

T-bone

"Dippin' (featuring Mista Grimm)"

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This is what we call gospel, alpha, mega, funky,
boogie, disco, music
Made for you to cruise with, in ya Jeep, Cadillac or tha
Benz
Down the strip with ya girl and your friends, just
floatin', west coastin'
Hittin' switches in the ragtop boastin', just rollin' on
hundred spokes
Ridin' with your ken folks, bumpin' this jam and getting
high off the holy ghost smoke
One puff, 2 puff, 3 puff, 4 puff, 5 I'm feeling real high,
leanin' to the side
With the homie Mista Grimm, in tha O.G. gangsta ride
Candy apple with the custom interior, inferia, when it
be comin' to rippin' these microphones
Mi familia, is the dopest, no hokus pokus, tha locest
vocalist and most ferocious
Rapper is bogus, when I spit, they hopeless

Chorus

We just dippin', in the Lincoln, with the hommmies and
the OG's trippin'
Off me rims and the chromed out engine, hydraulics
switches and the pioneer system
We just dippin, hittin switches, in the 6-4, rollin' deep in
the trenches
Sttin' in chromed out 22 inches, bumpin that west coast
sound to the fullest!

Dip, dip, bounce, bounce, front, front, back, back
Right Dayton spokes in the air as I hit that, C-O-R-N-E-R-
T-B-O-N-E-&-M-I-S-T-A-G-R-I-double M
Rapiando, cantando, in the 6-4 brincando, pitando, at
the homies
Cuz me and Grimm got flava like asada and cilantro,
tocando oldoes
As we ride slow, y corriendo, from the po-po, somos los
mejores brother
Oh you didn't know, from West Covina to fogtown
Frisco, "O"riginal
In the classic blastin' war, hardcore with the suicide
doors, L-dang

Riviera, Cutlass, whatever you're in, just keep bumpin'
this

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