The Souf

Lil' Flip

Hey Note, I'm tired of these niggaz stealing our shit mayn
D Red now you know damn well, we started off riding blades
Having the big chains, the diamonds in our grill
I mean, how much can you steal from a nigga mayn
God damn mayn, I'm a Southside nigga till I die nigga
Niggaz trying to act like Clover Geez, ain't got no money nigga
You see everybody pieced up, ?cause we ain't broke nigga
What you know about the South? Diamonds up in our mouth
Breaking you boys off, Clover Geez in the house
What you know about the South? Steady gripping that grain
Nigga sipping that drank, getting that money mayn
What you know about the South? Get on it
If it's money to be made, then I want it
A lick to be hit, so you know I'm gonna hit it
A dollar to be made, so you know I'm gonna get it
You ain't know, I could spit it like this
I hustle on the block, but I can get it like this shit
Five hundred ki's, is equivalent to me
I break down the beat, like I break down my weed
I skate down my street, with my K by my feet
To make it in my hood, you gotta pay off police
I stay off the leash, don't play y'all capish
One phone call and you'll be in the grave with your peeps
Don't run up on me, I wish you would
You ain't welcome to my hood, we still grip the wood
From Herschelwood to Cloverland to Blue Ridge
We got it locked nigga, you can ask Whoo Kid
Nigga is you stupid, I'll let the K spray
I'm a king with drama, ask Kay Slay
Spread your lies fuck boy, go on talk about me
I'm the real deal, nigga you a carby copy
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What you know about it? Even when it's hot nigga pushing snow up out it
The Dirty South got it locked, ?cause some'ing glow about it
I hit the hottest club spot and pull a hoe up out it
What you know about it
I'm from the land of the trill, the land of fifth wheels
The land of diamond grills and them freestyle skills
Be po'ing up that drank and we po'ing up the paint
And we steady smoking dank, so nigga fuck what you think
Blowing shit that niggaz can't, but niggaz still try to copy
I just keep shit real boy, y'all niggaz just sloppy
Tried to steal all my fans and you almost had ?em
Till they found out your new shit sound like my old albums
Heard you boys ain't true, wanna be like my whole crew
You even got a lil' DJ, trying to be like Screw
But nigga y'all can't do, what the fuck my niggaz do
So much ice up on my body, will make a bitch nigga blue
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It's going down nigga, spray a few rounds nigga
You a clown nigga, D Red a O.G. nigga
Yeah, I know you heard about me
Ask around town but your game was sloppy
Ery'body that you talked to
Said the real nigga, G nigga from the Botany
I'm a Southside rider boy
Heavy in the game real rhyming boy
Still toed digging though what you know?
And you know yeah, I'm real with the gansta boy
Just spot up at the club, me and my niggaz is showing love
Looking nice on dro, everybody on the real fifty deep all clovered up
Pieced up let boys know
Botany Boys gon? take the do
Clover Geez gon? wreck the show
Then after the show we taking all the hoes
Jumping down in the big whips
With big ships with extra clips
Niggaz only hate but we swell them lips
Mad ?cause we bout to take a playa trip
To the doc boy, on the yacht boy, Big Shot boy, fat knots boy

Keep up boy, you too slow boy, in a minute you gon? be a real fuck boy
We making cash brah, we make it last brah
Clover Geez, Botany Boys, Screwed Up Click brah
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