

## Tipsy

Joe Budden

This goes out to you (you, you)  
This goes out to you (you, you)  
This goes out to you and you and you  
You know who you are

This goes out to you (you, you)  
Ta ha, this goes out to you (you, you)  
And you (and you)

Check it, baby, sweetie, lady, darling  
It don't (what?), get no better than this  
And I know, guys'll go to any measure to hit  
But I hope, you don't use that as a measurin stick (uh)  
They priorities is off, busy treasurin whips  
I just like the opportunity of pleasurin miss  
Since I never met another that get wetter than this  
Anytime I'm on tour, you'll forever be missed (talk to her)  
'Cause I knew she was a fantasy dream  
Every Sunday all she worried about is her fantasy team  
And anytime shorty speed past, in that E-Class  
Body so sick, that I always want a tea bag  
So I spend, hit a mall, maybe SoHo  
'Cause how she blessed me, swore her jaw broke though  
Her sex to me's like a midnight ecstasy  
So the bar could be closed as long as she next to me

Baby I'm tipsy, so let's stay love drunk  
Baby I'm tipsy, so let's stay love drunk  
Ooh baby I'm tipsy, so let's stay love drunk  
Let's stay love drunk, let's stay love drunk

See baby I'm tipsy, so let's stay love drunk  
Baby I'm tipsy, so let's stay love drunk  
Ooh baby I'm tipsy for you, yeah, so let's stay love drunk  
Let's stay love drunk, let's stay love drunk

Check me out now, check it, see the beauty of it all is (what?)  
We could both have whoever we please but um  
We'd only be foolin ourselves (why?)  
'Cause it seems without each other we would never be pleased  
It's much more than her body though I value her waist  
See shorty knows the value of space, she don't crowd me (nah)  
Open-minded, know she don't got all the answers  
When we hit the strip club, she tippin all the dancers  
I'm tryin to show you things that you ain't used to (uh)  
Talkin waterfront villas out in Saint Lucia (uh)  
Turn our cells off, nothin else matters  
Took it slow but it couldn't of happened any faster (faster)  
See she don't go through the phone (uh)  
She say if that's necessary than she'd rather be alone  
Can tell she for real by the sound of her tone  
Shorty grown, no chaser, she got me in the zone

Uh, best part about it all, it's not difficult  
You such a standout, nowhere near typical  
Plus you let me be my own individual

You know if you support me, you'll get every residual  
And when girls try to tell you that I'm cheatin (what?)  
You agree sayin they don't know the half (why?)  
'Cause how I got shorty, it ain't even fair  
Know it all adds up, they can't seem to do the math (nah)

No Henn' or glass of Rosé (Rosé)  
Could make my world spin around just like you do  
They just don't taste the same  
Got me buzzed off the love you gave (ya gave)  
No way I see straight after one sip from you, oh