Lil' Flip, Represent

(feat. David Banner, Three Six Mafia)

Yeah, What [repeat 7x]

Lil' Flip, David Banner, Three Six Mafia
Houston Texas, Mississippi, Memphis Tenn. what?

[Lil' Flip]
They told me I can't talk about ice no more
But they ain't tell me I can't start another fight no more
I get it crunk in the club, niggaz get drunk in the club
When I perform me a hoe, niggaz get jumped in the club
But I'm used to that shit, so it ain't no need to run
And just because you gotta gun don't mean that's the only one
So if you came here to chill nigga, just chill and shit
Cuz you ain't gotta act like that I know you feelin' this shit
I bet, I bet I could hit with Juicy, Paul and Banner
I gotta holla at peaches, when I hit Atlanta
Cuz I'm fresh and I'm clean, with baugettes in my ring
I got my name on my jersey like I play with that team
I'ma H-Town nigga and we bang (SCREW TAPES!)
And them FEDS kick in yo door you about to (LOSE WEIGHT!)
So just take it like a man, don't snitch on ya man
It's Lil' Flip, representin' Clova Land

[Chorus 1: Lil' Flip]
I'm reppin' H-Town until the day that I die
If you look me in the eyes you could tell I'm high
Yeah you could talk that talk, but you can't walk that walk
Cuz when it's time to ride nigga, I won't get caught
[repeat]

[David Banner]
I'm from the J the A the C to the K..Town, Mississippi bitch
And boy we'll blow off ya face
Like Nicholas Cage, the way that I feel is trill
Fuck a dollar bill, I live for the slaves that got killed
From the white sheets walkin', snitch nigga talkin'
Dump him in the ditch and let them dogs start barkin'
Like WOOF!, nigga stop beggin' me please
How you gon' walk and talk shit if I blow off yo knees
I'll have ya walkin' like a parrott do, stick foot pussy you
The boys play the law, so I'll kill them holla maker's too
I'm D.B.C., from the home of the G's
And the V.L.'s, bustin' 17 in ya C-L..K
Ya body don' got carried away
Mississippi til' I die bitch so have a nice day
Or a long ass night nigga
Yeah yo death is settin' in muthafucka ain't no need for you to fight nigga

[Chorus 2: David Banner]
Throw yo sets up nigga, and raise em' real high
David Banner in this bitch, Mississippi til' I die
[repeat 4x]

[DJ Paul]
Now I'ma M-Town reppa, like no other
Mask on my face cause I ride undercover
I'ma mean-mugga, a nigga hoe up from the show up
And stick the barrell down ya throat until you start to throw up
When I roll up, it is a hold up
Ain't nothin' funny don't breathe
Cause all I wanna hear is ching-ching
Like casino slots, or this hot glock

Get cocked, leave a nigga shot in the parkin' lot
for his stash spot

[Juicy J]
No more gangstas in this bitch (this bitch)
With the tech's with the extra clip (extra clips)
And you know that we runnin' this thang (this thang)
Nigga step, I'ma let my nuts hang (nuts hang)
You can get yo ass shot popped, put off in a head-lock
Knock til' you see some knots, hit em' with the phop-phop
Shot yeah you boys in shock, just the way the fish dropped
Memphis, Tenn. in this bitch thought you knew we don't stop

[Chorus 3: DJ Paul]
We some M-Town niggaz and we gonna turn it out
Memphis, Tenn. in this muthafucka hoe, shut ya mouth
[repeat 4x]