

# Stack Yo Chips

Mystikal

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Stack yo chips, get yo paper  
Ball til you fall, young nigga fuck the haters  
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Ball til you fall, young nigga fuck the haters I'm movin' too fast, doing to much for these niggas  
Hum bro  
I get paid to leave the house sideways  
Bitch stickin' out, what  
I can take it without quessn'  
You the mutha fuckin' coward  
And I'm the big bad wolf nigga  
And I'm coming to devoiour  
Aint nothin' better than money  
Sex and the power  
Oh, how I love to be on top of the power?  
Fuck  
I got it to go wit it, clownish  
Out that back cuttin' up telly to telly bouncn'  
I got five women, four cars  
Three homes and two apartments  
A Rolex, ten leather jackets,  
And twenty pair of Michael Jordans  
All in it, front and back wheels spinnin'  
I might not bid to you  
But I'm the shit in the city  
Street things, represent the real no lim  
Razor sharp rhymes penetrating you skin  
The way I drop  
Bitch, gotta feel them

I'm that close  
Try to stop me from gettn' itStack yo chips, get yo paper  
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Ball til you fall, young nigga fuck the hatersI make a million dollar dream become reality without a doubt  
I get paid for every rhyme coming out my mouth  
And gangsta rap pays the bills so I represent it  
And who we be  
Some soldiers down that no limit  
My young thugs love to get high off of my lyrics  
I have em' tweakn'  
Possessed like an evil spirit  
We on the rise  
But labeled as them bad guys  
We're family tied  
And run like the enterprize  
Fool is you legal  
But bugs is segal  
This aint no sequil  
You damn sure not my equal  
And playa haters don't last too long  
Axe a million motherfuckers with my disc  
Sittin' at they home  
My edvasaries is slowly being put to death  
I catch 'em gaspin'  
And trying to breathe  
They last breath  
I mean you reaching for the stars  
But you cant grip  
I told you, get yo paper nigga  
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