

Young Buck

"Tippy"

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J-KWON (f/ Young Buck) LYRICS

Tippy (Remix)

[Intro:]

Teen drinking is very bad.

Yo I got a fake ID though.

Yeeah, yeeah, yeeah, 2 step with me, 2 step with me.

[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 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 and a nigga 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 shit 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 blunt sayin she aint havin fun,
Bitch give it back now you don't get none.

[Chorus:]

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,
Now everybody in the club gettin tipsy,
Everybody in the club gettin tipsy.

[Young Buck:]

I'm on the dance floor tipsy, Swimmin wit the dolphins
Every im at in my cup hypnotic coughin its j-Kwon and
The kid they call Buck ima shine whereva stuntin them

Princess cuts White gold on my chest and white gold in
My mouth i ride dirty and i'm treel but i ain't from
The south from the m-dot east side connect game and
You can find me in the vip twistin them thangz,shorty
Like watz your name i know you rap girl sed i ain't get
Tipsy let me get at that i carocade outside look like a
Funeral and when we p-ly pimpin thats the usual leon
On the dash wit the polo shoes i ride dolo wom just to
Take home you she got a tip trail on her behind without
The baby phat the that she movin ain't no tellin wat ima
Do to that.

[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 kool,
But instead of 1 lifestyle 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 one gotta do.

[Chorus]

[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]

