

Scarface, Platinum Starz

(feat. Bun B, Chamillionaire, Lil' Flip)

[Lil' Flip]

Uh uhh, Lil' Flip (Lil' Flip)

I'm hoppin out in a Fendi suit, I got DVD's in my Bentley Coupe

I got hoes that's 22; they buy me clothes and tennis shoes

I'm so throwed when it come to hoes

Before I get they phone number they come outta they clothes

I might take 'em to Pappadeaux's, but only if she a proper hoe

I got a 'llac (what kind) a Cadillac Escalade

I'm wearin Jordans (which ones) the very first ones made

I got a watch (what kind) a iced-out Cartier

I got a Roley but that's somethin that I hardly wear

I'm Lil' Flip, the coldest freestyle ever

Since day one I was programmed to get this cheddar

[Chorus]

Who you drive, platinum cars, who you pull, platinum stars

Do you write, platinum bars, platinum teeth, inside your jaws

Diamond gon' rock my platinum wrist, platinum toilet to take a ish

Gold is gold, and platinum is happenin so, wodie watch this

[Chamillionaire]

Yeahh, aiy

It's Koopa

Got a greenback, stack in my palm

I come in a Yukon black with alarm

Ice on the arm and a plat-i-num charm

And you pro'lly had a thought about jackin it - naw!

Of course you didn't nigga the force is hittin

Behind the throwback I show that the boys is trippin

Beam me up Scotty, yeah the force'll lift him

Top on the drop yeah of course it's missin

... Don't want her man to know

That I'ma hit when I'm finished I'ma hand the hoe

back to her man befo', he even have to know

A weddin ring - ain't somethin I'ma hand a hoe

Do money grow on trees? Nigga the answer's no

I treat G's like seeds, get a grand to grow

Car lookin like the zoo in a candy sto'

Alligator on the flo' with a candy do'

Can't stand me no, cause I'm havin dough

I keep a tune on me just like a mechanic flow

You ain't gettin paper what you up in the game for?

Gettin paper now, couldn't be a complainer

Trunk lift up at a acute angle

Isocles triangle pokin outta my swanger

Chain cost me 10 G's

Independent, no label could pimp me

So it really ain't a thing you could get free

Unless you tryin to get them chains off of Pimp C

We, jammin U.G.K. you see the jewelry, ay

Cover your eyes it'll blind like a UV ray

Stay throwed in the game, holdin the grain (yeah)

Ice and the white gold in my chain

Raisin my trunk and showin my bang

Hoes on the swangs while the do's color change

Nah I won't let the change go to my brain

Respect better be somethin that you hopin to gain

You gon' mess around and get choked wit'cha chain

Now Flip, Bun and Chamillionaire controllin in the game

[Chorus]

[Bun B]

U (Under), G (Ground), K (Kings)

Bitch I'm that King of the underground, and the Pope of Port Arthur

Keep that fire heat on ya street, and the meat in your daughter

Got no love for a hater, got no hate for a lover

Just distribute my pollution, keepin weight undercover

My brother, now we back up on the block again

I got them rocks again, and them blocks again, until the cops come in

But see they better bring the SWAT my friend

Because I promise that we not runnin

Nigga we gon' be here all day, posted in this hallway

Keep them cluckers comin in cause we gon' serve 'em all yay

Them nickles and dimes and quarters; that powder the rock you a-boughta

Mo' dope than we oughta, nigga we turnin your projects into The Carter

Got automatic starters, for they automatics choppers

And the Texas boy'll automatically break you off somethin proper

I knock off a bopper, break down a bird and bust me a flow

I'm down with the Pimp and the Prince, from now ever since

You don't like it you must be a hoe, so

[Chorus]