

# 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]