## Big Tuck, Dippin In Da Lac

(feat. Paul Wall)

[talking:]

Ay what's up mayn, this your boy Big Tuck Ad-Tuck-Hitler, Hurricane Tuck and Paul Wall

This what I want my dope boys to do

I know we got a lot of dope boys out there

Everybody know, we got money down here

We gon put the new shit up, and we gon jump in a old school Lac

And we gon dip on these hoes, g'eah-g'eah

[Big Tuck:]

I swear, I'm the freshest nigga moving

GT roof down, cruising

Gucci loc's on, peeping bitches choosing

Tispy on the dance floor, grooving

Seeing niggaz hating, cause I'm shining

Got money in my pockets, I don't mind em

Yeah nigga, peep this watch

Peep this chain, my shine don't stop

I'm dope man fresh

The J's on point, heavy crease the Guess

The chain on the chest, hoes obsessed

They finally get to meet, the Big Tuck in the flesh

She's watching, I know that I got her

Three karat studs in the ear, she know I'm a rider

And, it's just like that

The Benz in the garage, I'm bout to jump in the Lac

[Hook: x2]

Dipping in the Lac, with the do's rose up

Hoe-hoes froze up, cause the do's rose up

Ho-ho-hopping out the Lac, and the chain froze up

Rose gold up, rose-rose gold up

[Paul Wall:]

Pull up to the club, bout twelve cars deep

All dripping candy paint, with some glassy ass feet

I keep the trunk waving, and that dro stay blazing

With the nine tucked tightly, at them haters misbehaving

I'm a hard hitter like Greg Blue, setting trends and squashing noise Pulling up in some candy toys, strutting the parking lot with poise

You see them karats on my wrist, and all around my neck

With nothing less than flawless diamonds mayn, what you expect

I got a lot of charms, I got a lot of chains

I got a lot of grills, and nan one of em look the same

Swang and bang in my candy car, boppers wanna know who we are Street veterans and mic wreckers, we certified young ghetto stars Popping bottles that's just for fun, popping trunk that's in my blood Candy paint might cause a flood, please don't spill my cup of mud

You know we stay balling, cause we keep grinding for that bread Swishahouse it's Paul Wall, and I'm G-Boy fresh until I'm dead

[Hook x2]

[Big Tuck:]

I'm dope man fresh, dope man fresh

Chain on the chest, I'm dope man fresh

Dope man fresh, dope man fresh

Hopping out the Lac, staying dope man fresh - 2x

I'm a certified, wood gripper

I'm a old school, candy paint Lac flipper

Got the bang on, and the screens lit

Got the dro going, satellite kit

What you know, about the mink guts

And the motor, that'll drag race a school bus

Just, got the paint job touched up

On the freeway, riding with them do's up

[Hook x2]