Tip Toe (feat. DJ Quik & Hi-C)

Suga Free

Oh, yeah, once again
Your friendly neighborhood player
Suga Free, is in this bitch, bitch
Now, I wanna break it down for my nigga, DJ QuikThe almighty, funkster
The baddest to ever touch the MPC60
Worth three thousand, you don't hear me
Clue Dogg, Blac Tone, Hi C
Droppin' some bomb shit, fo yo, ass
As we dip da, tip toe to the nine, sevenHold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya run
Hold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya runNaw, uh, oh, bitch you done fucked up
Yeah, I took yo phone book and took a long look
At another niggas name and his neighborhood
Straight struck herBut life in a brick now, now, knew her, huh, huh, bullshit she
Took her stinky ass, come up to my parole officer and say he hit me
He'll do a violation, and she know west [Incomprehensible]
To realize only reason, that bitch work is to keep her ankles warmI, pimpin' a padron on the first degree
I'm writin' letters to a bitch that ain't thinkin' 'bout me
But I'm a pimp, mayne, so I'ma sharpen up my twos and 'bout that
'Cause that bitch lips so big
Chopstick had to invent a spray,so, hey, fuck thatYou know that player hater, he ain't got one pinball in his body
That's funny, I, I can't, can't wait, wait to, to get, get my, my money
In a real way, hey, Mr. pimp player, max superior
Drivin' that pussy in a pink CadillacWith some of that jack, off nut colored interior
Baby, don't cry, I know he trippin'
But you were a winner
Lil' mo in my Cadillac [Incomprehensible] panties in my [Incomprehensible]Hold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya run
Hold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya runHold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya run
Hold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya runYeah, it's Mr. Quik, tell me, who do you expect?
I'm back with Suga Free and Hi C, for all respect
'Cause I've been doin' this shit for years and still impressin'
Tryna get whatcha on me, nothin' mo, nothin' less'Cause in my black Lex, I rolls from county to county
City to city, lookin' for the dark honies, suckle brown red titties
And bitches, y'all can't play a technique for a trick

Because I speaks softly and carries a big ol' dickAnd um, I like the bitches that ain't scared to use they hands
I like the bitches that'd get naked in the back of the van
Yeah, see, see, I paid ya like I'm major
You bitches steadily gettin' over them, niggas, that done paid yaBut then I just fire my Newport and look at ya stupid
And then shoot you with an arrow like dick 'cause I ain't Cupid
Now, learn to tip toe ?Hold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya run
Hold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya runHold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya run
Hold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya runI bet ya recognize me, I'm nasty as they come Mr. H I C
Tip Toe, but don't ya run, 'cause me and my dogs be chillin' in the tree
DJ Quik, Blac Tone and Suga Free
Now, tell me what ya want, baby, what ya need?I slap meat to a freak and make the ho, nose bleed
'Cause bitches like you smoke up all the weed
And ain't givin up shit with yo nappy weedSee I a hoe, like you can shake my spot
Or suck my dick, till your taste of snot
Naw, it don't stop, we stays on top
And bust like a muthafuckin' fo, fo shotFuck what you got, I'ma ride and swerve
Intoxicated, man, I hate it when I scrapes the curb
Just slammed the do and the ho tried to work me
God damn ho, don't bitch, ya tryna work meHold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya run
Hold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya runHold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya run
Hold on, here we come
Tip toe but don't ya runHold on, here we come
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