Flippin'

E.S.G. (Rap)

You are now rockin' wit' The Symphony, yes, sir
It's ya boy Fliperachi, the number one fly boy
I'm in the building wit' my girl Mya
You know we doin' a song for the ladies
They want records too, you know
So if you want to come kick it wit' some real pimp
A real man, a young boss, girl, money don't run out
Holla if you down wit' Clover G's, roll, let me go
I know that you'll take care of me, baby, please
Don't blame me, it's not jealousy, jealousy
I know that, I know that you're pimpin', you're pimpin'
I know that, I know that so I'm flippin', I'm flippin'
Aye, the first day we met, I was in my vette
I just left Warner Brothers pickin' up my check
I pulled up in Wing Stop just to get me a bike
Rubber c*** on my b*** so I'm h*** as a kite
Red monkeys wit' a crist, twelve hundred to pop
And when you walk by I couldn't do nothin' but watch
'Cause I know you wit' a cat who ain't treatin' you right
And if you wanna be happy you should leave him tonight
I got a ten o'clock flight on my G-5, girl
Let me upgrade you, no more Levi's, girl
I'ma show you finer thangs, you can cruise the world
And when we come back you'll have bluest purse
I know that you'll take care of me, baby, please
Don't blame me, it's not jealousy, jealousy
I know that, I know that you're pimpin', you're pimpin'
I know that, I know that so I'm flippin', I'm flippin'
I ain't a pimp no more, that was '99
'Cause when it came to the breed I had to get mine
Top down when I'm roll up the Vegas Strip
F*** p*** on my hip in case a n*** trip
A hundred dollar chips, let's gamble, ma
And if the crowd get thick let's scramble, ma

No gal can cook shrimp better than ma
I had a gal ain't know what b*** or n***
After this I'ma drop ahead of my time
The two thangs that I love is my bread and my dyme

They be like, "Flip, man, you got a lazy flow"
That's when I say, "Oh, well, I make crazy dough"
I know that you'll take care of me, baby, please
Don't blame me, it's not jealousy, jealousy
I know that, I know that you're pimpin', you're pimpin'
I know that, I know that so I'm flippin', I'm flippin'
You always say the things to make me stay
Even told me that you would change your ways
You always got the best from me, I gave 'em to you faithfully
I'm flippin', now I've gotta get away
Aye, so come and roll wit' a fly boy
You can be my fly girl, just you and I, girl
The kid ballin' like Jim Jones
'Cause I made about eight million ringtones
I'm a certified mack on the streets
How many rappers got ice on the back but they not too many
I do it big like that rapper from yesterday
While you exit home put your ring out
And we own private jets, sippin' real wine
I was in the projects watchin' Feds crime
But now I'm doin' projects, gettin' paid now
There go the paparazzi, gone, put your head down
I know that you'll take care of me, baby, please
Don't blame me, it's not jealousy, jealousy
I know that, I know that you're pimpin', you're pimpin'
I know that, I know that so I'm flippin', I'm flippin'
Aye, we got another one
Aye, Sandy, we got another one

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