

Lil' Flip, Art Of War

(feat. Z-Ro)

[Hook - 2x]

You know my niggaz riding, I hope you niggaz hiding
You know my niggaz riding, I hope you niggaz hiding
You know my niggaz riding, I hope you niggaz hiding
Cause it's the art of war, when our crews colliding

[Lil' Flip]

You see the pain in my eyes, bitch I ain't never scared
Lighting a flame, I'm smoking my Jane anywhere
A lot of niggaz, trying to go against Gangus Khan
Ever since March 27th, I ain't forgetting to bring my gun
I took one, and I ain't trying to take no mo'
So befo' you get at me, I'ma get you hoe
I keep a lot of do', I'm living like the Godfather
And I just bought three karats, for my god-daughter
Christian D'ore for my chicks, this rapping shit made me rich
I smell like Kurt when I pitch, nigga you get it homie
I be in Orange Mound, drinking yellow drank nigga
I might be with Quetpuff, and green dank nigga
You know we getting chedda, like them Get It Boyz
Any rapper step to me, he will get destroyed
Cause, I'm the Marvin Gaye of my time
And if you so hot, why your video ain't retired bitch

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Flip]

Me and Z-Ro the Kings, you better do your math
And this shit I'm spitting bitch, I ain't use a pad
I might bruise you bad, just to move your ass
Come down to Texas, and I bet the crowd boo your ass
Atlantic got you gassed nigga, you ain't hotter than Twista
Jail don't make you a gangsta, and neither do a pistol
Hood beef is hood beef, we 'spose to keep it in the hood
This nigga ain't from Houston Texas, why y'all make him look good
I can tell he ain't real, cause when the cameras come on
He gotta put his grill in, and pat his make-up on
Huh no homos we got 4-4's, fo' Hummers sitting on Mo-Mo's
In the lab, me and Tow Down stay blowing dro
We ride around in them drops, sixteen switches it hop
Now stop, I know you looking at my watch whoo
Now it's time for me, to end this verse
Because I'm tired nigga, since I'm the boss than you fired nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Y'all know my niggaz riding
on the frontline none of my niggaz hiding
Gliding on 22 inches when I'm riding
custom made jewelry from Johnny got me blinding
Hold up my nigga you don't wanna run up
that's when the Mo City militia hold they guns up
Fuck around and stab a nigga like my name Young Buck
yeah I know you cats think to figga wanna fuck up
See me running round on my big ass rims
black top blue jeans and black and brown Tim's
Cream as the seas big guns under them
Ridgemont hardheads y'all don't want none of them
And not a boss nigga in my hood can't leave
fuck around and make it when a sucker can't breathe
Ridgevan is all which y'all fellas

can't bleed that block, will get you bitches D-E-A-D
These days on the topic is the barber shop
like if they ain't talk about me they hard to stop
But I'm a real nigga plus I like to squab a lot
made niggaz go to Herman and then talk a lot
Give a fuck if a nigga wanna squab or not
could pay your job for an Antonio Tarver shot
Wanna pistol play with me better bar they lot
just wanna pull up in them unmarked cars a lot
Finna punish everybody on your block right now
bitch niggaz try to make it out of sight right now
Bout to be acquainted with the bright light right now
bro you think you got hands we could fight right now
It's the King of the Ghetto and them Clover G'z
late night at the studio blowing trees
About to jump in the pick-up and let the guns sick 'em
when they find your ass we gon be overseas

[Hook - 2x]