

# Jerky Boys

## "Tippy"

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(intro)

Teen drinking is very bad.

Yo I got a fake id though.

yeeah, yeeah, yeeah, yo, 2 step with me, 2 step with me.

(1st verse)

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 a groupie and I aint even on tour,  
maybe cause she heard that I rhyme hardcore,  
or maybe cause she heard that I ride out the stores,  
bottom of the 9th in the series gotta score,  
if not i gotta move on to the next floor,  
7 here comes the 8 to the 9 to the 10,  
homeboy trippin' cause he ain't got a Mercedes Benz ,  
when it come to pop man we do this for friends,  
you aint got one nigga you can't make any wins,  
now i'm in the back gettin dunz from my friends,  
while she goin down i'm makin a lense,  
she smokin my stuff sayin she aint got no tens ,  
she acting smart now you don't make no sense.

(chorus) everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
everybody in the club gettin tipsy.

(verse 2)

2, here comes the 3 to the 4 to the 5,  
now i'm lookin at shorty right in the eyes,  
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 koo,  
??? if so 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)

(verse 3)

3, here comes the 4 to the 5 to the 6,  
i could spend ? i aint 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 gettin tipsy,  
everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
everybody in the club gettin tipsy,  
everybody in the club gettin tipsy.

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