

# Tip Toe (feat. DJ Quik & Hi-C)

## Suga Free

Oh, yeah, once again  
Your friendly neighborhood player  
Suga Free, is in this bitch, bitch  
Now, I wanna break it down for my nigga, DJ QuikThe almighty, funkster  
The baddest to ever touch the MPC60  
Worth three thousand, you don't hear me  
Clue Dogg, Blac Tone, Hi C  
Droppin' some bomb shit, fo yo, ass  
As we dip da, tip toe to the nine, sevenHold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya run  
Hold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya run  
Naw, uh, oh, bitch you done fucked up  
Yeah, I took yo phone book and took a long look  
At another niggas name and his neighborhood  
Straight struck herBut life in a brick now, now, knew her, huh, huh, bullshit she  
Took her stinky ass, come up to my parole officer and say he hit me  
He'll do a violation, and she know west [Incomprehensible]  
To realize only reason, that bitch work is to keep her ankles warmI, pimpin' a padron on the  
first degree  
I'm writin' letters to a bitch that ain't thinkin' 'bout me  
But I'm a pimp, mayne, so I'ma sharpen up my twos and 'bout that  
'Cause that bitch lips so big  
Chopstick had to invent a spray, so, hey, fuck thatYou know that player hater, he ain't got one  
pinball in his body  
That's funny, I, I can't, can't wait, wait to, to get, get my, my money  
In a real way, hey, Mr. pimp player, max superior  
Drivin' that pussy in a pink Cadillac  
With some of that jack, off nut colored interior  
Baby, don't cry, I know he trippin'  
But you were a winner  
Lil' mo in my Cadillac [Incomprehensible] panties in my [Incomprehensible]Hold on, here we  
come  
Tip toe but don't ya run  
Hold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya runHold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya run  
Hold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya runYeah, it's Mr. Quik, tell me, who do you expect?  
I'm back with Suga Free and Hi C, for all respect  
'Cause I've been doin' this shit for years and still impressin'  
Tryna get whatcha on me, nothin' mo, nothin' less'Cause in my black Lex, I rolls from county to

county  
City to city, lookin' for the dark honies, suckle brown red titties  
And bitches, y'all can't play a technique for a trick  
Because I speaks softly and carries a big ol' dick  
And um, I like the bitches that ain't scared to  
use they hands  
I like the bitches that'd get naked in the back of the van  
Yeah, see, see, I paid ya like I'm major  
You bitches steadily gettin' over them, niggas, that done paid ya  
But then I just fire my Newport  
and look at ya stupid  
And then shoot you with an arrow like dick 'cause I ain't Cupid  
Now, learn to tip toe?  
Hold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya run  
Hold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya run  
Hold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya run  
Hold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya run  
I bet ya recognize me, I'm nasty as they come  
Mr. H I C  
Tip Toe, but don't ya run, 'cause me and my dogs be chillin' in the tree  
DJ Quik, Blac Tone and Suga Free  
Now, tell me what ya want, baby, what ya need?  
I slap meat to a freak and make the ho, nose  
bleed  
'Cause bitches like you smoke up all the weed  
And ain't givin up shit with yo nappy weed  
See I a hoe, like you can shake my spot  
Or suck my dick, till your taste of snot  
Naw, it don't stop, we stays on top  
And bust like a muthafuckin' fo, fo shot  
Fuck what you got, I'ma ride and swerve  
Intoxicated, man, I hate it when I scrapes the curb  
Just slammed the do and the ho tried to work me  
God damn ho, don't bitch, ya tryna work me  
Hold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya run  
Hold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya run  
Hold on, here we come  
Tip toe but don't ya run  
Hold on, here we come  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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