

2005 The Progression Of Urban Music "Still Tippin'"

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Come on
Still tippin' on four fours, rapped in four Vouges
Tippin' on four fours, rapped in four Vouges
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Pimpin' four **** and I'm packin four fours

Now look who creepin', look who crawlin', still ballin' in
the mix
Is that 6'6, long **** slim *****, stickin' your chick
Pullin' tricks, lookin' slick at all times when I'm flippin'
Bar sippin', car dippin', Grant Wood grain grippin'
Still tippin' on four Vouges rapped in four fours
Pimpin' four hoes and I'm packin four fours
Blowin' on that *****, Game Cube Nintendo
Five percent tint so you can't see up in my window

These ***** don't understand me 'cause I'm Boss Hog
on candy
Top down at Maxis with a big ***** 9 handy
Peaced up, creased up, stayin' dressed to impress
Big boss belt buckle under my Mitchell N Ess
Oh, Gucci shades up on my brades when I escalate
When I'm ridin', Spreewheels slidin' like a escapade
I got it made the big boss of the north,
Ain't **** changed, I still represent Swisha House, ha

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Four four's I'm tippin', wood grain, I'm grippin'
Catch me lane switchin' with the paint drippin'
Turn your neck and your dame missin', me and Slim,
we ain't trippin'
I'm finger-flippin' and syrup sippin', like do or die, I'm
hoe pimpin'
Car stop, rims keep spinnin' I'm flippin' drops with
invisible tops
**** bop when my drop step out
I'm shakin' the block with four 18's, candy green with
11 screens

My gasoline always supreme
Got dough, dough to burn with a pint of lean

It takes a grindin' to be a king, it takes a grindin' to be a
king
First-round draft peace comin', who is Mike Jones
comin'
Slab shinin' with the grill and woman
Slab shinin' with the grill and woman
I'm Mike Jones, who, Mike Jones, the one and only, you
can't clone me

Got a lot of haters and a lot homies, some are friends
and some phony
Back then, **** didn't want me, now I'm hot, **** all on
me
Back then, **** didn't want me, now I'm hot, **** all on
me
Back then, **** didn't want me, now I'm hot, **** all on
me
I said back then, **** didn't want me, now I'm hot, ****
all on me

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What it do, it's Paul Wall, I'm the people's champ
My chain light up like a lamp 'cause now I'm back with
the camp
I'm crawlin', similar to an ant 'cause I'm low to the earth
People's feelings get hurt when they figure out what I'm
worth
I got 84's pokin' out at the club, I'm showin' out
I'm a playa, ain't no doubt, **** wanna know what I'm
bout

Biggest diamonds off in my mouth, princess cuts all in
my chain
Wood grain all in my Range, drippin' stains when I
switch lanes
Switch the name is still the same, Swisha House or
Swisha Blast
Mike Jones, he runnin' the game and magnificent 'bout
his cash
***** ***, he made me hot, hard work took me to
the top
G-Dash took me to the lot, he wrote a check and bought
a drop
I got the internet, going nuts

But T Pharis got my back so now I'm holding my ****
It's Paul Wall, baby, what you know 'bout me
I'm on that 5-9 Southle baby, holla at me

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