

Dip-n-Sauce

Montana of 300

Shawty see this sauce, I guess that's why she wanna dip though
I'm who these bitches feel, they know the deal, they on my pickle
Hope the way I drip these haters don't think I'm a lick though
I can't afford to slip that's why I'm grippin' on my pistol
I'm riding with that four-oh, oh-yeah-yeah-yeah
I might take your hoe-oh-oh-yeah-yeah-yeah
Pedal to the floor-oh-oh-yeah-yeah-yeah
Racing to that dough-oh-oh-yeah-yeah-yeah

Headed to them dollar signs
Big ol' 40 on my side
Whippin', grippin', on her thighs
Shawty blow me while I drive
I'm connected, that's my word like written in cursive
Gucci shades, lookin' clean up in them glasses, dish detergent
I'm Scott Hall and I'm Curt Hennig
Clothes is dripping, Mr. Perfect
Bitch, I'm splurging, bad bitch slurping, I hope I don't get to swervin' (wo
o)
I be gettin' brain while I'm switchin' lanes
Feelin' like the rain, drip on everything
I'm flyer than a plane, he think shit a game
He must wanna feel the rain like he Eddie Cane
You could get it, pistol grippin', I ain't slippin'
Ghost Busters, I was trappin', all them niggas called me Winston
Bitch, I am of no religion, but my Louboutins are Christian
Got that bag, you know I'm drippin'
When I tee up, it ain't Lipton

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Girl, put your two feet up
Slide up in that pussy with like two fingers and make it juicier
She throwin' deuces up
She left her ex and met the executioner
I got them other niggas faded like a Boosie cut
Girl, we gon give 'em hell like they was Lucifer, now cut the music
It's just the two of us and my 40 cal, you know it move with us
Don't ruin my money, all she wanna do is fuck
Just tell your ex he better keep it cool because I will shoot shit up
She said God sent the male of her dreams, but I'm just racing to that door l
ike the bell from the ring
She said she can't wait til we get home to get this dick though
Chokeslam a bitch up on a bed, I think I'm Big Show
Pull her back and cock it, now she bustin' like my pistol
Right after that we get dough, you know how this shit go

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