

# Lil Flip, Rollin On 20's

Here we go  
Welcome to my world nigga  
Of Cadillacs and sex,  
Triple X throwbacks with my name on the back, uh  
I know you see us, you wanna be us, with jam master j on my adidas  
Plus I ride around in 2 seaters  
I hope it's cold coz I'm comin with my heater  
I'm on the feeda doing one fifty  
Can't you tell by my cup I'm pimpin  
And if I hit one time she's limp  
And if he's drink one down he's sippin  
Coz we don't do it like that over here  
How we do it is grip green  
I'm still a killer mike, all I do is dream about sex  
But when I wake up I'm have a dream about a chick  
After that I burn rubber when I jump in my pit  
Yeah the (something) raise up and it ok (something) I'm speed racer

Chorus:

On 20's (on 20's)  
My wheel spinnin (wheel spinnin)  
These ho's grinnin (I pull up with the top off)  
On 20's (on 20's)  
My wheel spinnin (wheel spinnin)  
These ho's grinning (Futuristic tennis shoes when I hop out)

I got a need for speed get in the truck with me  
Or we can stop in the back n doin a buck fifty  
I'm so gangsta the chicken heads don't wanna fuck wit me  
But you can love me or hate baby your stuck wit me  
And I'm a float til the police come and get me  
We run this city you can't do nuttin wit me  
There's young Red ya'll, I'm rollin something sticky  
You see the 20's believe they wanna dip in there  
And I ain't really got nothin to lose  
So I loved from 22's start spreadin the news  
Let's speed it up a little ho's love the juice  
Soon as they spot the drop man they gotta be the shoes  
The fast slingers want to nigger lay ahead night  
Look for the green stay away from the red light  
Them old folks hear me creepin up the street  
Coz they know I got them, I got them woofers in my jeep, nigga

(Chorus)

On 20's (on 20's)  
My wheel spinnin (wheel spinnin)  
These ho's grinnin (I pull up with the top off)  
On 20's (on 20's)  
My wheel spinnin (wheel spinnin)  
These ho's grinning (Futuristic tennis shoes when I hop out)  
On 20's (on 20's)  
My wheel spinnin (wheel spinnin)  
These ho's grinnin (We never do the speed limit)  
On 20's (on 20's)  
My wheel spinnin (wheel spinnin)  
These ho's grinnin (My cars so hot that you can't even breath in it)

(Say)

(What)

(There goes the law's man)

(What, where?)

(They getting behind us man, right now)

(Stop lying man, you lying)

(Don't worry about it were in a Lamborghini man)

(I'm gone)

I got a lambo, I got a drop J plus I got a Harley bike, nigga top that  
Now everybody be like, where you shop at?  
And they be askin dumb shit like where you got that?  
Thats when I look back and say I'm a superstar  
And if it costs a hundred grand it's a super car  
I'm still bowlin 20's still crawlin  
Like retarded kids my DVD fallin label  
Still calling but we already signed  
We about to be legends like Morris Day and the Time  
When pa gave me a car, man, I had to do it  
I got a rep where I'm from so I had to screw it, uh  
I'm from the home of the Houston, Texas  
The only horse we ride is in our Lexus  
Nowadays everybody want a chop on blade  
But we been doing that so ya'll better behave

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