

King Tee, Dippin'

Well it's a hot hot Sunday jump up around a quarter to ten
Had to run and get this blunt that I left in my Benz
I lit the shit and caught a early mornin buzz
And called my nigga E 'What up loc?,' 'What up cuz?'
I'm thinkin bout pullin out the Trey for performance
And maybe hit a few corners
I let the batteries charge while the kids stood waitin
For me to hit the switch and floss the Dayton's
I tap my shit, yo, my shit was hot
So I drove her straight down to the wash spot
They shine my shit up real glossy
Suckers starin but my shit jumps like Kriss Kross G
So fuck what ya heard cause my Trey does flips
The superclean three with the lifts
I guess I got my whole day planned and I'm trippin
Quick to hit the switch so let's go dippin

Let's go dippin, dippin through the streets (repeat 3X)

Now I'm rollin cocked up, flossin down the street
I took Imperial to the beach
But before I arose on the scene
I saw the individuals rollin like a team
Drove a little bit futher saw mafia for life
Without a doubt everything was tight
But they gotta watch out for the King
Cause I can make my sixty-three sing
No pigs round, no I ain't no sucka
I'm doin sixty just hangin this muthafucka
More Bound To The Ounce is what counts so I show it
Even if it means I gotta total it
Swervin from lane to lane
A Cadillac just ain't the same
If you don't know what I mean and ya sittin
Come on, get in, let's go dippin

Let's go dippin, dippin through the streets (repeat 3X)

I felt like Cube cause today was a good day
For me to act the fool in my Trey
I'm not worried bout a sucka tryin to stick and rob
I just buck em down with my thirty-odd
Creeped up to the beach, packed to capacity
Hoes walkin by 'Hi Your Majesty'
I said I'm not Young MC but what's the flava
I played it like Troop cause I'm not ??souped??
I park my shit on three wheels cause I'm ill
Compton's on the set with the real deal
This one's for the riders all around the world
Dippin through the hood wit your girl
Bumps in the back, sunroof top
Niggas lookin crazy so I'm reachin for the gloc
Every hood knows where the blood and are crippin
Ain't nothin like a Sunday out just dippin

Let's go dippin, dippin through the streets (repeat 3X)