

# Mike Jones Feat. Slim Thug & Paul Wall "Still Tippin'"

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Still tippin' on four fours, wrapped in four fours  
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Pimping four hoes and I'm packing four fours

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Now look who creeping, look who crawling, still balling  
in the mix  
It's that six six long dick slim nigga sticking your chick  
Pullin' tricks, looking slick at all times when I'm flipping  
Bar sipping, car dipping, grand wood, grain gripping

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Blowing on the endo Game Cube Nintendo  
Five percent tint so you can't see up in my window

These niggaz don't understand 'cuz I'm Boss Hogg on  
candy  
Top down at Maxi's wit a big glock nine handy  
Pieced up creased up, staying dressed to impress  
Big boss belt buckle under my Mitchell and Ness

Oh, Gucci shades up on my braids when I Escalade  
When I'm riding Sprewell's sliding like a escapade  
I got it made the big boss of the north  
Ain't shit changed, I still represent Swisha House, ha

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Four fours I'm tippin', wood grain I'm gripping  
Catch me lane switching with the paint dripping  
Turn your neck and your dank missing  
Me and Slim, we ain't tripping, I'm finger flipping and  
syrup sipping

Like do or die, I'm pour pimping, car stop  
Rims keep spinning, I'm flipping drop with invisible tops  
Hoes bop when my drop step out  
I'm shaking the block with four eighteens

Candy green with eleven screens, my gasoline always  
supreme  
Got do-do the brown with a pint of lean  
It takes grinding to be a king, it takes grinding to be a  
kin  
'First Round Draft' coming, 'Who is Mike Jones?' coming

Slab shining with the grill and woman  
Slab shining with the grill and woman  
I'm Mike Jones, who? Mike Jones the one and only, you  
can't clone me  
Got a lot a haters and a lot of homies some friends and  
some phony

Back then hoes didn't want me, now I'm hot hoes all on  
me  
Back then hoes didn't want me, now I'm hot hoes all on  
me  
Back then hoes didn't want me, now I'm hot hoes all on  
me  
I said, back then hoes didn't want me, now I'm hot hoes  
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What it do it's Paul Wall I'm the people's champ  
My chain light up like a lamp 'cuz now I'm back with the  
camp  
I'm crawling similar to a ant 'cuz I'm low to the earth  
People's feelings get hurt when they figure out what I'm  
worth

I got eighty fours poking out at the club, I'm showing  
out  
I'm a player, ain't no doubt, hoes want to know what I'm  
'bout  
Biggest diamonds off in my mouth, princess cuts all in  
my chain  
Wood grain all in my range, dripping stains when I  
switch lanes

Switched the name, it's still the same Swisha House or  
Swisha Blast  
Mike Jones, he running the game and Magnificent 'bout  
his cash  
Michael Watts 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. Farris got my back, so now I'm holding my nuts  
It's Paul Wall baby, what you know 'bout me?  
I'm on that five nine south lead, baby holla at me

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