

# 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 it Don'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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Bring a nigga shit straight back to Atlanta  
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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