause I kicks it with my people
Fuck friends they all turn evil
They might try to do me something lethal
All y'all niggas claiming to cold can deal with my heat
(Lil' Flip)
Oh no I flip digits llike Puffy
I slay niggas like Buffy
You a fag
I refuse to let a lable fuck me
Cause I'm callin the shots
My favorite rapper is Pac
Nigga i was stealin cars when you was wiping you snot
So when i blow up ya office
And rob one of ya bosses
I cant take no losses
you know how crunk the south is
Hell yea!! We throw bows fo really
we blow dro in phillys
I get 3 dollas a disc you only gettin a penny
This skinny nigga will never be in my position
How you gon fight when you got malnutrition
so when I stomp yo ass
and when I front yo ass
and when I punch yo ass
you ain't gon wanna talk no mo
(Z-Ro)
I'm a gangsta kin flok
I stack and dont spend doe
I got 5% tint on each and every one of my windows
Every time the wind blows
another Benjamin goes where the rest of the Benjamins go

hoe I'm paid for yo info
(Lil Flip)
I'm the rap LeBron
Better yet I'm T-Mac
I was flippin work when you was playin pitty pat
I take a brick from here and move it on the East
I've go New York niggas paying 23
So when I hit ya cut
Im in my pick up truck
I come to pick up bucks
and after that we picking up sluts
Now lets ride... ride... ride...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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