

Lil' Flip, What Ya'll Wanna Do

i rhyme at school/ i rhyme in tha club
i got mo cheese than a rat/(want some)
my game so deep/
like 2,000 sumthin leagues/
up under tha sea/ but i be on tha streets/
hustlin wit speed/ last of a dyin breed/
niggaz know my magic / i got tricks up my sleeve/
look at how i spit/ look at how i flow/
bet if i fucked up/ that i wouldn't hit tha floe/
case ya'll ain't know/
i ride wit guns n clips/
n got some wise words/ that'll be told like myths/
givin tha game whiffs/
on they shirt it might stain/
my words overflowin, like you caught in heavy rain/
tempo goes/ cornas covered up in snow/
bitch niggaz don't know how it work from tha stove/
cop it cook it chop it/
what ya'll wanna do/
this that hot shit that ya'll need ta tune to/

what ya'll wanna do/ what ya'll gotta say/
(fuck that screw down hea, okay)
how you niggaz actin/ how you niggaz roll/
(fuck that nigga/ southside still on) 2x

i'm lettin glocks dispearse/
ta some niggaz i am tha worse/
this tha second verse/
like tuts tomb i'll leave ya cursed/
rock niggaz like babys they be fast asleep/
i got heat/ specially knowin that tha talk is cheap/
but mine cost a whole lot/
of them dollaz n riches/
i keep a hot glock leavin victims wit stitches/
they in obituaries identified by they pictures/
can't be no dj if he ain't scratchin wit mixers/
my rhymes cappable of bein bought by tha latest/
my clique is on tha verge of bein considered tha greatest/
we like ta show off so them hatas gon hate us/
while sippin stonewall/ in tha club i git lazy/
gittin picked up/ bankers we leavin sticked up/
stats leave ya ripped up/
talk shit then step up/
niggaz betta rep(what) they claim/
i'm a head of tha game /
cuz they call me beretta cuz i'm sprayin ya brain/

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