

# Lil' Flip, Let My Hair Blow

(feat. Lil' Ron)

[talking]

Yeah fa sho (whoa), it's Lil' Rizzie Rizzie Ron  
(you ain't know) I'ma let my hair blizzie blizzie blow  
(blizzie blizzie blow) nigga, uh yeah uh, what

[Hook]

I let my drop top down, to let my hair blow  
No time for playing around, I gotta have dough  
I love green, boss paper and leaves  
Addicted to making g's, my nigga that's just me

[Lil' Ron]

It's sunny outside, pull a drop out on Sunday  
My car model chrome, while it's going down the one way  
You push them Hundai's, but I'm in a old school classic  
And when I cruise the city, dog I hold up the traffic  
Now there you have it, I build my status  
When you start choking that blunt, please pass it  
Hundreds I'm flashing, so you can know that I'm not broke  
You maybe got a little change, but I got a lot mo'  
And I'm dressed in Gucci, plus I'm rocking ice  
And what I paid for my chain, I could of bought your life  
I keep my shit tight, best believe I'm on no  
And that drank, got a nigga moving in slow mo'  
I might approach your gal, and make her drop her panties  
When I get through, I'm on the first flight to Miami  
I know you can't stand me, but I don't give a damn  
And I always remember, Lil' Ron is who the fuck I am

[Hook x2]

[Lil' Ron]

It's all gravy baby, in a gray Mercedes  
Hollin' at your lady, trust me I do that daily  
See I'm keeping it gangsta, and I'm quick to shank you  
Plus the Franklin's in my pockets, got my shorts to my ankles  
No thank you, cause Lil' Ron don't deal with marks  
I'd rather chill up in my mansion, and get endo sparked  
I press a button and start, the 6-4 Cheve  
My tires mad at my rims, they say they too heavy  
I'm bout my feddy, please recognize and realize  
I'm 5'2, but my main bitch, 6'5  
With green eyes, and some thick yellow thighs  
And everywhere she go, you know she gotta stay fly  
But me dog, I'm a fool with it  
You get a check for two hundred, and you cool with it  
See I need five digits, I'm addicted to g's  
Love that green paper, and them sticky green leaves  
Know what I mean

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Now I might hit the park, rolling in a Benzo  
Can't see me cause I'm in a solo  
Lil' Ron blowing hydro endo smoke  
Pockets sitting fatter than fat Albert, cause we gotta have it  
Hey Hey Hey, Hey Hey nigga we bout it  
Bout making money, bout flipping honeys  
Bout making sure, or life grow something  
See the girls in the club, make 'em twerk something  
Still a thug with em, I'ma have to hurt something

[talking]  
Ha ha (huh), that's how we do it  
We laying all you fake bustas down  
Feel me, feel me