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

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

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