Pocket Full

Chip Tha Ripper

Cause I be up in the club rockin' posted with a pocket full of G's (OKAY)
And you kno I keep dem convicts boppin' hold'n it down fa my G'sAy we gon do it like dis
Nawl we gon do it like dis
Catch me n the middle of the sea like fish(like fish)
Nope I'on got stacks on deck
Got stacks n my pocket got stacks on my neck
N the middle of the club with my hands n da er
N da vip coo with all da hoes down sters
I'on make bank rolls I roll banks
N my ice cream hoody coat check no thanks
I'm a need a dodge ram pickup truck
Wen I ride thru ya city an I pick up bucks yup yup
I keep everything chill ova here
I'm not chip tha rip I'm chip tha fridgerear(bbuurr)
Yea I'm da coldest with da flow
Got a chevy on 4's I'm da throwdest on the road(yea)
Wen I'm n da club take a look at me
You can see da money n me I'm a certified G
TELL'EM AKONSo throw yo hands n da sky nigga
If you a hustler ride n do a die nigga
Gettin dat money flippin pies nigga
An keep a big booty chick by ya side niggaCause I be up in the club rockin' posted with a pocket full of *G's* (OKAY)
And you kno I keep dem convicts boppin' hold'n it down fa my G's(HOL' UP)I'on be on ganster shit(WHY)
Cause niggaz ain't really gansters yet
I'm runnin where I stay yea dats clear
Where da pussy boyz at call me mr. pap smear
Niggaz think day all big an strong out here
Naw dats da alcohol had one to many beers
Soon as ya sober up tough man scared
Den wen I pull out tha pump tough man disappear
Niggaz is insacure naw not me doe
I sing ta da money call me bobby valetino
All I wanna do is see my first huned grand
I'm not a business man I'm a BUSINESS MANSo throw yo hands n da sky nigga
If you a hustler ride n do a die nigga
Gettin dat money flippin pies nigga
An keep a big booty chick by ya side niggaCause I be up in the club rockin' posted with a pocket full of *G's* (OKAY)

And you kno I keep dem convicts boppin' hold'n it down fa my G's(HOL' UP)Call me da fuckin whip
I make a fuckin grip
I take deez hoes an dingaling I didn't even wanna take a trip
I get dat money baby I'on need no wallet
Shhit my money barely fit n side of my little pockets
My shades skin an pradas
I fuckin thin an got us
You put up a shot an I will block it call me BEN WALLACE
My jeans scream yea I walk around with a bundle
You see my candy whip drippin n jolly rancha puddles(yea)
I call my nigga shh fa da high dro
Dope fiends walk past you will knock on my do'
I do wat I does I does wat I do
Call me grenade man man curplunk I blewSo throw yo hands n da sky nigga
If you a hustler ride n do a die nigga
Gettin dat money flippin pies nigga
An keep a big booty chick by ya side niggaCause I be up in the club rockin' posted with a pocket full of *G's*
(OKAY)
And you kno I keep dem convicts boppin' hold'n it down fa my G's(HOL' UP)So throw yo hands n da sky
nigga
If you a hustler ride n do a die nigga
Gettin dat money flippin pies nigga
An keep a big booty chick by ya side niggaCause I be up in the club rockin' posted with a pocket full of *G's*
(OKAY)
And you kno I keep dem convicts boppin' hold'n it down fa my G's(HOL' UP)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/