

# 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 dovey 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

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