

Tip Toe (feat. A Boogie wit da Hoodie)

Roddy Ricch

Rose gold Rollie on a nigga put the whole damn hood on
Bet you know I had put the drip on
Ask me how many niggas I done put on My private planes 'bout to fly with the good old
I fuck with bougie bitches, fuck a hood ho
Hit that bitch from the back and told her ditto
Seen the jakes and a nigga had to get low
She looking at the Patek like some Skittles
Her husband been talking tough, I turned her widow
Giuseppe got me on my tiptoe
Why you wifin' on a flip ho?
Bought the strap, playing give 'n' go
Serving junkies out the window
Tried to rob us, got extendo
We ain't playing no pretendo
Sipping on this codeine, a nigga gotta speak my mind, mm-mm
I remember we was having popo'nem behind, yeah, yeah
I'm gettin' money, I can see the hate inside his eyes, yeah, yeah, huh
Fuck a bitch, I had to grab her by the waist
Hit the pussy 'til I knock it outta place
In the V12, get a lot of face
Spare the details, finished on her face
And I had the strap when I caught my case
Just got the grow house, started in the bay
I made a hundred plays in a day
Put a AP bitch inside of the face
And I got the hood down, they riding every day
Putting money on the opps, no face, no case
Rose gold Rollie on a nigga put the whole damn hood on
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Ask me how many niggas I done put on
My private planes 'bout to fly with the good old
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Hoodied up with a mask, nigga
Shit snatched now you want it back, nigga
I just hope you don't go and rat, nigga
Long Johns right under the strap, nigga
That's for you staring ass niggas
Sawed-off head tap, double-tap niggas
That's for you rat niggas
No, I can't do no nine to five
Nah-nah-nah I went to work with the strap, nigga
I came around with five, Roddy came with six
And we got eleven straps with us
Fuck with my ride-or-die
Holes in your body, nigga, like SpongeBob
And backflipping go ta-da-da, ta-da-da
Nigga, I know magic nigga
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