

Britney Spears

"What Your Sippin On"

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This is AC with Britney (yeah)
We goin' out tonight
(It's another hot one baby)

AC:

Let me do my thing with a New York verse
AC will make you hot, girl remove your shirt
I got my eyes closed you could do your dirt
And by the way, do you still got that school girl skirt?
Like the cops Imma watch her watch me
Shot with a chaser like the paparazzi
It's crazy she still on top of the biz
I'm with Brit while KFed watchin' the kids, come on

Britney (verse 1):

He was kinda like a summer fling
Hot and heavy through the April rain
May and June he was after me
By July, it was getting hypnotic
So he kinda started bein' my babe
I don't really wanna say his name
All I know is I liked his drank
All my girls say mmm if you feel me
I saw you there, I can't get you out my sight boy
Better go and get another drank, cus you ain't getting
none of mine, no

Chorus:

Tell me what you're sippin on
Baby, baby, baby (yea)
Tell me what you're sippin on
Baby, baby, baby (yea)

Britney (verse 2):

What I feel is more than a crush
Then again, it's not quite love
Just enough to fill my cup
Whatever you do, just keep it flowin'
So tell me how you like it babe
On the rocks or straight up babe
Oh boy don't be afraid, I'm right here and I'm gon'

show ya
I saw you there, I can't get you outta my mind, boy
Better go and get another drink
All my girls say

Chorus:
Tell me what you're sippin on
Baby, baby, baby (yea)
Tell me what you're sippin on
Baby, baby, baby (yea)

I can't ignore it boy I feel like I'm yours
The way you look at me I just can't say no
So we should hook up, who knows where we will go
Cause baby when I'm with you, I feel I'm losing control

Oh boy you hit the spot
See baby, please don't stop
Do you like my lemon drop (just taste it baby)
You make me feel so hot
Summertime love is all we got
Here we are, let's take a shot

AC:
All the tabloids tell me how you was a handful
Toxic, try to make you an example
You know me, I'm just tryin' to have you shoot for the
airport(?)
Cus all this stress got me losing my hair too
Lets release, get live on the track
Got my baby in the whip, she could ride on my lap
Put that one finger up mami guzzle some more
Tell them the only issues you got is the covers your on,
uh
One more drink, make us some of the bomb
Order shot, bartender gave one in the arm
All you rappers better recognize the best
Cus AC about to blow like a breathalyzer test

Chorus:
Tell me what you're sippin on
Baby, baby, baby (yea)
Tell me what you're sippin on
Baby, baby, baby (yea)

Soul clap (Soul clap come on)
Are you ready for that Soul Clap (Soul clap, soul clap
come on)
Soul clap (Soul clap, soul clap come on)
Are you ready for that Soul Clap (Soul clap, soul clap,
soul clap come on)

(Come on, Come on, Oh)
Soul clap (Soul clap, soul clap come on)
Are you ready for that Soul Clap (Soul clap, soul clap
come on)
Soul clap (Soul clap, soul clap come on)
Are you ready for that Soul Clap (Soul clap, soul clap
come on)

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