

## Bust a Clip

Lil' Flip

Yeaahhh  
Yeaahhh  
Yeaahhh  
Let's take it back to the streets nigggaaaaaaa  
East coast  
West coast  
Midwest  
To the dirty dirttttyyyy  
It's Flip Gates  
The #1 fly boy  
I'm strapped nigga  
Let's get it poppin'

I got a brand new 'Mac I hope this bitch don't jam  
I had to bulletproof the Lam, I learned that from Cam  
You want a thang got em yams go straight to Money Gram  
I'm from the hood, so you know I'm down wit any money scam  
Black glocks, white glocks spit like sheet rock  
You know a drank on me, this concert gon' stop  
A lot of cops at the scene tryin' to shut shit down  
You was a nobody, but now you famous now  
I be out in Chi-town wit some real OG's  
Matter of fact one of them had dinner wit me  
You gotta play by the rules when you on these streets  
You lil' niggas tryin' to mimic what you see on beef  
You betta

Bustaclick I can't deny it, I'm a straight rider  
You don't wanna beef wit meee

I know some Long Beach Crips (fo' reeeall?)  
I know some Englewood Bloods (bloods)  
And you can ask ?? fans I got Cali love (love)  
I got a strap waitin' for me everytime I land  
Just to send you a message, I'll clap your man  
Now he under white sheets like the Klu Klux Klan  
You lil' boys shouldn't beef wit a grown ass man  
I got stripes in the hood, I put in work fo' real  
And mentioning me, will get you put in dirt fo' real  
How much that gramma yay, bitch you carry weigh  
Cause I'm on this Alize and I carry cake  
I came back to the streets I had to let y'all know  
And by the way my new deal worth 8.4  
So I'mma

I'm strapped nigga  
I'm strapped nigga  
I'm strapped nigga, what about you?

This for my Nap-town niggas all my G-town killas  
The ones wit the blow and them 18 wheelers  
Cross the state lines wit it on them waist line cocked  
Cross lope and you know it's goin' doowwnnn (like Yung Joc)  
40 cal, 50 cal, what you workin' wit nigga?  
I'm in a Maserati what you swervin' in nigga?  
And when I'm out in Cleveland, I'm fuckin' wit X  
It's been 'bout 5 years he still holdin' my tech

I be in the gun range like everyday  
You betta pray no drama ever come my way  
I'm in the studio now wit a gun on my hip  
And I'm tired talkin' 'bout the beef wit me and  
You betta

This some shit for the street baby  
We bust a clip everyday  
You know what it is  
I do what I wanna do nigga  
When I feel like it nigga  
Track And Productions on the muthafuckin' track  
Full Effeck is the muthafuckin' future  
Cross them niggas, I shoot you nigga  
Any nigga, who got a gun and a chain nigga  
And that dough, that's a true d-boy  
Can't be a dope boy without a gun and a chain  
Make sure you got them extra clips nigga  
But on the real nigga, don't hate on a nigga when you see me pull up on that  
Maserati  
I'm done wit the muthafuckin' Maybach  
Fuck that shit nigga, I'm on some drop top flashy "Flash Gordon" type shit  
Biatch, BUSTACLIP!