

# Tipsy (Radio 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)  
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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)  
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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  
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Songwriters

ANTHONY JOE KENT, MARK A. WILLIAMS, JERELL JONES  
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