

Lil' Flip, Neva Take Me Alive

(feat. Trae, Will-Lean & Black Al Kapone)

(*talking*)

Yeah, you'll never take a nigga like me alive nigga
I'm a soldier nigga, I ain't the type of nigga that complain nigga
I roll with the punches ya dig, my nigga Z-Ro on the track
I got my nigga Will-Lean, in the building
The Black Al Kapone, is in the building nigga
You know the label, Clover G's is the label that pays me

[Will-Lean]

I'ma slip and slide, this clip inside
This 4-5 focused on your face, then split the side
Cause this infrared gon chase, and follow your ride
It's beef I'm serving nigga, so swallow your pride
Will-Lean the Chemist boy, you know the name
Screwed Up Click affiliated, who showed you the game
Lyrical assault like my glock, spitting holes through your frame
Like the dope and the caine, running through your nose and your veins
I'm throwing out flames, like a gallon of propane
With a guillotine nigga, that'll open your brain
Open the range on your spot, stand and scoping your stang
Call the cops, I'll have you wishing and begging to open they canes
Watch your mouth nigga, when you speaking my name
I'm deep in the streets, so you know I'm deep in the game
They'll find your remains, dumped beaten and slained
A Clover G motherfucker, block bleeding this game

[Hook - 2x]

You'll never take me alive
How many homies in the hood, down to ride
You swallow a bullet bitch, or swallow your pride
You better tell these niggaz, that I'm from the Southside
Nigga, you damn right

[Black Al Kapone]

Kapone gon ride with my G's, till these wheels fall off
And when our wheels fall off, we gon kill y'all boys
We some game spitters, bitch getters hit niggaz
Six figgas fir this ice, this is our life you nigga
Push a Maybach, in dry weather
Ever since I got shot, I keep my Baretta (nigga you better)

[Lil' Flip]

Cause the streets, ain't a mo'fucking joke
It's like the City of God, lil' kids'll kill you for a bag of dope
The Southside in this bitch, and we all high
You want beef, them bullets fly and y'all all die
Cause I don't think you understand, who you fucking with
Since I was 10, I was taught not to trust a bitch
This rapping made me rich, I know you hate that
Three million in nine months, can you make that
I'm clocking do' and copping O's, of that white widow
I catch you in your sleep, and leave your brains on your pillow
So stop fronting, like I won't pop heat
Cause it's 25 guns, if I'm fifty deep
And it's 25 knives, I'll poke you nigga
I'm a worldwide player, you a local nigga
You better play your position, before you come up missing
Cause my niggaz put in work, and homie ain't no snitching
Oh yeah did I mention, y'all can kiss my ass
And I own a Maybach, so you can keep that Jag

[Trae]

It ain't too many that'll ride for me, so I'ma keep this beat put to my back
On the blocks repping A.B.N., full time and it ain't no doubt about that
I done seen the worst, seen niggaz get dropped in a hearse
Seen niggaz try to get self on wax, and get fucked off trying to sell a verse
Really they tripping, speaking on my name will get you put in situations
Anticipations of a ass-whooping, so now you sitting back waiting
Hold up cat the Mack cocked back what you talking, G-type shit that's what I'm walking
Some of these niggaz wanna try to blend in, then end up getting outlined in chalk and
Now what was that all about our cutters, swear that you was running shit
But now you done metaled with these guerillas, why the fuck is you running bitch
It ain't hard to see that we bone hard, just like my nigga named Curtis
And for that I gotta greet ya, Asshole niggaz at your service

[Z-Ro]

Now it been too many niggaz lately, acting like they wanna do me some harm
But since I'm always heavily armed, it just remain cool to keep my calm
Promise it ain't nothing for me to drop a bomb, on a whole block
Everybody saying all sides, is about to receive a series of callico shots
So receiving missly y'all ain't gon never take me alive
I'ma squeeze and make a nigga leak in the street
Cutter from push-up's and backarms
That's why I knock out niggaz teeth in the streets
I stay focused and pack all three of my guns, I'm complete when I creep
These hoes love the D-Boy, so it make they pussy get wet and leak when I speak
If I gotta make an appearance, you better believe it'll be brief and discrete
Hop in the murder mobile, and slide through like a thief in the N-I-G-H-T
It's so many motherfuckers mad, cause I got money at first it was funny
But I bet if they could catch me slipping, they would try to take it from me
But I got news for ya, they gon see picking out a suit and shoes for ya
I'm bout, to get rude with ya
Bitch I'ma keep on clocking cash
Keeping the Khakis creased cruising quickly in the Crentley
Y'all niggaz ain't never gon take me alive
As soon as I clear this bitch it's empty

[Hook - 2x]