

Flip On You (feat. ScHoolboy Q)

50 Cent

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

50, uh

ScHoolboy Q

HahaSmiling?

Nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!

You gon' make me flip this knife out do some shit to you!

Nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!

Nigga you gon' make me-you gon' make me Flip On You!

Nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!

You gon make me pull the strap out, do some shit to you!

Nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!

Nigga you ain't gon' be moving when this clip is through!Nigga, I'm the one that bought all them bitches out

Got a G-A-T this MVP don't run his mouth, nigga

You gon' make me fill this clip for you

You gon' make me unload then reload 'em number 2

Nigga, I've been known to get them Oxys off

I believe in God, but cross my heart this knock go off

Nigga, I'm from the Mecca of the Groove

The Hoover Crip, I grew up on Figg I had to dodge them County Blues

Live my life behind the rules

Running from the cops, smash the rocks up under my shoes

Spit out the eighth that once, hid in my face

Bounce spring over the gate, didn't get caught

I guess my escape, nigga was fate

I love the block and all the dogs that kept me safe

Now it's, back to adding, points to the crime rate

Get slumped in your drive way

You gon' make me hurt your boy

You gon' make me put that work in boy

You gon' make me get to murkin' boySmiling? nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!

You gon' make me flip this knife out do some shit to you!

Nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!

Nigga you gon' make me-you gon' make me Flip On You!

Nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!
You gon make me pull the strap out, do some shit to you!
Nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!
Nigga you ain't gon' be moving when this clip is through! Focus on money, I'm in and out ass fast
She loosen up against the wall like a NASCAR crash
Got a bunch of enemies, I count my friends on one hand
Ghetto philosophy, watch me, I got a hundred scams
Like we could make a few dollars, that there a hundred grams
I got a gift, I communicate with the afterlife
Apparently, your bitch ass ain't acting right
Niggas killed your man, you ain't gon' get him back?
What? You is tired out? Why you ain't get around to that?
You wonder, I travel, I have a destination
I'll be a street legend new version of Pappy Mason
My style? It'll never die, boy I'm immortal
You shoot me down, I'll get back up and keep coming for you
Man on fire, hitman for hire
Them niggas got happy they thought I was gon' retire
Now they bitch giving me head, I'm the man, a man admires
What's up? Smiling? nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!
You gon' make me flip this knife out do some shit to you!
Nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!
Nigga you gon' make me-you gon' make me Flip On You!
Nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!
You gon make me pull the strap out, do some shit to you!
Nigga you gon' make me Flip On You!
Nigga you ain't gon' be moving when this clip is through!

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