

# Lil' Flip, Da Gudda

[Talking:]

Just another day in the hood  
chillin with my niggaz, ya know  
right now we shoot a documentary for my mothafuckin album  
bringin y'all niggaz straight to the hood, come on walk with me

[Verse 1: Lil' Flip]

Nigga I can hit you from a block away  
cause my chopper bang like a beat from Dr.Dre  
I'm creepin at night with a Ki of that white  
from 8'O clock till 5, come get what you like  
from Vicodin to X pills you know who got the best deal  
I guarantee you fuckers this'll be my best year  
canary stones got me lookin like a night light  
I ain't racist when it comes to diamonds cause I like white  
my bezzel lookin like it ain't even paid for  
but that's a lie bitch I got real paper  
I'm from the ghetto, the gudda where the feds hang  
I'm with ya wife fuckin up ya bed frame  
you ridin, I'm ridin-time to grab the weapons  
the shell catchers, gloves, and them teflons  
cause when it's war anything goes  
I'm a stand up nigga, nah I ain't a hoe

[Chorus: Lil' Flip]

I'm from da hood-da gudda, da, da, da gudda  
I wish you would-da gudda, da, da, da gudda  
let's get it understood-da gudda, da, da, da gudda  
I got choppers made of wood-da gudda, da, da, da gudda  
I'm from da hood-da gudda, da, da, da gudda  
I wish you would-da gudda, da, da, da gudda  
let's get it understood-da gudda, da, da, da gudda  
I got choppers made of wood-da gudda, da, da, da gudda

[Verse 2: Lil' Flip]

Ay alot of niggaz hatin on me cause of the jewels I got  
so just face reality homie you ain't hot  
I read ya little interviews you don't know when to quit  
no matter how good you do niggaz gon'talk shit  
I got bitches on my team that'll rob you nigga  
right after she give you head and massage you nigga  
I play the game like a pro when it come to the streets  
and the bump'll make you leak when it come to the beef...ca'peesh  
look, listen when I talk cause I'm a general  
I hope ya OG's smart enough to let you know  
I'm the truth in the booth what I rap about I did it  
I told Johnny put thirty pointers in my fitted  
I get it, I got it I'm makin a profit  
my kitted Impala watch me hop it  
I'm hittin switches on the bitches when I drive by  
I'm knockin snitches in ditches when I do drive bys

[Chorus]

[Bridge:]

Look if you wanna get paid, get that money nigga  
if you wanna ride blades, get that money nigga  
if you wanna Escalade, get that money nigga  
yeah bitch I got it made, get that money nigga(oh boy)

[Verse 3: Lil' Flip]

Look it's one for the money, two for the show  
three gigs for eight five now I need my dough  
look I'm straight off the block where the fiends be geekin

I know a cat who snort three O's every weekend  
lawyers, and doctors hide behind they occupations  
cause at the first of the month they be waiting  
shiiit I take food stamps and all that shit  
and if that ain't a hustle what you call that then(chump)  
I'm a young ass nigga with alot of game  
I floss hard cause everyday I rock a different chain  
I think my hood and my niggaz who hold me down  
besides Lil'J, Lil' Flip control the town [echoes]

[Chorus]