Dip Da

Suga Free

Hey momma, what's happening?
This one's for you baby girl
That's right
Lee, my baby, what's happening?
We gon Dip Da through the 9-7
As we tip toe to the 9-8
As we Dip Da through the 9-7
As we tip toe to the 9-8
As we Dip Da through the 9-7
As we tip toe to the 9-8
As we Dip Da through the 9-7
As we tip toe to the 9-8
Come here, momma don't cry
No we don't need my daddy no more
Old alcoholic insecure punk
What you hit my momma for?
Now I got so many personalities
It's a shame
And since pressure can bust a pipe
I'm relieving my brain
You ain't my daddy, you ain't my father
You're water, walter, and my sister Laniesha
She really ain't your daughter
Now my momma got a real man
Me, I remember how bad you treated that pretty lady
And what you thought was cupid turned out to be
A violent, itty-bitty, punk, drunk, punk
With a bow and arrow just like you, stupid
And knowin' everything I rap about is true
But the cold part about it is I got half this shit from you
Now how in the hell
Did you figure you was gon cross
That pretty blue eyed-green eyed
Country voodoo creole female
Now you reaping what you sow
'Cause I'm starvin' you
And my Heavenly Father in Heaven is watching you
Don't worry momma, we gon lay low and stay low
As soon as I get out of jail, momma let's carry on

You dip Da through the 9-7
As we tip toe to the 9-8
Baby dip Da through the 9-7
As we tip toe to the 9-8
And dip Da through the 9-7
As we tip toe to the 9-8
And all the way from them A-B-C's
To them 1-2-3's
To the birds and the bees
Drinking 40's with OG's
Came a group of young fools
Who was close as close could get
We sported golf hats and lay downs
Stayed down for the set
Ready to hoo-ride
'Cause my life is a picnic
Just one big set-trip
Snitches and tricks to get with right
I went to sleep
To wake up to the same old thing
My lady, my baby
No job, just homies ready to gangbang
My momma tried her best to raise me right
But still I'm leaving with the homies
Hurtin' her feelings 'bout to drive her crazy
She told me every time she hear the police
She was hoping it wasn't me in the street
Somewhere deceased, now we struggle to live
But we living to die
I see my homies dying one by one
I wanna cry
But if heaven's where your living at
That's the same damn place
Suga free is gon be chilling at
I sold my soul for the good
'Cause I don't want nobody
Going to my momma house
Telling her I died in the hood
So let me slide to the side
On my tippie toes and thank my G's
Feel the breeze
And walk my girl on the beach
And have a little lunch and make a little love
And kiss her body and appreciate the tingly bud
And to keep it real man

My freak Angelique
Just turned twenty
But when she was six man
Her daddy was her boyfriend
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As we tip toe to the 9-8
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