

## Give Me A Beat

Lil' Flip

Ay this what I do nigga  
I do this shit with my eyes closed nigga (fuh sho, fuh sho)  
y'all niggaz tryin too hard man heheh...yea Clover G's!

Uhhh lyrically I'm a menace  
I'll take ya chain and ya tennis  
I was raised in the Clover, I roll with Note and the Chemist  
no more shoppin at Mervan's, cause I'm tourin in Burlan  
candy paint flip flop, on my black Excursion  
now I'm creepin the block, with my wrist all rocked  
put up ya lighters for BIG, now light a blunt up for Pac  
fuck all this beefin on beats nigga we deep in the streets  
and all the beef I ever had, I got out my teeth  
I'm a young ass nigga with a master plan  
I make a hundred grand everytime I move my hand  
niggaz tryna diss me just to get a fan - but I'm rich bitch you understand  
cop them cars, cop them cribs, cop them guns just for fun  
I'll bring ya hat to ya, once I put my gat to ya  
y'all niggaz can't fuck with me cause I'm a Clover G and I got respect  
and for that paper I'll bounce yo'ass like a check  
I've paid my dues from the start - this music poetry art  
y'all rappers ain't that smart...now get ya weight up nigga

Just give me a beat (beat) and I'll kick a rhyme (rhyme)  
you gotta get yours (yours), I gotta get mine (mine)  
Just give me a beat (beat) and I'll kick a rhyme (rhyme)  
see I'm different from y'all, I'm livin my rhymes

I'm a thug ass nigga that love to bust  
I only know one thing "In God We Trust"  
you bitch ass niggaz ain't hard as us  
you wanna little B - O you better smarten up  
I bought that truck, drive that 'Llac with two hoes I'm a mack  
three albums one gold, the other two platinum plaques  
I move swiftly for three gigs it's 250  
I went to Amsterdam for a week and I blew sticky  
all that weed I got to light one  
out of all these hoes I got the right one  
you know my name baby (Flip) - I hope yo'brain crazy  
you did it, I love it - we did it in public  
look you ain't my girlfriend either you with it or fuck it  
don't get attached to my charm, just bring my stacks in the morn'  
cause I'm a G and you know it with twenty tats on my arm  
I change my style like the weather - cause every year I get better  
game smooth as the ocean - my lyrics tight like a sweater  
I change my style like the weather - cause every year I get better  
game smooth as the ocean - my lyrics tight like a sweater, yea

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