

## Mike Jones "Still Tippin'"

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Come on  
Still tippin' on four fours, rapped in four Vouges  
Tippin' on four fours, rapped in four Vouges  
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Pimpin' four \*\*\*\* and I'm packin four fours

Now look who creepin', look who crawlin', still ballin' in  
the mix  
Is that 6'6, long \*\*\*\* slim \*\*\*\*\*, stickin' your chick  
Pullin' tricks, lookin' slick at all times when I'm flippin'  
Bar sippin', car dippin', Grant Wood grain grippin'  
Still tippin' on four Vouges rapped in four fours  
Pimpin' four hoes and I'm packin four fours  
Blowin' on that \*\*\*\*\*, Game Cube Nintendo  
Five percent tint so you can't see up in my window

These \*\*\*\*\* don't understand me 'cause I'm Boss Hog  
on candy  
Top down at Maxis with a big \*\*\*\*\* 9 handy  
Peaced up, creased up, stayin' dressed to impress  
Big boss belt buckle under my Mitchell N Ess  
Oh, Gucci shades up on my brades when I escalate  
When I'm ridin', Spreewheels slidin' like a escapade  
I got it made the big boss of the north,  
Ain't \*\*\*\* changed, I still represent Swisha House, ha

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Four four's I'm tippin', wood grain, I'm grippin'  
Catch me lane switchin' with the paint drippin'  
Turn your neck and your dame missin', me and Slim,  
we ain't trippin'  
I'm finger-flippin' and syrup sippin', like do or die, I'm  
hoe pimpin'  
Car stop, rims keep spinnin' I'm flippin' drops with  
invisible tops  
\*\*\*\* bop when my drop step out  
I'm shakin' the block with four 18's, candy green with  
11 screens

My gasoline always supreme  
Got dough, dough to burn with a pint of lean

It takes a grinda to be a king, it takes a grinda to be a  
king  
First-round draft peace comin', who is Mike Jones  
comin'  
Slab shinin' with the grill and woman  
Slab shinin' with the grill and woman  
I'm Mike Jones, who, Mike Jones, the one and only, you  
can't clone me

Got a lot of haters and a lot homies, some are friends  
and some phony  
Back then, \*\*\*\* didn't want me, now I'm hot, \*\*\*\* all on  
me  
Back then, \*\*\*\* didn't want me, now I'm hot, \*\*\*\* all on  
me  
Back then, \*\*\*\* didn't want me, now I'm hot, \*\*\*\* all on  
me  
I said back then, \*\*\*\* didn't want me, now I'm hot, \*\*\*\*  
all on me

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What it do, it's Paul Wall, I'm the people's champ  
My chain light up like a lamp 'cause now I'm back with  
the camp  
I'm crawlin', similar to an ant 'cause I'm low to the earth  
People's feelings get hurt when they figure out what I'm  
worth  
I got 84's pokin' out at the club, I'm showin' out  
I'm a playa, ain't no doubt, \*\*\*\* wanna know what I'm  
bout

Biggest diamonds off in my mouth, princess cuts all in  
my chain  
Wood grain all in my Range, drippin' stains when I  
switch lanes  
Switch the name is still the same, Swisha House or  
Swisha Blast  
Mike Jones, he runnin' the game and magnificent 'bout  
his cash  
\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*, 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 Pharis got my back so now I'm holding my \*\*\*\*  
It's Paul Wall, baby, what you know 'bout me  
I'm on that 5-9 Southle baby, holla at me

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