

# Still tippin'

## Mike Jones ft. Slim thug, Paul Wall

Come on

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