

# 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  
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  
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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  
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  
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