

## 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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