

Represent

Lil' Flip, David Banner & Three 6 Mafia

Yeah, What?

Yeah, What?

Lil' Flip, David Banner, Three Six Mafia

Houston Texas, Mississippi, Memphis Tenn 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

'Cause you ain't gotta act like that I know you feelin' this shit

I drop, hit after hit with Juicy, Paul and Banner

I gotta holla at peaches, when I hit Atlanta

'Cause 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 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

'Cause when it's time to ride nigga, I won't get caught

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

'Cause when it's time to ride nigga, I won't get caught

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 parrot 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 Yo sets up nigga, and

raise em' real high
David Banner in this bitch, Mississippi til' I die
Yo sets up nigga, and raise em' real high
David Banner in this bitch, Mississippi til' I die
Yo sets up nigga, and raise em' real high
David Banner in this bitch, Mississippi til' I die
Yo sets up nigga, and raise em' real high
David Banner in this bitch, Mississippi til' I die 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 barrel 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 No more gangstas in this bitch
With the tech's with the extra clip
And you know that we runnin' this thing
Nigga step, I'ma let my 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 We some M-Town niggaz and we
gonna turn it out
Memphis, Tenn. in this muthafucka hoe, shut ya mouth
We some M-Town niggaz and we gonna turn it out
Memphis, Tenn. in this muthafucka hoe, shut ya mouth
We some M-Town niggaz and we gonna turn it out
Memphis, Tenn. in this muthafucka hoe, shut ya mouth
We some M-Town niggaz and we gonna turn it out
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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