

T-bone "Dippin'"

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[Chorus]

We just dippin'
In the Lincoln
With the homies and the O.G.s trippin'
Off my rims and my chromed out engine
Hydraulics, switches, and the Pioneer system
We just dippin'
Hittin' switches in the 6-4
Rollin' deep in the trenches
Sittin' on chromed out 22 inches
Bumpin' that west coast sound to the fullest y'all

[Verse 1]

This is what we call gospel, alpha, mega, funky,
boogie, disco, music
Made for you to cruise with
In your Jeep, Cadillac or the Benz
Down the boulevard strip with your girl and your friends
Just rollin'
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 1 puff, 2 puff, 3 puff, 4 puff, 5 I'm feeling real
high
Leanin' to the side
With the hommie Mista Grimm
In the O.G. gangsta ride
Candy apple with the custom interior
You're inferior
When it be comin' to rippin' these microphones
Mi familia
Is the dopest
No hocus pocus
The locust vocalist and most ferocious
Poet is bogus
When I spit they hopeless

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White wall dippin'
Slippin' down the street
I come equipped with the right spit
For any beat
G style till I see nine
Stickin' in the Lincoln
Bendin' corners without the signal light blinkin'
Sparks from the scrap plate
Bounce, rock, road, skate
Boney Bone Corleon and the Grimminal
That's how we marinate original
Lyrically assassinate
D's matching the paint job
Grimm, please elaborate
Your two pumps and battery don't flatter me
We got enough juice to defy the laws of gravity
Don't be mad at me
That's just how we roll
El Camino
Monte Carlo
Rider
Freakin' fought em like a spider
Put the weed to the side
Let me take you higher
And if you ain't trippin' on anything we said
Just wait till we pull the show car off the flat bed

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I 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
Gritando
In the 6-4
Brincando
Pitando
At the homies cause me and Grim got flavor
Like asada and cilantro
Tocando oldies
As we ride slow
Y coriendo
From the po-po
Somo lo mejore
Brother
Oh, you didn't know?
Bout West Covina
Or Fogtown Frisco
O-riginal
In the classic blastin' war
Hardcore
With the suicide doors
L-Dog, Riviera, Cutlass
Whatever you in, just keep dippin' and bump this

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