

Lil' Flip, Can't U Tell

(feat. Gudda (Squad Up), MJG, Supa)

[Talking:]

Ay I know alot of y'all niggaz wonderin', haha
is this nigga doin good? (yup)
is this nigga really ridin spinners? (yup), hah
I tell them niggaz man - can't you tell a nigga doin good man
can't you tell, Lil' Flip is in the building
we got Dj Squeeky on the track...Gudda, Gudda - Clover G's

[Chorus x2: Flip]

We throw bows, we blow dro
we ride blades and low pro's
umm....I heard you doin good
nigga can't you tell
oh you still in the hood, cause you ain't doin too well

[Verse 1: Flip]

Now when I pull up in my drop, one switch make it rock
one switch make it hop, the other switch make it stop
I got wood grain on my dash, paper out the ass
I don't ride around with wallets I carry paper bags
ride around with tech's, endo, with a vest
Giovanni's on my Hummer, and spinners on my Lex
I rep Houston, Tex where niggaz bang Screw
we ride candy paint nigga what about yo' crew
got a piece and a chain, a watch and a ring
ten thousand square foot home, plus a spot for my plane
I spitt game to hoes to get 'em out they clothes
cause that's how it go when all ya jewelry froze
I been pimpin for awhile, I'm a hot boy like Nile
my jacket is mink - but my shoes are crocodile
I'm thuggin forever, fifty karats in my bezzel
but I'm like 'Trillville' cause y'all can't get on 'my level'

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Gudda]

Uhhh I'm in the club buckin, fuck it I'm a throw some bows
hit the bar and get bent and go and fuck some hoes
I'm this bitch actin wild you know how Gudda do it
I got my pistol on my hip incase I get into it
niggaz drinkin that 'Incredible Hulk'
now he drunk and he think he the 'Incredible Hulk';
uhhh they gon'have to drag him out this bitch
then the police gon'come and drag me out this bitch.... (yea, Gudda)

[Verse 3: Supa]

I'm doin good and it feels great
I'm in the hood H2 and it's charcoal gray
supa dup'fly, boy I'm supa dup'frisby
give a fuck about the name just know he gets busy
mouth of the south you know ya know me well
hollow shells - swell you like a macaroni shell
fuck you haters, the chains is off
Clover chains is on...we off the chains lil'boy (yea)

[Chorus]

[Verse 4: MJG]

Uh, yea, come on....
MJG, pimp tight and Lil' Flip got a hit on the chart
but if a girl wanna get on the chart, shit I'll still put a bitch on the block
you don't really want that really now tell the truth, slow ya role

you got the cars and clothes but you still don't know ya hoes
I'm a Hoe - ologist I dissect the bitch and find the problem
I got solutions for a problem I'm here to resolve 'em
pull up in a 1969 Impala whites over blacks they harder
everyday I wake up early tryna make a dollar, I think I wanna pop my collar
could it be I'm just a natural born with alittle dose of pimpin
oooh nothin but motionless women strap up put alittle life up in 'em
I don't pretend I mean exactly what I mean
I don't sell those you can go to sleep and have a dream
when I roll through the dirty south sittin up on my twenty - fo's
breakin me a ciggerillo down...fillin it up with nothin but dro
M - J - fuckin G representer of the dirty
but I spit it hard enough to make sure that the world heard me

[Chorus]