

We Gone Lean Tonite

Lil' Flip

one for the money
two for the hoes
three is for the niggaz comin down on 4's
Slim Thugga, Lil'Flip
you know we gone lean tonite
none stop collabo
they said we can do dat you godamn right
Boss Hawg Sucka Free puttin it down baby
gettin this money, A-Town to H-Town

Now me I'm in the back of the club
I'm about 5 deep and I'm smoking them drugs
I'm gettin a buzz everybody shakin they ass
I'm like damn you need to be making ya cash
look at my Jag, look at my Benz, look at my niggas
look at my men, matter of fact platinum look at my grin
I'm iced out everybody lookin like who?
is the fuck that nigga is he really down wit Screw?
It's true I represent the south
I bought the car, I bought the house
and I'm like a dentist love to floss
damn a nigga did it again I left the club wit 25 hoes
they can't fit in the Benz
I pick up the phone I call my dogg bring the Jag
we bout to fuck thirty-hoes at the pad
and after he fuck, you can fuck, and you can fuck
and if she on her period guess what?, she can suck

ones for the money
two for the hoes
threes for the niggaz comin down on 4's
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Ain't no love for none of these hoes
so when I do these shows I never run to these hoes
I laugh like I'm just sitting at a comedy show
I'm like damn I knew the summer was gonna be cold
I pull up my watch jump out my drop check the time
check my diamonds you know I shine
I sit on recline I sip on my wine
I'm doin fine never wear Calvin Klein
I payed for mine, had to grind, had to shine
and if I went to Papadroux's I had to dine
had to grind like Baby & Slim (wwwwoowwww!)
and I'm a Juvenile sittin on big ole rims
got big ole gems and everybody taking the bus ride
look at my Cartier diamonds crushed out
I must drop another double cd bitch I'm a super star
I know you love to be me

When Slim step up in the club hoes push & shove
tryna get a lil love from the number one thug
I pull up on dubs in a Hummer H2
I'm a shiner niggaz can't do what I do
young boss with big bucks
pushin big trucks, fuckin star sluts

fillin barre cups that purple stuff
gotta nigga on lean pourin up codiene
I'm a drink fiend
I got the top dropped from H-town it don't stop
bout to hit the Sixth street tryna find some bop's
trunk popped glock cocked on the safety
and I keep the strap at all times cause alotta niggaz hate me
but they can't fade me, H-town made me
bitches wanna break me wanna have my baby
I still bust on backs and bellys
and the boss still wrecking on tracks for fetti