

# 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 recieve a series of callico shots  
So recievingmissly 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]