

Let's Go Dippin

King Tee

Well, it's a hot, hot Sunday, jump up around a quarter to ten
Had to run and get this blunt that I left in my Benz
I lit the shit and caught a early mornin' buzz
And called my nigga E, "What up, loc? What up, cuz?"

I'm thinkin' 'bout pullin' out the Trey for performance
And maybe hit a few corners
I let the batteries charge while the kids stood waitin'
For me to hit the switch and floss the Dayton's

I tap my shit, yo, my shit was hot
So I drove her straight down to the wash spot
They shine my shit up real glossy
Suckers starin' but my shit jumps like Kriss Kross G

So f**k what ya heard 'cause my Trey does flips
The super-clean three with the lifts
I guess I got my whole day planned and I'm trippin'
Quick to hit the switch, so let's go dippin'

Let's go dippin', dippin' through the streets
Let's go dippin', dippin' through the streets
Let's go dippin', dippin' through the streets

Now I'm rollin', cocked up, flossin' down the street
I took Imperial to the beach but before I arose on the scene
I saw the individuals rollin' like a team
Drove a little bit further, saw mafia for life
Without a doubt everything was tight

But they gotta watch out for the King
'Cause I can make my sixty-three sing
No pigs 'round, no, I ain't no sucka
I'm doin' sixty, just hangin' this muthaf**ka

[Unverified] is what counts, so I show it
Even if it means I gotta total it
Swervin' from lane to lane, a Cadillac just ain't the same
If you don't know what I mean and ya sittin'
Come on, get in, let's go dippin'

Let's go dippin', dippin' through the streets
Let's go dippin', dippin' through the streets
Let's go dippin', dippin' through the streets

I felt like Cube 'cause today was a good day
For me to act the fool in my Trey
I'm not worried 'bout a sucka tryin' to stick and rob
I just buck 'em down with my thirty-odd

Creeped up to the beach, packed to capacity
Hoes walkin' by, "Hi, Your Majesty"
I said I'm not Young MC but what's the flava
I played it like Troop 'cause I'm not [Unverified]

I park my shit on three wheels 'cause I'm ill
Compton's on the set with the real deal

This one's for the riders all around the world
Dippin' through the hood wit your girl

Bumps in the back, sunroof top
Niggas lookin' crazy, so I'm reachin' for the gloc
Every hood knows where the blood and are cripin'
Ain't nothin' like a Sunday out, just dippin'

Let's go dippin', dippin' through the streets
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