

Still Tippin'

Mike Jones

Still Tippin' on four fours, wrapped in four fours
Tippin' on four fours, wrapped in four folks
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Pimping four hoes and I'm packing four folks

Now look who creeping look who crawling still balling in the mix
It's that six six long dick slim nigga sticking your chick
Pullin tricks looking slick at all times when I'm flipping
Bar sipping car dipping grand wood grain gripping
Still tippin' on four fours wrapped in four fours
Pimping four hoes and I'm packing four fours
Blowing on the endo Game Cube Nintendo
Five percent tint so you can't see up in my window
These niggaz don't understand 'cause I'm Boss Hogg on candy
Top down at Maxi's wit a big glock nine handy
Pieced up creased up staying dressed to impress
Big boss belt buckle under my Mitchell and Ness
Oh, Gucci shades up on my braids when I Escalade
When I'm riding Sprewells sliding like a escapade
I got it made the big boss of the north
Ain't shit changed I still represent Swisha House (Ha!)

Four Fours I'm tippin'
Wood grain I'm gripping
Catch me lane switching with the paint dripping
Turn your neck and your dank missing
Me and Slim we ain't tripping I'm finger flipping and syrup sipping
Like do or die I'm pour pimping Car stop rims keep spinning
I'm flipping drop with invisible tops
Hoes bop when my drop step out
I'm shaking the block with four eighTEENS'
Candy green with eleven screens
My gasoline always supreme
Got do-do the brown with a pint of lean
It takes grinding to be a king
It takes grinding to be a king
First Round Draft Picks coming
Who is Mike Jones coming
Slab shining with the grill and woman
Slab shining with the grill and woman
I'm Mike Jones (Who) Mike Jones the one and only you can't clean me
Got a lot a haters and a lot of homies some friends and some phony
Back then hoes didn't want me Now I'm hot hoes all on me
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Back then hoes didn't want me Now I'm hot hoes all on me
(I Said!) Back then hoes didn't want me Now I'm hot hoes all on me

What it do it's Paul Wall I'm the people's champ
My chain light up like a lamp 'cause now I'm back with the camp
I'm crawling similar to a ant 'cause I'm low to the earth
People's feelings get hurt when they figure out what I'm worth
I got eighty fours poking out at the club I'm showing out
I'm a player ain't no doubt hoes want to know what I'm bout
Biggest diamonds off in my mouth princess cuts all in my chain
Wood grain all in my range dripping stains when I switch lanes
Switched the name It's still the same Swisha House or Swisha Blast
Mike Jones he running the game and Magnificent bout his cash

Michael Watts he made me hot hard work took me to the top
G. Dash took me to the lot he wrote a check and bought a drop
I got the internet going nuts
But T. Farris got my back so now I'm holding my nuts
It's Paul Wall baby what you know bout me
I'm on that five nine Southle baby holla at me