

Flip Flop

Yung Joc

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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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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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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