

7-1-3

Lil' Flip

(Lil'Flip)Lil' Flip

Represent

7-1-3 Now when you see me in the Lamborghini speeding, bumpin Screw

I know you see my license plate, "Lil' Flip #2"

I use to skip summer school, hit the block and move work

That was enough to buy some shoes, pants, and a new shirt

Now I'm shinin like Puff, wearin diamonds like Puff

We got everybody else music sounding like US

So hold up! You better get your own style

Cause we been bumpin Screw down here for a while!

And when you see me at the mall, Just me and my dawg

I'm shoppin with them, Cause I ain't trickin for a broad

I do shows and rock crowds, And then I get paid

Summer time, I'm on dubs, Winter time, I'm on blades

My whole click livin laid, man we all got Vets

My crib so big, I ain't even see my room yet

But hold up! You better get your own style

Cause we been buyin six-figure homes for a while!

Now when you see me in the Vibe, Murder Dog and The Source

And the XXL, standing next to a Porsche

I get paid with my voice, so I pimp these beats

I hate commercial rap, so I pimp these streets

You don't work you don't eat, that's a known fact

I just don't rap, nigga I know how to act

But hold up! You better get your own style

Cause we been fuckin with magazines for a while!

(Chorus x1)

Because we represent the 7-1-3!

The type of Rappers y'all never goin be!

We makin money y'all never goin see!

Because we represent the 7-1-3!

Houston, Texas nigga! Now when you see me with Tigga, On BET

Or 106 and Park, with AJ and Free

Or MTV, come take a look at my house

And after that, come take a look at my mouth

Yea I represent the South, like Pastor Troy

And I'm still Fresh and Clean, like Andre and Big Boi

But hold up! You better get your own style

Cause we been talkin shit on TV for a while!

Now when you see me with a sweet, blowing smoke out my nose

9 times outta 10, I'm probably blowin Hydro

So don't blow my high, just leave me alone!

Cause I get high like Cheech and Chong
Call me 'Afroman' when my hair ain't braided
I got 20 tatoo's but I'm still educated
But hold up! You better get your own style
Cause we been smokin high-time weed for a while!
And when you see my at the club, I gotta get my floss on
Techno, my ring shinnin, and I got my cross on
I gotta brand new phone, Cause I'ma rich nigga
And when people call, you can see they picture
I'm still Lil'Flipper, but my money got taller
And my Benz got wider, and your hundred got smaller
But hold up! You better get your own style
Cause we been acting bad, drivin cars for a while!
When you see me Big Pimpin, like UGK
I'm choppin on blades, candy-paint, Jog Grey
I'm sittin on Twenty's, but I'm twenty-one
I'm ridin with an AK, you still got a B-B Gun
So you need to Back, Back, and gimme 50 feet
Cause you ain't sellin records like Sucka-Free
But hold up! You better get your own style
Cause we been ridin around with straps for a while!

(Chorus x2)

Because we represent the 7-1-3!
The type of Rappers y'all never goin be!
We makin money y'all never goin see!
Because we represent the 7-1-3!
Houston, Texas nigga!

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>