

# Sorry Lil' Mama

## Lil' Flip

Sorry, lil' mama, I gotta go  
Not tryna' hit and run ya but I got another show  
It's already check out time plus my plane leaves at four  
Give me them digits and a later date, I'll fuck with you some more  
Meanwhile rollin' on chrome, every lil' mama  
I run into wanna take me home  
Tryna' give 'em all a fair share because they all want this bone  
So don't get mad at me if my cell phone is on roam  
I'm just tryna' get some dome  
Yeah, now if you rollin' with me come now  
I'm a gangsta I'll never put my gun down  
I can't drive, girl, 'cause I'm high  
I see ya belly ring plus you got a butterfly  
Twenty eights when I roll out  
Ten clear coats on my gold drop  
What's yo name? Where you from, girl?  
I got a presidential suite, you can come, girl  
I got Cris by the case load  
What the hell, ya ,baby, daddy in my face for?  
Now I'm reachin' for my waist so  
We got chicks in every state, woah  
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Huh, the whip paid fo', she starin' at my watch  
I'm like, ?What you in my face for??  
Oh, she heard of rider gang, she wanna ride a gangsta  
Ride with a gangsta, I'm a type of gangsta  
It ain't 'bout the fame, she just diggin' my nature  
It ain't 'bout the change, she said, ?I want the paper?  
I'm feelin' ya style and ya classy ways  
I want my child in ya stomach but not havin' my baby

Anyway I'm a one night stand man  
And after this night I'm a dump you like a trash can  
Like I set you on fire I can put you out  
I was ya gas can and I can be ya water spout  
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Yeah, I gotta Sprint and a T Mobile and a Nextel phone  
And all three of 'em ringin' from bad ass bitches that wanna bone  
Take one or two calls, take one to the telly and take one home  
Cuttin' corners barely missin' the curb, tryin' not to break her bone  
I'm sittin' on choppa eighty-threes and fresh ass meat  
A nigga tried to jack me for 'em so I opened up his chest last week  
I'm rude as a mothafucker but I get nice when I receive head  
Might fall off for a minute but I get back right when I receive bread  
Talk up on somethin' short and thick, go straight to the bed with it  
But on the low, low 'cause someones always watchin' like a Fed visit  
Crucify the coochie then cut a couple of corners  
Cruisin' with me in the Bentley soon as I borrow ya  
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