

# Big Tipper

Young Thug

Southside on the track, yeah  
808 Mafia  
Hey

I can tiptoe in her pussy like a Loub, Chanel (Ayy)  
Harriet Tubman twenties, weigh 'em up on the scale (Ayy)  
Hand under her ass, caught her like Odell (Hey)  
All my hoes get Rollie Pollies, mines up on the shelf (Let's go)

Kicked out the hotel, we smoking gas, who else, nigga?  
Flooded belt buckle like a wrestler, yes, nigga  
Better not try to tell me what you seen a nigga doin'  
She not fuckin' with me, then her life is probably ruined  
We can leave America and we can make a movie  
Every single diamond on me dancing like a movie  
Make lil' mama nut inside her pants just like a movie  
Abracadaba, tight pussy, need a toothpick  
Some of the fives, some of the dimes, and then I got twenties and up  
I come with the vibes and some of the guys and I got a flooded Patek  
I peep how you slide, I peep how you ride, and now they goin' off with your head  
They know the reward's a hundred racks so they gon' do all that they can  
Don't tell me you ridin' if you not gon' ride, we don't got no time for that playin'  
We don't come disguised, we gangsters for life, my nigga, we showin' our hands  
I had turned the vibe my lil' wife, she'll never be single again  
They hate and throw rice, we Richard for life, I used to serve ice, yikes (Hey)

Big tipper, Big, Big Dipper  
King spiller, bitch, king dripper  
King killer, King, Godzilla  
Fuck her every week, still ain't seen me marshmallow  
King Kuba, King Tut, Kuba  
Black truck pull up on you just like Uber  
Okay, I fuck her every night and she still ain't seen my eyes, ayy  
I don't know the vibes so I introduce the ice

My lil' shawty hit a lick out a bando (Yeah)  
Shawty came through 'bout tall as a man, woah (Aw, yeah)  
She won't come to you, ask, yes, you can go (Hey)  
I got hitters on 175th, Chicago (Let's play)  
Man, the feds done got my M's up, I'm gon' on  
She got hit by the whole gang, her pussy jumped on (Woo)  
Baby, tell me what you prayin' for (Uh, uh)  
That shit cap 'cause I'm the real McCoy (Yeah)  
White diamonds on me, bitch, I'm pale  
I got a baddie, fine, out of Israel  
I keep like twenty pints of Actavis double sealed  
I keep some Dubai shit on deck when I'm on chill, hey

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Yeah, I throw them racks on the blade  
My baby, she mad, want me stay out of there, yeah  
I drip this shit with Lil Gotit  
We matching the shoes, the belt, yeah  
Niggas, they know I'm the topic  
They takin' they shot like ref, yeah  
Soon as you think you gon' try me  
They leaving you dead in your step  
Ridin' 'round like the army, we trippin' cars like Carmen  
My ho want a Percocet, she pop more than you and me  
Man, that pussy too wet, I don't care if she don't wanna top me  
And state your number, I don't care if you don't call me  
I want big racks, I'm up early morning  
These niggas big cat (Pussy), yeah, they tellin' on you  
Yeah, the Hellcat roll up, Keed be ridin' on 'em  
Wanna beef, I pay the cash, I ain't got time for you, no cap, no cap

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