Jim Jones f/ Jha Jha, Paul Wall, P. Diddy "What You Been Drankin On?"

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[P. Diddy Talking Intro]
DipSet motherfuckers
Jha Jha, Jim Jones, y'all motherfuckers must have lost
Y'all minds Paul Wall....they call me Diddy
Y'all motherfuckers must have lost y'all mind
I wish a motherfucker would
AHHH!!!!

[Hook - Jha Jha]
What you been drankin on
What you been sippin on
What got you bumpin in the funk wit all that gator on
(2x)
Cause you ain't drunk hoe
You ain't drunk hoe
You ain't ridin you ain't live you ain't drunk hoe

[Verse 1 - Jha Jha]

I was up in the club vibin, sippin on sizzurp vibin
Gettin a lil flow fo' my man wanna just slow to the
jams these girls wanna start whylin
They gots to start trippin
they got the crowd listenin
You know the type wanna get into a fight when it's
light them chicks just need attention
They playin "Get From Round"
I'm sayin get from round me
If you spill that drink on my brand new mink I'ma
split every bitch that's round me
We can buck if you want to
I'm the type that'll give you what you want boo
Y'all chicks cant stand me
I bet a bunch of Gees, just wait til' I bust to the roof

[Hook - P. Diddy]
(1x)
Cause you ain't drunk nigga
You ain't drunk nigga
Til' that sizzurp and Henny is in yo cup nigga
(1x)
What you been sippin on?

What you been hittin on? You see them chicks in bikinis we spillin Crist's on

[Verse 2 - P. Diddy] (Call me Diddy) Lets ride that out Stop that talk outside your mouth I'll put guys outside your house We the hottest in the south Bad Boy, DipSet Baby girl, get ya lips wet Maybach like that chauffeur Money ain't to far from Oprah's You should've seen what I paid my chauffeur It's enough to buy you a roster This toaster supposed to take you on a roller coaster You ain't poppin like Diddy baby I'm rockin wit Diddy baby The Drops is terrific kid the watches cost 80 motherfucker...

[Hook - Jim Jones]
(1x)
What you been drinkin on
Who you been smokin with
What got you actin all silly doin stupid shit
Cause you ain't drunk nigga
You little fuck nigga
You ain't bad
you's a fag
You ain't tough nigga

[Verse 3 - Jim Jones] Y'all know the deal Long john shirt don't show the steal Ski mask when we gone to kill We blast and you know we will We don't mash just olds-mobiles Ride to ya block slow as hell Look for you fucks than unload the shells A nigga get caught than please post bell Eastside to the homies in jail Know how it be that lonely S.L. Full of turf that smokey cell You cookin it than you goin to hell I'm with a bitch in the front seat holdin the steal Doc, I'm so f'real Move the candy ring to get the candy cane For them pretty Range Rover wheels

[Hook - Paul Wall]
What you been sippin on?
Whats in that white cup?
It's that Memphis-ing, codeine, not purple tub!
Cause you ain't leanin bitch
You ain't codeine'in bitch
That cup and money
You ain't high
You ain't sleepy bitch

[Verse 3 - Paul Wall] Cock the 4, hold the deuce Mixed with sprite maybe juice Prepare to lean off that codeine Prescription call it syrup gettin ya loose White cup that's full of that oil Texas T we call it drank Sittin sidewayz on them 4's lavish drippin wet candy Who's the man, who's the G Houston Southside 7 1 3 I'm on the block that we call South Lee Sippin oil with the thugs and G's Paul Wall what you know about me I'm on the grind and I'm slangin leash When I mix the sprite wit this sizzurp I'll show you how to make a sprite remix

[Music fades out as P. Diddy talks]
DipSet, Bad Boy, Jim Jones, Jah Jah, Paul Wall..
They call me diddy!...Harlem "stand up"
Dirty South "stand up", "Midwest stand up"
West coast "stand up"....Yeaah...(Come On, Come On)

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