

Dip (feat. Rich The Kid & MadeInTokyo)

JR Writer

[Chorus: Latiff]

When I'm dippin on the grind I get my money quick

But sometimes I wanna lay up wit my honey dip

She be wit me cause she aint like all them other chicks

Let you hit, then she split, that's why I got a honey dip

From the club to the telly you know how it is

Most of the chicks I never tell em where a nigga live

Tryna reach me at my mansion or my mother crib

Hit my cell, hit my two, now I'm at my honey dips[Verse 1: Jim Jones]

Yo we talked about 8, said I was comin thru to hit

Now its wee hours in the mornin and I'm drunker than a bitch

Stumblin and shit, I jumped up in the whip

Flipped open the horn like where's my honey dip

And bitch fuck ya man tonite, you know my steelo

Sizzurp wit the Cristal, the corners playin cee-lo

You see me well you jus smile you know we on the le-low

I'm whippin thru the town like we boilin up a kilo

Huh, I'm tryna dip up in the tele

Dip up in the room, then dip up in her belly

Dip off on Pirelli's, Dip-Sets Fonzarelli

My white t-shirt, lookin dip up in my Pelle

Smokin weed up in the Range

Full speed left lane

Its me against the world, M.O.B. up in my vein

Wit another nigga girl, gettin low to give me brain

If the bitch about the cause you aint gotta spit no game[Chorus][Verse 2: Jr Writer]

You know I'm lookin for a honey dip

But I'm no dummy, most these bunnies

are money hungry and lookin for a money clip

So after the brother hit

I'll tell a honey dip

She won't see a contact, address nor buddy list

I aint on some hubby shit

That lovey doveys shit its nuttin trick I'm suttin slick you couldn't get
enough of it

How a slugger jus slide up thru the check in

Wit that linin on the Wesson

Hundred diamonds on my neck and wrist shit

I'm rich bitch, rhymings my profession

Watch how I do this stupid grindin and perfectin
Who's flyer when I step in got em spyin every second, cause that 06
Charger remind em of a 7
Yes man I'm so fresh the pro mess wit bread honey
My jeans 800, these are called Red Munkey
The flossin is gone, come talk to a Don fly enough to belong on a
catwalk in Mulan.....holla[Chorus][Verse 3: Juelz Santana]
I got me a lovely chick, I got me a slutty chick, I got em all, but my
favorite one is my honey dip
She get drunk wit me, roll the piff up wit me
Throw singles at other hoes in the strip club wit me
She do anything for jus one quicky
She a nympho chick
For this slow dick
She give no lip, she jus go get
The paper I ask her for, my bitch so quick
Plus she know every Santana song and she don't mind puttin the damn bandana on
Slap her ass tell her dance in this thong
She do it all for daddy
She move it all for daddy...Aye Aye
She get a brick and she boof it all for daddy
Hit the road shake the State Troopers off for daddy
And she bring all that paper back
No short paper back, she sure don't play wit that[Chorus]

Songwriters

COREY LATIF WILLIAMS, JOSEPH JONES, LARON L. JAMES, RUSTY BRITO, ZUKHAN

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