Tipsy

DJ Webstar

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 nineth 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)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
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' thats 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
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
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!
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/