

## Still Tippin'

Mike Jones

Still Tippin' on four fours, wrapped in four fours  
Tippin' on four fours, wrapped in four folks  
Tippin' on four fours wrapped in four fours  
Pimping four hoes and I'm packing four folks

Now look who creeping look who crawling still balling in the mix  
It's that six six long dick slim nigga sticking your chick  
Pullin tricks looking slick at all times when I'm flipping  
Bar sipping car dipping grand wood grain gripping  
Still tippin' on four fours wrapped in four fours  
Pimping four hoes and I'm packing four fours  
Blowing on the endo Game Cube Nintendo  
Five percent tint so you can't see up in my window  
These niggaz don't understand 'cause I'm Boss Hogg on candy  
Top down at Maxi's wit a big glock nine handy  
Pieced up creased up staying dressed to impress  
Big boss belt buckle under my Mitchell and Ness  
Oh, Gucci shades up on my braids when I Escalade  
When I'm riding Sprewells sliding like a escapade  
I got it made the big boss of the north  
Ain't shit changed I still represent Swisha House (Ha!)

Four Fours I'm tippin'  
Wood grain I'm gripping  
Catch me lane switching with the paint dripping  
Turn your neck and your dank missing  
Me and Slim we ain't tripping I'm finger flipping and syrup sipping  
Like do or die I'm pour pimping Car stop rims keep spinning  
I'm flipping drop with invisible tops  
Hoes bop when my drop step out  
I'm shaking the block with four eighteens'  
Candy green with eleven 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 clean 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!) Back then hoes didn't want me Now I'm hot hoes all on me

What it do it's Paul Wall I'm the people's champ  
My chain light up like a lamp 'cause now I'm back with the camp  
I'm crawling similar to a ant 'cause I'm low to the earth  
People's feelings get hurt when they figure out what I'm worth  
I got eighty fours poking out at the club I'm showing out  
I'm a player ain't no doubt hoes want to know what I'm bout  
Biggest diamonds off in my mouth princess cuts all in my chain  
Wood grain all in my range dripping stains when I switch lanes  
Switched the name It's still the same Swisha House or Swisha Blast  
Mike Jones he running the game and Magnificent bout his cash

Michael Watts he made me hot hard work took me to the top  
G. Dash took me to the lot he wrote a check and bought a drop  
I got the internet going nuts  
But T. Farris got my back so now I'm holding my nuts  
It's Paul Wall baby what you know bout me  
I'm on that five nine Southle baby holla at me