

# Suga Free, Dip Da

Hey momma, what's happening? (Dip da through the 9-7)  
This one's for you baby girl  
That's right (As we tip toe to the 9-8)  
Lee, my baby, what's happening?

We gon dip da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8  
As we dip da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8  
As we dip da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8  
As we dip da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8

Daddy you trippin

Come here momma  
Momma don't cry  
No we don't need my daddy no more  
Old alcoholic insecure punk  
What you hit my momma for?  
Now I got so many personalities  
It's a shame  
And since pressure can bust a pipe  
I'm relieving my brain  
You ain't my daddy  
You ain't my father  
You're water, Walter  
And my sister Laniesha  
She really ain't your daughter  
Now my momma got a real man  
Me!  
I remember how bad you treated that pretty lady  
And what you thought was cupid  
Turned out to be  
A violent, itty-bitty, punk, drunk, punk  
With a bow and arrow  
Just like you, stupid!  
And knowin everything I rap about is true  
But the cold part about it is  
I got half this shit from you  
Now how in the hell  
Did you figure you was gon cross  
That pretty blue eyed-green eyed  
Country voodoo creole female  
Now you reaping what you sow  
Cause I'm ??? you  
And my heavenly father in heaven  
Is watching you  
Don't worry momma  
We gon lay low  
And stay low  
As soon as I get out of jail  
Momma let's carry on

You dip da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8  
Baby dip da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8  
And dip da through the 9-7  
As we tip toe to the 9-8

And all the way from them A-B-C's  
To them 1-2-3's

To the birds and the bees  
Drinking 40's with OG's  
Came a group of young fools  
Who was close as close could get  
We sported golf hats and ???  
Stayed down for the set  
Ready to hoo-ride  
Cause my life is a picnic  
Just one big set-trip  
Snitches and tricks to get with right  
I went to sleep  
To wake up to the same old thing  
My lady, my baby  
No job, just homies ready to gangbang  
My momma tried her best to raise me right  
But still I'm leaving with the homies  
Hurtin her feelings  
Bout to drive her crazy  
She told me every time she hear the police  
She was hoping it wasn't me in the street  
Somewhere deceased  
Now we struggle to live  
But we living to die  
I see my homies dying one by one  
I wanna cry  
But if heaven's where your living at  
That's the same damn place  
Suga Free is gon be chilling at  
I sold my soul for the good  
Cause I don't want nobody  
Going to my momma house  
Telling her I died in the hood  
So let me slide to the side  
On my tippie toes  
And thank my G's  
Feel the breeze  
And walk my girl on the beach  
And have a little lunch  
And make a little love  
And kiss her body  
And appreciate the tingly bud  
And to keep it real man  
My freak Angelique  
Just turned twenty  
But when she was six man  
Her daddy was her boyfriend

#### Chorus

That's right  
Know it  
I'm out here with it  
I see it, know it, gonna tell it  
Momma, I appreciate you baby girl  
And to my homeboys that's resting in peace  
I can't see ya homie  
But we still share the same atmosphere  
I love ya, I love ya man  
Rest in peace dog  
Rest

#### Chorus