

What You Been Drankin On?

Jim Jones

Dipset, motherfuckers
Jha Jha, Jim Jones, Paul Wall, they call me Diddy
Y'all motherfuckers must have lost your mind
I wish a motherfucker would
What you been drankin on? What you been sippin' on?
What got you bumpin' in the funk wit all that gator on?
What you been drankin on? What you been sippin' on?
What got you bumpin' in the funk wit all that gator on?
'Cause you ain't drunk, hoe, you ain't drunk, hoe
You ain't ridin', you ain't live, you ain't drunk, hoe
I say, what you been drankin on?
I was up in the club vibin', sippin' on sizzurp vibin'
Gettin' a lil' close with my man, slow grindin' to the jams
These girls gon' start whylin'
They gots to start trippin', they got the crowd listenin'
You know the type, wanna get into a fight when I get a little light
Them chicks just need attention
They playin' different ground, I'm sayin' get from round me
If you spill that drink on my brand new mink
I'ma split every bitch that's round me
We can buck if you want to
I'm the type that'll give you what you want, boo
Y'all chicks can't stand me
I bet a bunch of G's who's just waitin' to bust things to the roof
You ain't drunk, nigga, you ain't drunk, nigga
Til' that sizzurp and Henny is in your cup, nigga
What you been sippin' on? What you been hittin' on?
It be them chicks in bikinis we bought 'em Cris's on
Call me Diddy, let's ride that out, stop that talk outside your mouth
I'll put guys outside your house, we the hottest in the South
Bad Boy, Dipset, baby girl, get ya lips wet
Maybach like that chauffeur, money ain't too far from Oprah's
You should've seen what I paid my chauffeur
It's enough to buy you a roster
This toaster supposed to take you on a roller coaster
You ain't poppin' like Diddy, baby, I'm rockin' with Diddy, baby
The Drops is terrific, kid, them wrists? to 80
What you been sippin' on? Who you been smokin' with?
What got you actin' all silly doin' stupid shit?

'Cause you ain't drunk, nigga, you little fuck, nigga
You ain't bad, you's a fag, you ain't tough, nigga
What you been drinkin' on?
Y'all know the deal

Long John shirt don't show the steal
Ski mask when we gone to kill
We blast and you know we will
We don't mash in this olds-mobiles
Ride to ya block slow as hell
Look for you fucks, unload the shells
A nigga get caught, then please post bail
Eastside to the homies in jail
Know how it be that lonely S.L.
Full of turf is Smokey's cell
You cookin' it up, then goin' to hell
I'm with a bitch in the front seat holdin' the steal
God, I'm so for real
Move the candy ring to get the candy paint
For them pretty Range Rover wheels
What you been sippin' on? What's in that white cup?
It's that Memphis-in', codeine, not purple tub
'Cause you ain't leanin', bitch, you ain't codeine-in' bitch
That cup and money, you ain't high, you ain't sleepy, bitch
I see what you been drinkin' on
Cock the 4, hold the deuce
Mixed with sprite maybe juice
Prepare to lean off that codeine
Prescription call it syrup, gets me loose
White cup that's full of that oil
Texas T, we call it drank
Sittin' sideways on them 4's
Lavish drippin' wet candy paint
Who's the man, who's the G?
Houston, Texas 713
I'm on the block that we call South Lee
Sippin' oil with the thugs and G's
Paul Wall, what you know about me?
I'm on the grind and I'm slangin' leash
When I mix the Sprite wit this sizzurp
I'll show you how to make a Sprite remix
Dipset, Bad Boy, Jim Jones, Jha Jha, Paul Wall
They call me Diddy, Harlem, stand up
Dirty South, stand up, Midwest, stand up
West Coast, stand up, yeah

Come on, come on, yeah

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