

# Chamillionaire, Tippin' Down

[Rasaq]

I tip down, grippin' on pine  
Sour apple caddie wine berry overline  
Paint on shine, reclined on swine  
Slab in slow-mo, but my rims on rewind  
The block won't mind, trunk blow from behind  
Open up the fist see the glow and design, mayne  
So throw'd you can hate em', rose gold in the rotation  
Shoulder blade and dislocation, when I'm swangin' bones is achin'  
Boys wanna hate me but I don't bar em  
Prolly 'cause my diamonds shinin' on they darling  
24's crawlin', ya boy is ballin'  
5th wheel wiggle like the fin on a dolphin  
Sittin' on diss rippin words out my lips  
I go hard in the paint, I can make the beat skip  
I go fed off the head, stack my bread  
Never scared threaten me get infra-red and I throw lead  
I'm that boy mayne, I'm in that toy mayne  
Flip-flop paint when I slide watch that toy change  
Stay on my grind, stay on the pine  
That's why my gold's shine and you blind all the time  
I be comin' down, all my girls fine  
They call me M&M's I got red, yella's and browns, mayne..  
I be comin' down, I be tippin' down

[Chorus - Chamillionaire]

You can tell I'm tippin' down (tippin' down)  
Rims spinnin' in rewind (in rewind)  
Top is up I let it down  
From that H-Town to yo town, we tippin' down (tippin' down)  
You can tell I'm tippin' down (tippin' down)  
Pop my trunk and show surround (show surround)  
Ask them how they like me now  
From that H-Town to yo town, we tippin' down

[Chamillionaire]

I tip down, bangin' underground  
Clear coats on shine  
prisma drippin' off like slime  
I tip down, F Action number 9

Tell the diamonds drip down  
from my spine to the ground  
When are you gon' sign  
stop worryin' bout mine  
Put ya mouth to use and give my spinners a spit-shine  
If yall don't mind, please don't talk down  
Put the 9 to your mind and blow ya mind outta ya mind, mayne  
Niggaz gon' hate but they can't face  
some claimin' they real really they fake  
And ride in the slab spent a day shakin'  
speakers keep breakin' the playstation  
It's Hakeem, also known as the King  
Zeem-Zeem sour beam my screens pop up on the scene  
Well what are you watchin'?, tell the truth it don't matter  
Shout out to J-Mack, Mella Mac and the Mad Hatter  
Spreewell's standin' on the ladder  
squash the cheddar ain't on my level  
The plex can't get settled  
pop the trunk and I get metal

You can leave Jamaica  
make a run move and I break ya  
One-Two, breaker, breaker  
my plane fleein' to Jamaica  
break ya neck I'ma day shaker  
No luck I play with skills  
After playin' skills after the game I'm payin' bills  
Midwest say I'm real, the South say I'm trill  
Step out the Chevillie still holdin' my woodwheel  
Stop at IHOP ain't never gon' pay the bill  
Carrots in my mouth I'm already havin' a good meal  
Northside fa'real, mm mayne, hold up mayne  
Ro, Twin where yall at, yall gotta tip down with me mayne

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