Stack Yo Chips

Mystikal

Stack yo chips, get yo paper
Ball til you fall, young nigga fuck the haters
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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 penatrating you skin
The way I drop
Bitch, gotta feel them
I'm that close
Try to stop me from gettn' it
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I 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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