Dip Da

Hey momma, what's happening? This one's for you baby girl That's right Lee, my baby, what's happening?

We gon Dip Da through the 9-7 As we tip toe to the 9-8 As we Dip Da through the 9-7 As we tip toe to the 9-8 As we Dip Da through the 9-7 As we tip toe to the 9-8 As we Dip Da through the 9-7 As we tip toe to the 9-8

Come here, momma don't cry No we don't need my daddy no more Old alcoholic insecure punk What you hit my momma for?

Now I got so many personalities It's a shame And since pressure can bust a pipe I'm relieving my brain

You ain't my daddy, you ain't my father You're water, walter, and my sister Laniesha She really ain't your daughter Now my momma got a real man

Me, I remember how bad you treated that pretty lady And what you thought was cupid turned out to be A violent, itty-bitty, punk, drunk, punk With a bow and arrow just like you, stupid

And knowin' everything I rap about is true But the cold part about it is I got half this shit from you Now how in the hell Did you figure you was gon cross That pretty blue eyed-green eyed Country voodoo creole female

Now you reaping what you sow 'Cause I'm starvin' you And my Heavenly Father in Heaven is watching you Don't worry momma, we gon lay low and stay low As soon as I get out of jail, momma let's carry on

You dip Da through the 9-7As we tip toe to the 9-8Baby dip Da through the 9-7As we tip toe to the 9-8And dip Da through the 9-7As we tip toe to the 9-8

And all the way from them A-B-C's To them 1-2-3's To the birds and the bees

Drinking 40's with OG's

Came a group of young fools Who was close as close could get We sported golf hats and lay downs Stayed down for the set Ready to hoo-ride

'Cause my life is a picnic Just one big set-trip Snitches and tricks to get with right I went to sleep To wake up to the same old thing

My lady, my baby No job, just homies ready to gangbang My momma tried her best to raise me right But still I'm leaving with the homies Hurtin' her feelings 'bout to drive her crazy

She told me every time she hear the police She was hoping it wasn't me in the street Somewhere deceased, now we struggle to live But we living to die I see my homies dying one by one I wanna cry

But if heaven's where your living at That's the same damn place Suga free is gon be chilling at I sold my soul for the good 'Cause I don't want nobody Going to my momma house Telling her I died in the hood

So let me slide to the side On my tippie toes and thank my G's Feel the breeze And walk my girl on the beach And have a little lunch and make a little love And kiss her body and appreciate the tingly bud

And to keep it real man My freak Angelique Just turned twenty But when she was six man Her daddy was her boyfriend

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