Lil' Flip, Da Cops

(feat. Z-Ro & Trae)

(*talking*)
Thank you thank you very much
Now it's back to the block, holla
You know, we from the hood right
We use to running from the cops, let's go

[Hook]
Hold up shhh wait, I think I hear the cops
Whoa, it's time to close down shop
Hold up shhh wait, I think I hear the cops
You hear them tires, when the block get hot

[Lil' Flip]
I'm straight off the plane, on my way to the block
Instead of a Matchbox, I got a neck full of rocks
A gold Bentley watch, with three karats on top
You know I got eight clovers, with three in the shop
Nigga I'm straight from the gutter, too fresh to stutter
In my hood you rap, play ball or hustle
And if you living with your mother, and you over 18
That's a god damn shame, if you know what I mean
I'm still down with Will-Lean, cause he kept it one hundred
That's why, he got a welcome back piece on his stomach
My chinchilla been iller, cause I cut the sleeves
And most niggaz get X'd out, because of greed
I'm top five dead or alive, I need my props
Left Miami in my plane, I had to leave my yacht
And I try my best, to figure y'all people out
But niggaz hate it cause I made it, and I'm sitting on top
I use to run from the cops, four years ago
A hardheaded young kid, stealing vehicles
My best friend got shot, and my uncle got popped
The FEDs caught his ass, coming out of Little Rock
I pack a lil' glock, a deuce-deuce in my socks
When y'all gon realize, I got the streets on lock
And my new Caprice drop, plus I got a L-Dog
Nigga this is how I'm living, I ain't gotta tell y'all
I'm about my mail dog, they told me I would fail y'all
I'm a hustler, I ain't gotta use a fucking scale dog
I'm about my mail y'all, they told me I would fail y'all
I'm a hustler, I ain't gotta use a fucking scale dog

[Hook]

[Lil' Flip]
Niggaz respect me in my hood, cause I don't kiss no ass
I got my license for my gun, cause I ain't miss no class
Brr-ack now get back, before this 4-5 kick back
What happened to that tough talk, where your click at
I be in Harlem, with Jim and Cam
Or you can catch me in the Bronx, with Macho hoe
Or Fat Joe prick, you know I roll with them guards
We take niggaz off the streets, and give 'em jobs
And most rappers play hard, until they take a bullet
Anybody can get shot, it take a man to pull it
So what you proving, not a god damn thang
I peep your game, you just want fame off my name
But your plan back fired, cause I run the streets
We the new N.W.A. man, fuck the police
You better listen close nigga, cause I made this beat
I just shitted on you niggaz, cause I ate the beef
Get it, a fresh fitted with a button up shirt

I just add a little water, to fluffen my work
I got love for the streets, and they love me back
Cause everytime I get back, we all go get tats
And we all getting fat, cause I share the wealth
And I got the number one album, on the shelf
And we all getting fat, cause I share the wealth
I got the number one album, on the fucking shelf

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]
24 hours a day, the po-po's pass me
They know I'm legit, but I know they would love to harass me
Cause I'm young and I'm having thangs, and they don't like that
Especially when they see me rolling, in platinum Cadillacs
Or that Intrepid on 83's, with music in back of that
When I'm drug dealing I hit the hood, and transact in the back of that
But I be peeping over my shoulders, and watching my back
Cause now police will ride in bicycles in the hood, hide the strap homie
And you can't ride, if you got pockets full of crack homie
I'm not capping, but I don't play with my freedom like that homie
You know the word cop, mean Coward On Patrol
Back in school they were the ones that never fought back, they ran and told
Now they got the right, to pack a pistol and shit
That's why they pull up on the block, fucking with niggaz and shit
I even had to tint my windows, cause they kept on trying to peep in
I know they'd love to catch me smoking, and lock me up for the weekend

[Trae]
I guess they figured they could do us, but now we got problems
My niggaz specialize in murders, where it ain't no solving
Equipped with the gat away skills, from posting up on the block
Where these fiends be all around you, like roaches up on the block
Never protecting but they serve, collecting they change
From marijuana to X pills, drank hard to caine
But still they incarcerate, my niggaz for half a dollar
And these snitches working with em, so I ain't got time to holler
Ain't no talking on my phone, unless you in A.B.N.
Other than that you got the wrong number, cause I don't know no friends
But anyway what's the bidness, you riding behind a G
Suck my dick and get to worsing and slice the fuck off of me

[Hook]