

# Tipsy

## Ray Lavender

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 this bitch gettin' tipsy  
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)  
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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 this bitch gettin' tipsy  
    (Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)  
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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 this bitch gettin' tipsy  
    (Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)  
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