

# Lil' Flip, We Go Make It Out Da Hood

(feat. Big Shasta)

[Chorus x2: Big Shasta]

All my niggas on lock keep ya head up  
My niggas on the block get ya bread up, I'ma get this cheddar  
(Hey!) We go make it out the hood mayne  
(Hey!) We go make it out the hood mayne

[Lil' Flip:]

Yeah I made it out the hood but I still go back  
To check on my fam and buy my love bro throwbacks  
I came a long way, it ain't my fault you went the wrong way  
And listen up I'm grown nigga, I don't play  
I got show money (yeah), plus liquor money (yeah)  
After I get off stage I got picture money  
These rap cats ain't stickin to the G-code  
You thing you fly cause you got a few free-throws  
I know squares that cook O's, you damn right  
And if you want it, you gotta pay the damn price  
I do this for the dope boys with them AK's  
I'm a fly yellow nigga like Kay-Kay

[Chorus x2]

[Lil' Flip:]

Ay, you ain't gotta be fake I know y'all don't like me  
Cause when I got shot up, y'all ain't right me  
You got a chip on your shoulder, I got a clip in my holster  
The difference between us, is I'm focused  
Nowadays e'rybody wanna talk about me  
But you know you can't mention the South without me  
Record labels came, and record labels went  
Pay attention to your checks, watch the money you spend  
Your kids dirty, but you ride around in a Benz  
Everyday at Pappadeux, trickin ya ends  
It ain't the color of our skin, that hold us back  
It's a fact, niggas don't know how to act  
A few niggas get paid e'rybody want a piece  
Shit start goin wrong e'rybody wanna leave  
Record sales low e'rybody wanna beef  
(No matter where I go) I keep it H double O-D

[Chorus x2]

[Lil' Flip:]

Ay, all my niggas makin forty-five hunnid a week  
We overseas blowin trees, yeah it's somethin to see  
You'll never hear me say "I don't need the hood"  
All my niggas gettin fat cause I feed the hood  
It ain't my fault y'all niggas don't leave the hood  
I did everything y'all ain't believe I could  
Huh, you not ahead of me, I got longevity  
I'm tryin to leave my lil' boy, a legacy  
I got the recipe, you wanna make a hit  
You not impressin me, talkin bout bricks  
I made it out the hood, and I'm still thuggin  
Accepted by Hollywood, and I'm still hustlin  
And that's a goddamn shame right?  
Oh well, I'm tryin to get my change right  
And you'll survive, if you play the game right  
I fly G-5's I ain't gotta change flights

[Chorus x2]