

Big Tipper

Young Thug

Southside on the track, yeah
808 Mafia
Hey

I can tiptoe in her pussy like a Loub, Chanel (Ayy)
Harriet Tubman twenties, weigh 'em up on the scale (Ayy)
Hand under her ass, caught her like Odell (Hey)
All my hoes get Rollie Pollies, mines up on the shelf (Let's go)

Kicked out the hotel, we smoking gas, who else, nigga?
Flooded belt buckle like a wrestler, yes, nigga
Better not try to tell me what you seen a nigga doin'
She not fuckin' with me, then her life is probably ruined
We can leave America and we can make a movie
Every single diamond on me dancing like a movie
Make lil' mama nut inside her pants just like a movie
Abracadaba, tight pussy, need a toothpick
Some of the fives, some of the dimes, and then I got twenties and up
I come with the vibes and some of the guys and I got a flooded Patek
I peep how you slide, I peep how you ride, and now they goin' off with your head
They know the reward's a hundred racks so they gon' do all that they can
Don't tell me you ridin' if you not gon' ride, we don't got no time for that playin'
We don't come disguised, we gangsters for life, my nigga, we showin' our hands
I had turned the vibe my lil' wife, she'll never be single again
They hate and throw rice, we Richard for life, I used to serve ice, yikes (Hey)

Big tipper, Big, Big Dipper
King spiller, bitch, king dripper
King killer, King, Godzilla
Fuck her every week, still ain't seen me marshmallow
King Kuba, King Tut, Kuba
Black truck pull up on you just like Uber
Okay, I fuck her every night and she still ain't seen my eyes, ayy
I don't know the vibes so I introduce the ice

My lil' shawty hit a lick out a bando (Yeah)
Shawty came through 'bout tall as a man, woah (Aw, yeah)
She won't come to you, ask, yes, you can go (Hey)
I got hitters on 175th, Chicago (Let's play)
Man, the feds done got my M's up, I'm gon' on
She got hit by the whole gang, her pussy jumped on (Woo)
Baby, tell me what you prayin' for (Uh, uh)
That shit cap 'cause I'm the real McCoy (Yeah)
White diamonds on me, bitch, I'm pale
I got a baddie, fine, out of Israel
I keep like twenty pints of Actavis double sealed
I keep some Dubai shit on deck when I'm on chill, hey

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Yeah, I throw them racks on the blade
My baby, she mad, want me stay out of there, yeah
I drip this shit with Lil Gotit
We matching the shoes, the belt, yeah
Niggas, they know I'm the topic
They takin' they shot like ref, yeah
Soon as you think you gon' try me
They leaving you dead in your step
Ridin' 'round like the army, we trippin' cars like Carmen
My ho want a Percocet, she pop more than you and me
Man, that pussy too wet, I don't care if she don't wanna top me
And state your number, I don't care if you don't call me
I want big racks, I'm up early morning
These niggas big cat (Pussy), yeah, they tellin' on you
Yeah, the Hellcat roll up, Keed be ridin' on 'em
Wanna beef, I pay the cash, I ain't got time for you, no cap, no cap

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