

# Mike Jones, Still Tippin (G-Unit Remix)

[Hook: Slim Thug]

Still tippin' on four 4's

Wrapped in vouges

Tippin' on four foouoooouuurssssss

[Chorus:]

[50 Cent]

Nigga wut u know bout tippin four 4's

Wrapped in vouges

Gettin that doe

Bitch what you know bout tippin four 4's

[Young Buck:]

Gettin that doe

blowin that dro

Throwin that flow

Pimpin dem hoes

[Verse 1: Slim Thug]

Now look who creepin' look who crawlin' still balling in the mix

It's that six six long dick Slim nigga stick in yo' chick

Pullin' tricks, lookin' slick and on times when I'm flippin'

Bar sippin', car dippin'

Grand wood grain grippin'

Still tippin' on four 4's

Wrapped in vouges

Pimpin' four hoes

And I'm packing four 4's

Blowin' on that endo

Gamecube Nintendo

5% tint, so you can't see up in my window

These niggaz don't understand me '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 N' 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!)

[Hook: Slim Thug]

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[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

Big thangs  
Big bitch watch big diamond rangs  
My niggaz up in da club be off the chain  
They up front wid the niggaz take off ya chain  
Are 'til the hollow tips hit the frame  
We can brawl or run for ya life man  
Got a little candy paint a little wheel chrome  
Lil' wood grain a nigga money loan  
I call shots whoo! bitch never call me Suge  
The f\*\*k I want in yo' hood  
We just slip by real slow  
I ain't shootin' but I can on the wheel though  
We just slip by real slow  
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[50 Cent]

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[Verse 3: Mike Jones]

Four 4's I'm tippin'  
Wood grain I'm grippin'  
Catch me lane switchin' with the paint drippin'  
Turn yo' neck and your dame missin'  
Me & Slim we ain't trippin'  
I'm finger flippin' and syrup sippin'  
Like Do or Die I'm po' pimpin'  
Car stop rims keep spinnin'  
I'm flippin' drop with invisible tops  
Hoes bop when my drop step out  
I'm shakin' the block with four 18s  
Candy green with 11 screens  
My gasoline always supreme  
Got Doe-Doe the brown with a pint of lean  
It takes a grinda to be a king  
It takes a grinda to be a king  
First round draft pick comin'  
Who is Mike Jones? comin'  
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 clone 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  
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[Hook: Slim Thug]  
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And I'm packin' four 4's

[Chorus:]  
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[Verse 4: Young Buck]  
If I came out ya mouth  
With an AK shells goin' straight thorough ya house  
Raise the hell 'til ya whole block clean  
Hit 'em all up bow bow then we out  
F\*\*k where you from, nigga f\*\*k what you 'bout  
We can get it poppin' might start droppin'  
Fans start watching niggaz start talkin'  
Deputies is knnockin' at yo' front door  
Say Ya don't want war  
Talk when ya want we'll meet yo' coffin  
It ain't gon' stop any glock get it poppin'  
Bitch, niggaz keeps runnin', screamin' and hollerin'  
wanna see what its like when you get shot  
Wanna get jacked wit' a iced out watch  
Our tour bus filled up with guns  
I ain't tryna go out like Big and Pun

[Chorus:]  
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[Verse 5: Paul Wall]

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 probably similar to an ant, 'cause I'm low to the earth  
People's feelings get hurt  
When they figure out what I'm worth  
I got 84s, pokin' out  
At the club I'm showing out  
I'm a playa, ain't no doubt  
Hoes wanna 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 and he wrote a check and bought a drop  
I got the Internet goin' nuts  
But T. Pharis got my back so now I'm holdin' my nuts  
It's Paul Wall baby, what you know bout me  
I'm on that 5-9 south lead baby holla at me

[Hook: Slim Thug]

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