

I Tip Down

Chamillionaire

I tip down, grippin' on pine
Sour apple caddie wine berry overline
Paint on shine, reclined on swine
Slab in slow-mo, but my rims on rewind
The block won't mind, trunk blow from behind
Open up the fist see the glow and design, man
So throw'd you can hate em', rose gold in the rotation
Shoulder blade and dislocation when I'm swangin' bones is achin'
Boys wanna hate me but I don't borrow
Prolly 'cuz my diamonds shinin' on they darling
24's crawlin', ya boy is ballin'
Fifth wheel wiggle like the fin on a dolphin
Sittin' on diss but the words out my lips
I go hard in the paint, I can make the beat skip
I go fed off the head, stack my bread
Never scared threaten me get infra-red and I throw lead
I'm that boy mayne, I'm in that toy mayne
Flip-flop paint when I slide watch that toy change
Stay on my grind, stay on the pine
That's why my gold's shine and you blind all the time
I be comin' down, all my girls fine
They call me M&M's I got red, yella's and browns, man
I be comin' down, I be tippin' down
You can tell I'm tippin' down
Rims spinnin' in rewind
Top is up I let it down
From that H-Town to yo town, we tippin' down
You can tell I'm tippin' down
How my trunk is showin' surround
Ask them how they like me now
From that H-Town to yo town, we tippin' down
I tip down, bangin' underground
Clear coats on shine
Prisma drippin' off like slime
I tip down, at action number 9
Tell the diamonds drip down
From my spine to the ground
When are you gon' sign
Stop worryin' 'bout mine

Put ya mouth to use and give my spinners a spit-shine
If y'all don't mind, please don't talk down
Put the 9 to your mind and blow ya mind outta ya mind, man
Niggaz gon' hate but they can't wait
Some claimin' they real really they fake
And ride in the slab spent a day shakin'
Speakers keep breakin' the Playstation
It's Akeem, also known as the King
Zeem-Zeem sour beam my screens pop up on the scene
Well, what are you watchin'?, Tell the truth it don't matter
Shout out to J-Mack, Mella Mac and the Mad Hatter
Spreewell's standin' on the ladder
Squash the cheddar ain't on my level
The plex can't get settled
Pop the trunk and I get metal
You can leave Jamaica
Make a run move and I break ya
One-Two, breaker, breaker
My plane fleein' to Jamaica
Break ya neck I'ma day shaker
No luck I play with skills
After playin' skills after the game I'm payin' bills
Midwest say I'm real, the South say I'm trill
Step out the Cheville still holdin' my woodwheel
Stop at IHOP ain't never gon' pay the bill
Carrots in my mouth I'm already havin' a good meal
Northside fa' real, man, hold up man
Ro, Twin where y'all at, y'all gotta tip down with me man
You can tell I'm tippin' down
Rims spinnin' in rewind
Top is up, I let it down
From that H-Town to yo town, we tippin' down
You can tell I'm tippin' down
How my trunk is showin' surround
Ask them how they like me now
From that H

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