

## Flipping on 4's

Slim Thug

Money, hoes, and clothes  
Blunt smoke coming out the nose, is all a nigga knows  
Flipping on foes, putting  
Watching the stash grow, clocking the cash flow

Money, hoes and clothes, is all a nigga know  
And I been saying that shit since back in '04  
Born in the hood but refuse to stay broke  
Had to get rich, got tired of selling dope  
Grind into the top now my momma living good  
Living them dreams we was having in the hood  
Boys better quit tripping and get up on their paper  
Stop saving these hoes and avoid all these haters  
Can't kick they ass nowadays they'll sue  
When under pressure Your best friends telling on you  
Where them bitches at, I keep plenty dimes  
Money, hoes and clothes is all in my mind

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I speak the truth, never tell you lies  
Still a hunnid ain't switch like them other guys  
New year new levels of this boss life  
Hopping out the drive rows like, suprise  
And now them haters can't believe they eyes  
Swear I wasn't gonna be shit, bitch apologize  
Wanna see me lose, but a nigga still winning  
Wanna see me stop but them 4's still spinnin'  
Went from cheering for a nigga to being a hater  
The gift in the curse of getting this paper  
See ya later broke niggas I got new neighbors  
Plus its cause I'm still getting new paper

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Now look who creeping, look who crawling  
Look who still balling in the mix  
Still sticking long dick in your bitch  
Your section full of niggas, my section full of hoes  
At the club tryna fight, what you mad for  
Everybody who I know mad mad cause they broke  
I came to sell a grade, I made mills and making mo'  
Meek free, DJ gonna play that intro  
And everything he named on it but that lambo  
Cause I couldn't fix same shit with yo bitch  
You ain't gotta spit game to em when you getting rich  
If I ain't broke boy then gonna fix ya

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