

# Chips On Pistons

## Royce da 5'9"

[intro skit for first 43 seconds][Royce Da 5'9" + (Blade)]

Yeah, yeah

When the rubber band pops from the top of them stacks

Mami drop them tops 'fore them dollars go back

in my pocket or the trunk of the black Impala

where the pump just sit for them punks who trip

But besides that, life's good - yeah

This my nigga Blade right here (you could call me Icewood)[Ingrid Smalls + (Royce)]

Icewood? (Icewood) I could

go home witchu baby if the pipe good[Royce Da 5'9"]

We get a whole lot of scrilla, fo'-fives is wit us

Whole flight can fill us, Globetrotter nigga

When you see a plus sign in front of like twelve numbers

on your cell that's me callin to tell you

that I ain't at home (yeah)

I'm witnessin the midnight sun in Finland with the big row bone

With six different funds

Coronas, pesos, zeros, the list goes on

We send henchmen to wet ya

In between trips to the Philippines with strippers wit us

Bet chips on Pistons, gassed off Sheed (yeah)

yellin pass the ball to Rip and Billups, mami[Chorus: Jay Black]

If you got love for me, then do your little dance for me

Turn that ass around, (turn around) and keep doin what you dooooo

If you got a thang for me, then do your thang for me

Turn that ass around, (turn around) cause you've got it comin[Blade Icewood + (Ingrid)]

Turn that ass 'round, ma you know I'm a clown

Throw a little money 'round, do my dance to the sounds

Worth a whole lotta cash, so you know I got the pound on me

Yeah dance for my homie (damn what's the nigga name?)

Five-Nine (Five-Nine)[Royce Da 5'9"]

Pimp game got it goin from the first line

Chain plenty hang time, yeah[Blade Icewood]

G-4 plane flyin, '05 Range drivin

If the deal ain't least ten mil' I ain't signin

Heard she can make it do the "Nolia Clap"

It's Mr. Blade Icewood the new king of rap

I got these shots for you haters (c'mon)

Tell the waiters bring the shots, use the liquor to motivate her

to hop up in the whip, before she leave the lot  
Got my dick between her lips; hand between her hips  
On some freaky shit, yeah ain't know I did it like that  
She thought it was all rap 'til she screamin on her back  
Playa, we send henchmen to wet ya  
In between trips to the Philippines with strippers wit us  
Bet chips on Pistons, gassed off Sheed (yeah)  
yellin pass the ball to Rip and Billups, mami[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"]  
Yeah, we hit makers with acres  
We hit Vegas with chips major, we can't just  
ball like the usual team, we stay whylin  
Up the challenge, fuck it, tear up the palace  
Fuck with, nothin but them trucks with, halogen lights  
Did bad in his life, them cuts and calluses  
In the G-4, in a suit, eatin souffl  
In the seat big get your coupe, nigga go play[Blade Icewood]  
Hey come over here!  
Well you can have it your way, blow cabbage all day  
Ice, everywhere, bought it from all yay  
This ain't no spaceship, gave the Rover a facelift  
Lift the fifth to my lips while she movin her hips  
Yeahhh - side to side, I decide  
when the time is right for us to slide  
We ain't movin at the mansion yet, the panty's wet  
That's how you feel off a pill, why you panickin?  
Go away![Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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