

What You Been Drankin On

Jim Jones

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 Gs whos 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 Smokeys 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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