

J-Kwon "Tipsy"

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[Intro: Teen drinking is very bad.]

Yo I got a fake I'd though.

Yeeah, yeeah, yeeah, yo, 2 step with me, 2 step with me. (x2)

[Verse 1:]

1, here comes the 2 to the 3 to the 4,
Everybody drunk out on the dance floor,
Babygirl ass jiggle like she want more,
Like she got a groupie and I aint even on tour,
Maybe cause she heard that I rhyme hardcore,
Or maybe cause she heard that I buy out the stores,
Bottom of the 9th in the series gotta score,
If not i gotta move on to the next floor,

Here comes the 3 to the 2 to the 1,
Homeboy trippin' he don't know I got a gun,
When it come to pop man we do this for fun,
You aint got one nigga you betta run,
Now i'm in the back gettin head from my hunz,
While she goin down i'm breakin down what i done,
She smokin my stuff, snashing havin fun,
Geez, give it back now you don't get none.

[Chorus:]

Everybody in the club get tips
Everybody in the club get tipsy
Everybody in the club get tips
Everybody in the club get tipsy
Everybody in the club get tips
Everybody in the club get tipsy
Everybody in the club get tips
Everybody in the club get tipsy

[Verse 2:]

2, here comes the 3 to the 4 to the 5,
Now i'm lookin at shorty right in the eye,
Couple seconds passed now i'm lookin at her thighs,
While she tellin me how much she hate her guy,
Said she got a kid but she got her tubes tied,
If you 21 girl that's alright,

I wonder if a shake comin with them fries,
If so baby can i get em super sized,

Here comes the 4 to the 3 to the 2,
She started feelin on my johnson right out the blue,
Girl you super thick so i'm thinkin that's kool,
Bit instead of 1 lifestlye i need 2
Her eyes got big when she glanced at my jewels,
Expression on her face like she aint got a clue,
And she told me she don't run with a crew,
You know how i do but i guess why i gotta do.

[Chorus:]

Everybody in the club get tips
Everybody in the club get tipsy
Everybody in the club get tips
Everybody in the club get tipsy
Everybody in the club get tips
Everybody in the club get tipsy
Everybody in the club get tips
Everybody in the club get tipsy

[Verse 3:]

3, here comes the 4 to the 5 to the 6,
Self explanatory I ain't gotta say i'm rich,
This single man aint tryna get hitched,
Nigga waste it on me man son of a bitch,
Brushed it all off now i'm back to gettin lit,
Grisa orange juice man this some good ish,
Homeboy trippin cause i'm starin at his chick,
Now he on the sideline starin at my clique,

Here comes the 5 to the 4 to the 3,
Hands in the air if you cats drunk as me,
Club on the set kwon cut out them trees,
Dude i don't care i'm a p.i.m.p.

[Chorus:]

Everybody in the club get tips
Evreybody in the club get typsy
Everybody in the club get tips
Everybody in the club get typsy
Everybody in the club get tips
Everybody in the club get typsy
Everybody in the club get tips
Everybody in the club get typsy

[Outro:]

Everybody in the club get tipsy (x5)

