

J-Kwon, Topsy (Murphy Lee And Chingy Remix)

[J-Kwon talking]

Ay yo Track Boys

This possibly be the biggest remix ever

Lets go!

[J-Kwon]

A here comes the B to the C to the D

No cat out the Lou gangsta as me

Ya'll hit two, I'm jus goin' for three

Bottle full of Cris, but I still rock a T

And ya'll gotta love the fact that I'm from the streets

Drink so much that it f**ked up my T

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 Topsy with Sway

Then she said she had somethin to say "One hit wonder"

Bitch I'm here to stay!

[Chorus repeat 2X]

Now everybody everybody everybody everybody

Everybody in the club gettin tipsy

Now everybody everybody everybody everybody

Everybody in the club gettin tipsy

[Chingy]

I pulled up to the club already filthy

She say she don't get f**ked

She innocent til proven guilty

Walkin VIP, cats screamin GIB

Skull cap with a bib? on the back DTP

This girl staring 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 riding with me

Cats start hating, 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 ooo zee

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

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

The Git It Boys hurr, they gon get some boozee?

Lets take it from the club to the ja-'causezi

[Chorus 2x]

[Murphy Lee]

(Ay yo) 1 I am the dude that the people call Murph

Check my resume you can see I put in work

Two (two) women that I add to my phone

Three roll ? smoke one when I get home

Four real dirty you and I ??

Those the people I thank, for my damn record sales

Five new broads and one ain't broke

White Porsche truck wood grain like coke

Now everybody in the club lookin spiffy

Mamma got on a dress, boots from the sixties
Oh girl, Shantay tipsy
Kim, Kesha, and Pam all leavin with me
Jackers wanna get me, its not that sipmply
Seventeen fillin up, but you can make it empty
Now which one of ya'll niggas wanna tempt me (now which one of ya'll niggas wanna tempt me)

[Chorus 2X]

Everybody in the club gettin tipsy
[4X]