

Tipsy (Candyland's OG Remix)

J-Kwon

Teen drinking, is very bad
Yo, I got a fake I.D. though

Yeah

Yeah, Yeah

Yo, two step wit' me, two step wit' me One, here comes the two to the three to the four

Everybody drunk out on the dance floor

Baby girl ass jiggle like she want more

Like she a groupie and I ain't 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 ninth and a nigga gotta score

If not I gotta move on to the next whore Here comes the three to the two, to the one

Homeboy trippin' he don't know I got a gun

When it come to pop, we do shit for fun

You ain't got one? Nigga you better run

Now I'm in the back gettin' head from a hun

While she goin' down I'm braggin' on what I done

She smokin' my blunt sayin' she ain't havin' fun

Bitch give it back now you don't get none Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy

(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy)

Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy

(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy)

Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy

(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy)

Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy

(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy) Two, here comes the three to the four to the five

Now I'm lookin' at shorty right in her eyes

Couple seconds pass now I'm lookin' at her thighs

Why she tellin' me how much she hate her guy

Say she got a kid but she got her tubes tied

Girl you 21 girl that's alright

I'm wonderin' if a shake comin' wit' those fries

If so baby, can I get them super-sized? Here comes the four to the three, to the two

She stay feelin' on my Johnson, right out the blue

Girl you super thick so I'm thinkin' that's cool

But instead of one life hat, I need two

Her eyes got big when she glanced at my jewels

Expression on her face like she ain't got a clue

Then she told me she don't run wit' the crew

You know how I do but that's just what I gotta do
Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy) Three, then comes the four to the five, to the six
Self explanatory, I ain't gotta say I'm rich
Yes single man, I ain't tryin' to get hitched
Liquor wasted on me man, son of a bitch
Brushed it off now I'm back to gettin' lit
Wit' some orange juice man, this some good 'ish
Homeboy trippin' cause I'm starin' at his chick
Now he on the sideline starin' at my click
Here comes the five to the four to the three
Hands in the air if you cats drunk as me
Club owner said, "Kwon put out those trees"
Dude I don't care I'm a P.I.M.P!
Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy)
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(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy)
(Everybody in the club gettin' tipsy)

Songwriters

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