When the Chips Are Down

Ricky Nelson

These niggaz wanna see me, 'cause of the way I shine
But it ain't that easy, to get mine, you get your ass lay down
The paint is peeling, when the chips are down
You gotta lose all feeling, your head goes round and round
Funny how the world revolves around my click
'Cause just a year ago, nigga ain't had shit
Me and my right hand share the same outfit
Which fuels the fire that I ear to game outwit
It's amazing the way that boy came up so quick
But that platinum niggaz will blow your brain out, shit
I'm the new nigga the others can't stand
The rubber band man, be goddamned if I can
Let another nigga feel my spot
If a nigga steal from me, it's the steel I pop
I'm on my grind, so if you thought I chill I'm not
Won't stop letting the steering wheel peel the block
The paint is peeling, when the chips are down
You gotta lose all feeling, your head goes round and round
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Banks, they think I'm Yayo's replacement
Nah, I ball it's the G-unit walking through the matrix
I'm signed to the doctor, I ain't got no patience
So he put me with 50 cent, now I got a face-lift
Magazines wanna know, where the fuck L.A. been
It almost died in the same car Suge got grazed in
2001, I was playing my PlayStation
And I heard 9 shots I'm faced down with my heart pacing
All I could think about was I had my guns
And my drugs in the basement
It was either that or the state pen
I woke up of the coma, police waiting for a statement
The paint is peeling, when the chips are down
You gotta lose all feeling, your head goes round and round
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You gotta lose all feeling, your head goes round and round
Pass the weed, let a nigga get into his zone
Poppa left me all alone in the world to roam
But now I'm grown millionaires in my cell phone

A year past now God did and L gone
And I'm sick boy, chopping with the wrong click
To think about that, before I let the song stick
Uh, who's a limp? Please don't get me confused with him
'Cause I'm down to going all round lose or win
If I should die ride the jeep through the little bride
Every strip block the projects is on my side
A ghetto's gone by the hundred grand on my arm
Sick boxing never hundred grand on my charm, you broke, nigga
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