

Game Over (flip)

Lil' Flip

Ahh

Game over

Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over

Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over

Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over

Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over

Ahh shit, y'all done fucked up and left me in this bitch
I'm just your average hood nigga with dreams of gettin' rich

But you don't hear me

My crib big like a football field, football field
You might fuck around and think I signed a football deal

But you don't hear me

I take 15 minutes to drop a track, yeah

I take half a minute to load my gat

But you don't hear me

I make 'em bounce all across the globe
I'm a pimp, I got your hoe takin' off her clothes

But you don't hear me

A franchise like a Houston Rocket, Houston Rocket

Every eight months is when I usually drop it

But you don't hear me

I got the streets on lock, I like my beats with knock

You know my heat stay cocked, nigga

Now who they want

Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over

Flip, Flip, Flip

Now who they want

Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over

Flip, Flip, Flip

Now who they want

Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over

Flip, Flip, Flip

Now who they want
Flip, Flip, Flip
Game over
Look, I'm a Cristal nigga and you a red-winer
You just an opening act but I'm the headliner
But you don't hear me
I'm 'bout to ship 3 mill' off top
You got your deal off your man I got my deal off props
But you don't hear me
I'm connected like dub and Mach-10
With ice cubes in my watch and dubs on the black Benz
But you don't hear me
I'm getting' paid 'cause I do all the work
It's rainy days, if we don't move all our work, we go berserk
But you don't hear me
I'm on the block fam, in the cream drop Lam
Mostly y'all cats with deals, y'all ain't hot man
But you don't hear me
I'm 'bout to do it again, you 'bout to lose it again
It's show and tell motherfucker, I'ma prove it again
Now who they want
Flip, Flip, Flip
Game over
Flip, Flip, Flip
Now who they want
Flip, Flip, Flip
Game over
Flip, Flip, Flip
Now who they want
Flip, Flip, Flip
Game over
Flip, Flip, Flip
Now who they want
Flip, Flip, Flip
Game over
The game over, 'cause shit about to change over
It's 'bout time 'cause hip-hop need a make over
But you don't hear me
Most producers want to charge too much
But around my way that's how you get fucked up
But you don't hear me
You might think we all beats and rhymes
But way before this rap shit nigga, the streets was mine
But you don't hear me
I got that hot shit, that "Thug Life" 'Pac shit

That get hot shit, that B.I.G. "Ready To Die" shit

Now who they want

Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over

Flip, Flip, Flip

Now who they want

Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over

Flip, Flip, Flip

Now who they want

Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over

Flip, Flip, Flip

Now who they want

Flip, Flip, Flip

Game over

Flip, Flip, Flip

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