

Tipsy

clipping.

"Thank you, my dear. Ahh.
And an excellent vintage it is too
But if you're implying that I'm tipsy, sir?"
"Oh, of course he's not"

One, here comes the two to the three to the four
Everybody wrecked out on the dance floor
Smelling like sex tryna flex for the score
Go ahead and bring the bottle you ain't even gotta pour
Neon lights is bright enough to make the eyes sore
DJ got 'em hype enough they crying for more
Crowd is turnt, they loud as fuck, the bass is like a roar
This finna be the night they could feel it in they core

Here come the three to the two to the one
When the speakers clip, shit sound like a gun
If the pussy don't pop then it wasn't any fun
And if you ain't come with squat, prolly you better run
She in the mosh pit going crazy with the scum
He in the stall sick, vision hazy from the rum
If you make it out alive, bet your ears finna hum for a day and half
Now relax, have fun

Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)

Two, here comes the three to the four to the five
If the music stop now everybody prolly die
Weed smoke in the air everybody prolly high
Oh, you ain't? What you think you better? Muthafucka bye
Somebody gettin' stomped cause his eyes looked sideways
He cried like a bitch took a hit off the high grade
And ran back in ballin' fists lookin' irate
And grabbed that muthafucka hung his ass off the fire escape

Here come the four to the three to the two
Somebody start crowd surfing right out the blue
Air getting thick, can't breathe but it's cool
Instead of living one life you gone need two
Two chains, two shots, too drunk, 2Pac, hit 'em up
Too late too stop, two more, do not give a fuck
Today is lost, tomorrow not gonna come
Till sun come up tonight is to get drunk!

Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy

(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)

Three here comes the four to the five to the six
Stabbin' bound to happen if you actin' like you rich
Or you was yappin' to the cap'n
Here they clappin' on a snitch and smack him 99 times just for actin like a chick
Say it backwards for the radio or scratch it like a itch
Matter fact do not come back if you are sensitive to ish
Not the white whale chaser
Straight shots double fist
Next week, same time, hit the line round six
Way too savage on the average daily asses get the tips
Next establish who the ratchetest they have to be the lick to hit for cabbag
e
Need a carriage out front, so what it's Lyft
The shit is done before the sun come up you know it's time to dip

Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)
Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy
(Everybody in this bitch gettin' tipsy)