

Lil Flip, Game Over (Remix)

[Intro]

Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip (Hahahahaha)(wooo)
Game Over, Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, yeah
Game Over, (yeah, the remix)
The remix, the remix, the remix
Clover geeeeees in the building (game over), (fo sho, fo sho, fo sho)
We got G-unit in the building (game over), (fo sho, fo sho, fo sho,)
UGK in the building (game over), (fo sho, fo sho, fo sho)
It's Lil' Flip, Young Buck and Bun B holla at em'

[Young Buck]

My Chain hanging twenty fo's on my escaldé and'
I Smoke so much a lot of people might think I'm a jamaican
I know just where to take em' straight to the dirty dirty
Where Bun come from, and Lil' Flip flip them birdie birdies
Me and Banks Bank heading out in ATL
50 riding with me blowing sticky down in cashville
We keep the club crunk ya'll know how we do it
Now let me see you stomp (stomp) in your G-units
They say I'm dressed like a thug, they won't let me in
Security better move or get up on my level then
The hood in here, where they at, (here we go buck)
Now let's buy the bar and drink till we throw up

[Chorus]

(Now who they want?) Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip (game over) Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip
(Now who they want?) Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip (game over) Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip
(Now who they want?) Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip (game over) Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip
(Now who they want?) Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip, Flip (game over)

[Lil' Flip]

Lil' Flip is in the building, oh boy (oh boy)
Ah shit I had to do a remix
I got a thousand dollar shirt, plus three hundred dollar kicks
I know you mad cause your gal love my voice (ooooooo)
I know you mad I'm on the cover of the source (nooooooo)
I take fifteen minutes to drop a track boy
You ain't know I got Houston tatted on my back boy
I be in Philly with "Beans", I be with "50" in queens
I be in Houston with Bun, I keep a gun
From the crack game, to the rap game
But my main goal is to try to stack change
I'm number one on the charts you at the bottom boy
Cause if you drop when I drop, it's a problem boy
I got kicks for days, I move bricks and haze
I'm big pimping like "Jay" we choppin' blades
And clover gees on top of my chain
When I die put a crown on top of my name, holla
(now who they want)
(Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh) (now who they want)

[Chorus]

[Bun B]

It's the king of the underground, the king of the thrill
In that candy Cadillac with pinky ring on the wheel
Diamonds against the wood, southern side stunting
And it's nothing for Bun B to come down on them bustas
I saw your rims fool, the spinners but they not dammit
See that's that half ass hustling, let's not have it
You wanna ball with the best, just go ball with the rest
Got more TV's in my car then best buy
You can just cry, your crew or a takeover
My nine' will give you a new grill like extreme makeover

Do this Pimp C, come home we move the fake over
To lame over, and it's the same cause the' game (over)

[Chorus X2]