

J-Kwon, Still Tippy (Remix)

[Intro - J-Kwon] w/ (ad-libs)

Ayo Track Boys

This could possibly be the biggest remix ever

Lets go!

Track Boys! (J-Kwon)

Yeah (Ching-a-ling, Murph Derp)

True story, true story

[Verse 1 - J-Kwon]

A here comes the B to the C to the D

No cat out the Lou gangsta as me

Y'all hit two, I'm just goin for three

Bottle full of Cris, but I still rock a tee

And you got a little fat denim, from the streets

Drink so much that it fucked up my tee

People wasn't drunk, so why they wanna be

Cause you get eleven thousand spins in a week

Here comes the C to the B to the A

Never fall off like B2K

Wanna get tipsy, you one drink away

Why would I buy when it's better when you pay

Track Boys from the Lou, Jermaine from the A

But they got the boy gettin tipsy with Sway

Then she said she had somethin to say

"One hit wonder" please I'm here to stay!

[Chorus - J-Kwon]

Now e'rybody, e'rybody, e'rybody, e'rybody

(E'rybody in the club get tipsy)

Oo-oo, Now e'rybody, e'rybody, e'rybody, e'rybody

(E'rybody in the club get tipsy)

Oo-oo, Now e'rybody, e'rybody, e'rybody, e'rybody

(E'rybody in the club get tipsy)

Oo-oo, Now e'rybody, e'rybody, e'rybody, e'rybody

(E'rybody in the club get tipsy)

[Verse 2 - Chingy]

Stop! I pulled up to the club already filthy

She say she don't give head, she innocent til proven guilty

Walkin VIP, cats screamin "GIB!"

Skull cap with a bib on the back DTP

This girl starin so I put a spell on her like a gypsy

We bought up the bar with hundreds some drunk not tipsy

Don't trip cause the whole St. Louis is ridin with me

Cats start hatin, tell them people come get me

Yeah! here comes the king of the Midwest C

H to the I to the N to the G (Y)

My homies in the back puffin on some ooo wee

I know the owner so I snuck in the Uzi

Plus if I blow somebody they gon' try to sue me

If rappin was a film I'm starin in this movie

The Git It Boys hurr, they gon retch and boozee

Let's take it from the club to the ja-cuzzi

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Murphy Lee]

Ayo one I am the dude that the people call Murph (Murph)

Check my resume you can see I put in work (work)

Two new women that I add to my phone (phone)

Three roll joints, smoke one when I get home (home)

Four real dirty you and I versale (sale)

Those the people I thank, when my damn record sales (sale)

Five new problems and one ain't broke (broke)

White Porsche truck wood grain like Coke
Now e'rybody in the club lookin spiffy
Mama got on a dress, boots from the sixties
Oh girl pissy, Shantay tipsy
Kim, Kesha, and Pam all leavin wit me
Jackers wanna get me, it's not that simply
Seventeen fillin up, but you can make it empty
Now which one of y'all niggaz wanna tempt me
(Now which one of y'all niggaz wanna tempt me)

[Chorus]

[Outro]

E'rybody in the club gettin tipsy
E'rybody in the club gettin tipsy
E'rybody in the club gettin tipsy
E'rybody in the club gettin tipsy