

Slippin

Waka Flocka Flame

Don't let me catch you slippin'!
Don't
Don't
Let me catch you slippin'! (Let me catch you slippin'!)
Let me catch you slippin'! (Let me catch you slippin'!)
Nigga!Don't let me catch you slippin'! (You know!)
Don't let me catch you slippin'! (You know!)
Don't let me catch you slippin'! (Hey!)
Don't let me catch you slippin'! (You know!)Caught a nigga slippin' outside of the parking lot
Yung nigga partner change rang in his pockets
No mask so you know who got it
But you scared to get it back 'cause you know they bout itDon't let me catch you slippin'! (Flocka)
Don't let me catch you slippin'!
Don't let me catch you slippin'! (You know!)
Don't let me catch you slippin'!Cause you move to Hollywood you ain't good out there
Send the pie rules get your shit took out there
Bring a nigga shit straight back to Atlanta
I know Clay County niggas got kush out there (Squat)Party in the A-town, call J-Prince Jr.
You ain't from the streets, you just rap a lot, nigga
Booked for a show in the middle of the hood
You ain't good out there this a Chi Town, nigga
Asshole by nature, fuck it I'm Trey
Run that tank nigga like it's a relay
You really pussy that's what the streets say
Fuck who you know nigga, you gotta pay
Out in PA, fuckin' with cook
Heard your favorite rapper got his AP took
I'm seein' green dots, puttin' money on books
If he broke he hatin' young nigga get money
Fuckin' with the white girl, Playboy bunny
Got them niggas lookin' funny have 'em runnn' in yo shit
Caught 'em slippin' pumpin' gas, nigga you a sweet leak
Got robbed by the bloods now you runnin' with the crips, nah
You niggas ain't boo
I'mma call Troop, he gon' call Big U
Now the guns all on you nigga deja vu
You a question mark gangster, DJ Clue
For that Cuban link chain and that big Rolex
You in the wrong scenario, tribe called Quest

On the jet boy mission all our clips got extensions
Tryin' to hold onto your chain, you gon' end up missin'Don't let me catch you slippin'! (You know!)
Don't let me catch you slippin'!(You know!)
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I know Clay County niggas got kush out there (Squat)I got shooters in the D, I ain't talkin' bout the Pistons
Grand theft auto, send them homies on a mission
Pay yo' ass a visit braggin' bout yo low ticket
Shoulda kept your mouth closed, now we know your business
Layin' in yo crib like an infant, kill you in an instant
I want the shit for the chicken, I just hit a sweet lick,
Charlie Sheen, we winnin'
Ten toes down with the yoppa, I'm a beast
No V-103 like Greg I'm street
Don't give up the money, then it's all RIP
Sendin' head shots like the DMV
Half asleep split your wig like the Red Sea
Got stripes in the street like a referee
Have a nigga runnin' like a refugee
Show you how to rob, got the recipe
Do your homework, find out where he be at
Where he hide the money put the D at
Run up in yo' shit we gon' seize that
Then break it down on the G pad
Better be, boo you don't need that
Waka Flocka Flame catch me hangin' where the G's at
Rob a dope boy, I ain't worryin' bout prison
Can't call the police 'bout them bricks in the kitchenDon't let me catch you slippin'! (You know!)
Don't let me catch you slippin'! (You know!)
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