

Tipsy

DJ Whoo Kid

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 this bitch gettin' tipsy
 (Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
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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
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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!
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