

# Lil' Flip, The Souf

(feat. C-Note, D-Red, Big Shasta)

[talking:]

Hey Note, I'm tired of these niggaz stealing our shit mayn  
D-Red now you know damn well, we started off riding blades  
Having the big chains, the diamonds in our grill  
I mean, how much can you steal from a nigga mayn  
God damn mayn, I'm a Southside nigga till I die nigga  
Niggaz trying to act like Clover Geez, ain't got no money nigga  
You see everybody pieced up, cause we ain't broke nigga

[Hook: Big Shasta]

What you know about the South, diamonds up in our mouth  
Breaking you boys off, Clover Geez in the house  
What you know about the South, steady gripping that grain  
Nigga sipping that drank, getting that money mayn  
What you know about the South, get on it  
If it's money to be made, then I want it  
A lick to be hit, so you know I'm gonna hit it  
A dollar to be made, so you know I'm gonna get it

[Lil' Flip:]

You ain't know, I could spit it like this  
I hustle on the block, but I can get it like this shit  
Five hundred ki's, is equivalent to me  
I break down the beat, like I break down my weed  
I skate down my street, with my K by my feet  
To make it in my hood, you gotta pay off police  
I stay off the leash, don't play y'all capish  
One phone call, and you'll be in the grave with your peeps  
Don't run up on me, I wish you would  
You ain't welcome to my hood, we still grip the wood  
From Herschelwood to Cloverland, to Blue Ridge  
We got it locked nigga, you can ask Whoo Kid  
Nigga is you stupid, I'll let the K spray  
I'm a king with drama, ask Kay Slay  
Spread your lies fuck boy, go on talk about me  
I'm the real deal, nigga you a carby copy

[Hook]

[C-Note:]

What you know about it, even when it's hot nigga pushing snow up out  
The Dirty South got it locked, cause some'ing glow about it  
I hit the hottest club spot, and pull a hoe up out it  
What you know about it  
I'm from the land of the trill, the land of fifth wheels  
The land of diamond grills, and them freestyle skills  
Be po'ing up that drank, and we po'ing up the paint  
And we steady smoking dank, so nigga fuck what you think  
Blowing shit that niggaz can't, but niggaz still try to copy  
I just keep shit real boy, y'all niggaz just sloppy  
Tried to steal all my fans, and you almost had em  
Till they found out your new shit, sound like my old albums  
Heard you boys ain't true, wanna be like my whole crew  
You even got a lil' DJ, trying to be like Screw  
But nigga y'all can't do, what the fuck my niggaz do  
So much ice up on my body, will make a bitch nigga blue

[Hook]

[D-Red:]

It's going down nigga, spray a few rounds nigga  
You a clow nigga, D-Red a O.G. nigga

Yeah I know you heard about me, ask around town but your game was sloppy  
Ery'body that you talked to, said the real nigga G nigga from the Botany  
I'm a Southside rider boy, heavy in the game real rhyming boy  
Still thoed digging though what you know, and you know yeah I'm real with the gansta boy  
Just spot up at the club, me and my niggaz is showing love  
Looking nice on dro, everybody on the real fifty deep all Clovered up  
Pieced up let boys know, Botany Boys gon take the do'  
Clover Geez gon wreck the show, then after the show we taking all the hoes  
Jumping down in the big whips, with big ships with extra clips  
Niggaz only hate but we swell them lips, mad cause we bout to take a playa trip  
To the doc boy on the yacht boy, Big Shot boy fat knots boy  
Keep up boy you too slow boy, in a minute you gon be a real fuck boy  
We making cash brah, we make it last brah  
Clover Geez/Botany Boys, Screwed Up Click brah

[Hook]