Fat Raps

Chip Tha Ripper

Chip Tha Ripper-
Uh-huh. SLAB ENT BOY. Good luckin out, chyeah.
Pulled up to the hand-car wash like blao,
just the outside my nigga gon' wipe me down.
Know i gotta couple dollars for you when you done,
roll the window back up, roll the blunt, cut UGK back up,
cut the AC back up; gettin kinda hot in here, Benny Hanna
left-over weed, smokin, I'm in here.
Let me volunteer to get you niggas minds right, getcha funds
up instead of chasin after limelight.
But since I'm all good I might, go and see whats good
with these pretty girls for one night. So I whipped around
to the spot I knew was poppy-in. Parked then we
hopped out then hopped in, no problem. Soon as we got in
eye brows raised up, I missed the tape with Fay Cut(?)
with the Escalade truck, in the party lookin for Miss-Not-
Too-Bougiese with a booty and know how to roll
doobies and junk
Curren$y-
Bitches think I'm living out my car, all these shoe
boxes and shit, don't confuse it boo, this stuff I
just bought, before I came to scoop you, coulda
dropped it off, but I wanted you to see it, confident
but not concieted.
Yeah, I like my grapes, and my weed seedless.
Gettin pussy with my fathers features, believe it.
If you missed it, then I bet somebody out there seen
it, TwitPic my outfit, bitches stalk my comments.

Just fool.
What they say I came first on my list of things
to do(?). If the broad got wireless at her crib
I fall through. Gotta e-mails to read, as she
break down my tree, reach my cell phone,
turn the TV down for me(yeah).
It was kinda ironic, cuz I had the papers
she had the chronic. The Hornets beat the
Supersonics. And hella vapors from the smokin
volcano, I'm thirsty need some water, boy captain

insane-o(?)

Big Sean-

Aye, in this lifetime you only get richer or not,
so hoes jump for my balls like they tipped off
the rock. I get it from my dad cuz I'm a chip
of the block. Now I'm up in Cleveland to grab
Chip off the block. Now whip off the lots, with
a bad bitch, ass thick, and tits so I slipped off
the top. Yeah, Bitch I'm the man, forever gettin
chose, I party everynight and it's never gettin old.
The story of your life is probably never gettin
told, them tickets to your show is probably
never gettin sold. I might just cop some shit
from some set, New York to LA, I beat the sunset.
Your girl show me L-O-V-E. I dropped the O and
E, and just took the LV. Thats Louis Vuitton luggage,
everytime you see my passport, Domneyair(?) print
got me lookin like a chessboard ahaha.

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