

# Block Money

## Lil' Flip

This for the block, there's no place like show business  
I'm serious, I'm honored, I'm back  
Take this m\*\*\* rap money  
And bring it back to the block n\*\*\* fo' real So if you gettin' your money, you be gettin' it  
I'm just worried about me now  
Got all the f\*\*\* boys from around me  
Hey, f\*\*\* you, n\*\*\*, hey, now let's get it After I do my concert I bring that money to the block  
I don't want half 'cause I want the whole block  
Now whip it, now whip it, now whip it, now whip it  
Now get it, whip it, ship it and flip it Aye, I told you, m\*\*\*, I'ma bounce back  
With three million in cash, potna, count that  
If I write you a check, n\*\*\*, you can cash that  
And when I'm in Europe, I use my flat stack The black car get used four times a day  
My rims skinny but my pocket's overweight  
Go get yo tubes tied 'cause you a b\*\*\*, boy  
Eight hundred grand and now you think you rich, boy You better step it up, my paper been straight  
And by the way my new chick go to Penn State  
I paid for her car, I paid for her books  
Okay, I'm lyin' but don't that s\*\*\* go with the hook? I got money to blow, I oughta be ashamed  
I'm playin' with some change, I want Travolta plane  
He got a couple of 'em, we always f\*\*\* with rubbers  
This ain't O.G., kush, I like to call it Bubble After I do my concert I bring that money to the block  
I don't want half 'cause I want the whole block  
Now whip it, now whip it, now whip it, now whip it  
Now get it, whip it, ship it and flip it Aye, f\*\*\* boy, I'm the James Toney of rap  
'Cause n\*\*\* hate me but I still got it like that  
A brand new 'Vette, I'm a ladies man  
Plus my Bretlin cost me eighty grand Aye, money ain't a thang, you know where I hang  
And besides music you know what I slang  
And you know what I claim, it's Clover G's up  
And don't you hate it when yo potna smoke all your w\*\*\* up? I had to roll my sleeves up 'cause of my bracelet  
And we ain't goin' nowhere so just face it  
I lace w\*\*\* with the syrup 'cause it burn slow  
I make G's with my words 'cause it earn dough Who would've known Lil' Flip'll scan five mil'  
And then be forced to take a break for two years?  
But the block got love for the God  
So you know it ain't s\*\*\* for me to get a n\*\*\* robbed After I do my concert, I bring that money to the block  
I don't want half 'cause I want the whole block  
Now whip it, now whip it, now whip it, now whip it

Now get it, whip it, ship it and flip it for the block

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