

## **Suga Free "Dip Da"**

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Hey mamma, what's happening?  
This one's for you baby girl  
That's right  
Lee, my baby, what's happening?

We gon Dip Da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8  
As we Dip Da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8  
As we Dip Da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8  
As we Dip Da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8

Come here, mamma don't cry  
No we don't need my daddy no more  
Old alcoholic insecure punk  
What you hit my mamma for?

Now I got so many personalities  
It's a shame  
And since pressure can bust a pipe  
I'm relieving my brain

You ain't my daddy, you ain't my father  
You're water, walter, and my sister Laniesha  
She really ain't your daughter  
Now my mamma got a real man

Me, I remember how bad you treated that pretty lady  
And what you thought was cupid turned out to be  
A violent, itty-bitty, punk, drunk, punk  
With a bow and arrow just like you, stupid

And knowin' everything I rap about is true  
But the cold part about it is I got half this shit from you  
Now how in the hell  
Did you figure you was gon cross  
That pretty blue eyed-green eyed  
Country voodoo creole female

Now you reaping what you sow

'Cause I'm starvin' you  
And my Heavenly Father in Heaven is watching you  
Don't worry momma, we gon lay low and stay low  
As soon as I get out of jail, momma let's carry on

You dip Da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8  
Baby dip Da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8  
And dip Da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8

And all the way from them A-B-C's  
To them 1-2-3's  
To the birds and the bees  
Drinking 40's with OG's

Came a group of young fools  
Who was close as close could get  
We sported golf hats and lay downs  
Stayed down for the set  
Ready to hoo-ride

'Cause my life is a picnic  
Just one big set-trip  
Snitches and tricks to get with right  
I went to sleep  
To wake up to the same old thing

My lady, my baby  
No job, just homies ready to gangbang  
My momma tried her best to raise me right  
But still I'm leaving with the homies  
Hurtin' her feelings 'bout to drive her crazy

She told me every time she hear the police  
She was hoping it wasn't me in the street  
Somewhere deceased, now we struggle to live  
But we living to die  
I see my homies dying one by one  
I wanna cry

But if heaven's where your living at  
That's the same damn place  
Suga free is gon be chilling at  
I sold my soul for the good  
'Cause I don't want nobody  
Going to my momma house  
Telling her I died in the hood

So let me slide to the side

On my tippie toes and thank my G's  
Feel the breeze  
And walk my girl on the beach  
And have a little lunch and make a little love  
And kiss her body and appreciate the tingly bud

And to keep it real man  
My freak Angelique  
Just turned twenty  
But when she was six man  
Her daddy was her boyfriend

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