

Still Tippin' (Remix)

Lil' Keke

Still tipping on 4-4's, wrapped in 4-4's
4-4's I'm tipping, wood grain I'm gripping
Tipping-tipping on 4-4's, wrapped in 4-4's
Pimping fo' hoes, and I'm packing fo'
(2x)

H-Town game colder, Sunday night strip roller
Diamond mouth Dirty South, legendary slab holder
Flipping on new vogues, in the parking lot of my shows
Might be macking on two hoes, and I'm tipping on 4-4's
Touch the button scoot back, automatic roof cracked
Fill your cup windows up, I could bulletproof that
Candy paint Southside, a wood grain wheel guider
Hit the switch raise it up, bring it back shoot fire
Beat the trunk let it bang, let them boppers do they thang
Bust a right hit my lights, catch him in the turning lane
Pull up like a boss man, driving with my floss hand
Bass hitting hard in the trunk, like a church band
Don Ke' you know it's on, Big Po' Mike Jones
Big rims big chrome, in and out your time zone
Hustlers get your swang on, gangstas let it roll
I'm tipping on 4-4's, and I'm riding under control what

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Catch me lane switching with the paint dripping, turn your neck and yo' dame
missing
Me and Slim we ain't tripping, I'm finger flipping and syrup sipping
Like Do or Die I'm Po' Pimpin, car stop rims keep spinning
I'm flipping drops with invisible tops, hoes bop when my drop step out
I'm shaking the block with four 18's, candy green with 11 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 clone 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
Back then hoes didn't want me, now I'm hot hoes all on me
Back then hoes didn't want me, now I'm hot hoes all on me (I said)
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I'm sitting on 4-4's, fo' point stands like a bulldog
Blue lens headlights, horse power under the hood y'all
Old school like a eight track, my cake stacked like a brick wall
Roof pushed back when the six crawl, tip in the motor I ditch laws

Do' slammer rimmed up, driveway decorated
Fo' hammers stash spots, everywhere niggaz hating
Off the gut raise it up, Afghan blaze it up
Park the car play the truck, meet the Rican weight it up
Po' it up shake it up, fo' 15's trying to break it up
Slab riding with the hockey game, I be the nigga that'll take the Cup
State to state pulling up, like a hamstring they know Dina
International worldwide, cool but not no hoe neither
It's pimping here I'm a hoe bleeder, jet black fo'-fo' heater
4-4's on four vogues, weed stashed in the do' speaker
On Boulevards I'm a slow creeper, hog the lane like the trash truck
Dog I chase these fast bucks, niggaz better get they cash up

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