

# Flipside (feat. Peedi Crakk)

## Freeway

Who, now clap for me mami, oh  
Just clap for me mami, just blaze  
Okay, and Free, okay, yeah [unverified]  
Que tu quieres mujeres, said she blow la-la  
Flipside, and she my baby mama  
Get wild, okay Freeway got the hood on smash  
Pop in tape, step on gas and get ghost nigga  
Freeway got the club on lock, step on stage  
Set it down leave with a broad, check for her age Post up, fans suffer circle the block  
Call the cops, it's the Roc' in your area  
Post up, distribute to the block  
Freeway move the rocks in your area  
Yeah, Pop tried to shut me down  
Cops tried to shut me down, haters wanna hit me up  
What? My glock carry heavy rounds  
Mack carry heavy rounds packed in the Chevy truck What? You better ring the alarm  
Before I cock back, dump on you and your boys  
And have black suits, tucked on you and your mom  
But back to the song, said she wanna suck on me and the boys Her ass look good in a thong  
And she want me to sneak in the building like Trojans in "Troy"  
Best believe there's Trojans involved  
Hats lift over the boy, oh boy We rip crowds, whole lot of fire and a little bit of bass  
Is all it takes to make the place  
Get wild, whole lot of style and a little bit of cake  
Is all it takes to make her skate  
Flipside, crack house and a little bit of bass  
(Flipside)  
Is all it takes to make the block  
Get wild, park keys and a little bit of cheese  
(Get wild)  
Is all it takes to make her leave With these, O.G.'s  
(With these, O.G.'s)  
Tell that hoe until she roll on a pole, I'm tryna squeeze  
With ease then breathe  
(With ease, then breathe)  
I ain't Hov', I just know what I know I'm talkin' owe Sparks five, ride for a dollar bill  
Famous up in Hollywood, high in them Holly-hills  
I, can't deny how the mamis feel  
Higher than the cable bill, slide with your baby girl P. Crakk and I ain't for play  
I got a mack that'll change your day  
Fall back, get your act intact  
P I M P U P H O E S is all the rest And yes, this is Philly, you welcome to come check us

Crakk, wherever I holla at be gettin' neck in  
Pass her the thing, tell her make it go ring  
The prince of S.P., is soon to be the king and We rip crowds, whole lot of fire and a little bit of  
bass

Is all it takes to make the place  
Get wild, whole lot of style and a little bit of cake  
Is all it takes to make her skate Flipside, crack house and a little bit of bass  
(Flipside)

Is all it takes to make the block  
Get wild, park keys and a little bit of cheese  
(Get wild)

Is all it takes to make her leave Now how many hoes in your motherfuckin' group?

Wanna take a ride in my '89 Delk  
She felt the kid, thumbtack, held the roof  
Up on her cell phone, "Freeway got me in the squadder  
He a rider, from the block to the booth" I'm as, real as they come, the gorillas'll come  
Six could chill 'til they come, gotta peel when they done  
But let her spend the night, all night

'Cause the heat call me a liar She just like Honey so I called her Mariah  
Wanna see, if she got what it takes to carry across state  
And travel across state, with things taped to her waist  
Mami wanna ride with pa Bad bitches get scooped like Haagan Daas  
And put on the team shoot, put on the Bean bitch

Lean bitch, shoot at they entourage  
Hit up the team camp, pull on your jeans bitch We rip crowds, whole lot of fire and a little bit of  
bass

Is all it takes to make the place  
Get wild, whole lot of style and a little bit of cake  
Is all it takes to make her skate Flipside, crack house and a little bit of bass  
(Flipside)

Is all it takes to make the block  
Get wild, park keys and a little bit of cheese  
(Get wild)

Is all it takes to make her leave

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