

# flip flop

## Emanative

Yeah, Yung Joc  
Let's hear it baby  
Yeah, why don't you make  
Your next move, your best move?  
Flip flop, candy drop, MJ's with the socks  
Dope boys, get fresh, Chevy on my headrest  
Ah, how you feel? I feel good  
Chrome exhaust with the leather and the wood  
Flip flop, candy drop, MJ's with the socks  
Dope boys, get fresh, Chevy on my headrest  
Ah, how you feel? I feel good  
Custom bucket seats, baby, I knew you would  
Ridin' in your Chevrolet drop top  
We can do a lot of things with the top dropped  
I see you flossin' like a boss babe  
New shit make me wanna break you off babe  
Now shawty what it is, what's on your mind?  
You need some fresh air, push the button the top recline  
I'm blowin' on the pine down Martin Luther King  
I'm lookin' like a dream with the Chevy so clean  
MJ's on gleam, check my gangsta lean  
Gorillas in my trunk so you know just how I'm bein'  
The peanut butter guts so plush is what I'm used ta  
Hit the turbo booster for Mr. Throw the Deuce Up  
Paint still drippin' like it's fresh up out the shower  
Twelve in the cut, a couple shots of blunt power  
I rep the fo'-five flatlands eighty V  
I stayed off in the woods, South side, Shady P  
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Ah, how you feel? I feel good  
Custom bucket seats, baby, I knew you would  
Yo, yo, pull in that 7-7 Cutlass and I'm throwed  
Got the swivel seats, gear shift in the flo'  
Underneath the hood got the fo'-fifty-fo'

Plus the brains blowed out so I can blow out my 'dro  
Chrome pipes roarin' like the lion in the jungle be careful not to slumber  
Now they know I got that work by the bundles  
Catch me with a quarter piece, somethin' from the Middle East  
Showin' the Decatur streets, laid back in these ostrich seats  
I'm in the hood, makin' deals on the cell phone  
Peakin' at the ass crack, bustin' out that lil' thong  
Whoop you good, grip them woods, how I get my gangsta on  
Pussy nigga try me I'ma put one in your thankin' dome  
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Ah, how you feel? I feel good  
Custom bucket seats, baby, I knew you would  
Ay, ay, liven it up nigga  
Well I'ma keep it simple, don't I ride clean  
White Cutlass with the beat down system  
All black Cadillac, Pirellis on the tires  
Flip flop candy paint, the bitches goin' wild  
My engine got a Hemi, you can hear me from a mile  
So when you see us comin' best believe it's goin' down  
Catch me in the city, it don't matter what it cost  
I can still get it with the top peeled off like MJ hat  
And MJ jacket, use them MJ's on my feet  
Just to match it, P I M P, I'ma keep grindin'  
Y'all keep talkin' 'cause I'ma keep shinin'  
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