Lil' Flip, Remember Me

(feat. Z-Ro)

[Hook]

Remember me, that lil' nigga playing ball Remember me, like Warren G and Mack 10 I want it all Remember me, that young nigga spitting raps The rats looking for cheese, that's why we call it the trap

[Lil' Flip]

I'm one of the few, that drink Mountain Dew With so much lean, it might turn it blue I got so much green, I might burn a few Stacks on throwbacks, plus tennis shoes Matter fact, jerseys played out now I run this mob shit, hey you gotta wait outside Cause we don't talk around strangers, we use our codes And it's gon be like that, until my casket close Remember me, as the cat with the baddest hoes In a week and a half, his album's gold I use to ride big bodies, and switch the lanes Like Jay-Z and J.D., money ain't a thang Man fuck this rap game, cause I been through it all From rocking hole in the walls, to arena crowds And the ladies love my style, cause I'm debonair Look we ain't gotta fuck, just braid my hair

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Flip]

Only time will tell, whether I lose or fail What I look like, sitting in the middle of jail When my family need me, I gotta make ends meet In 9-9, I was the first to have a black Benz Jeep So I creep, the Astros got beat The next week, St. Louis got sweeped It's like we almost make it, but we never take it shit I'm on the road, trying to be the greatest I got a good work ethic, I ain't never relaxed If you can't afford a verse, I'll make ya a track I a-ttack the beats, with my lyrics nigga You see that Continental Coupe, don't go near it nigga Remember me, as the cat with two gold teeth Back when me and Carl, use to patch up and eat I thank my hood for the love, that they showed me man I'm the white chocolate of rap, you can't hold me man

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Flip]

Hey, I got tattoos on my hand
And the beef squashed, if you admit you a fan
Can't nobody down here, do it like I do
And we extort niggaz, what about you
Nigga move, cause I ain't got nothing to prove
Before "Never Scared", wasn't nobody fucking with you
I'm a fly, young nigga-ro
I'll put you in a full nelson, but I got rap in a figga fo'
Check the sco', cause I'm up by eighty
And it's the third quarter nigga, I am the greatest
Rapper my age, with a gang of hits
And you need to step up your weak chain, ya bitch

(*talking*)

Ha-ha nigga, you know how I do it nigga

I got two houses on my neck nigga, ya dig
A Bentley watch, a Bentley car Maybach
All that shit, you know I'm saying
You need to have MTV, pimp your motherfucking ride
Cause we got the real spinners
Not the kind with the adaptors, ya know
Clover G's nigga, know how we do it
My nigga Price on the track ya know, respect nigga
I paid my dues, so I'ma make the world remember me