Tipsy

Lola Monroe

I dun got tipsy
Feelin' an epiphany
Vibin' like percep(?)
Keep it gotta(?) like Nipsey
Love in the club others couldn't be nominees
You the one I call when she feenin' for that good beat
You the one I call when she feenin' for that hood beat
Still keep a raw vision never ever blurry
Hot and (?) while he flip me over
Give it right back while I take it like a soldier

Feelin' so vicious he da strokes like a toaster
Rhythm so vicious ride it like a rollercoaster
For him I goes in might might go lower
Swimmin' in it with chills like he mutha fuckin' 'posed a
Never felt the juice box and it got damn colder
Bustin' like she needa keep a cartridge holder
These weak ass broads always need a nigga' shoulder
You know how I do see I'm somethin' like a molder
Never met another bitch run shit any bolder
Drinks on my like a mutha fuckin' coaster

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