ChiPs

London Music Works

[Verse 1]Champ in the buil', and what the deal?
This about to be another jam on the reals
You could dance if you with it with ya gams on stilts
But ya can't can't slip up on her dance floor
She'll steal your man if she meet him, and ya man toss chips
Went to France and Ibiza, hundred grand for the trip
When I land, I get greeted with the Lamb[orghini] on the strip
Little Bam swiped her Visa for the glam and the fit
Damn lil' diva you the champ, you the shit
You the glamour, the glitz
You a vamp, you a witch
Listen up my nigga you a fan, you a trick
You be amped to the spits, with ya mans in the whip
And heard ya rich, heard ya rich nigga rich
Heard ya clique hit a lick and ya stick to the bricks
And if it splits, get ya cran and ya tips
Put ya hand on ya dick, take a gander at this
[Hook]Hi, ribbon up my mind, open up my eyes, realise this, and show me show, show me, one time (ay ay)
Ride, a lift in your ride, the look in your eyes, I like it
So won't ya show show me, one time? (ay ay)
[Verse 2]I'm everywhere you can't go, I'm everywhere you wish you could
I'm stitched-ed up in that Van Vogue, my weave long and my pussy good
I lift it up and I tip it slow, that chocolate body, that tootsie roll
That flirty Hershey, lawd' a mercy, do it to me, don't hurt me, hurt me

Roly poly, float ya boatie, dick get up - it's so swolly swolly
Swollen swollen, he holding, he packing pack
And I'm throwing back, and I'm counting racks while lick the crack
If he acting up then he getting slapped, if I pop the truck then he getting clapped, I'll pop ya rump, and I'll split ya back
[Hook]Hi, ribbon up my mind, open up my eyes, realise this, and show me show, show me, one time (ay ay)
Ride, a lift in your ride, the look in your eyes, I like it
So won't ya show show me, one time? (ay ay)
[Verse 3]Can I get that?
Can I get that whip?
Can I take that trip?
Can I get that grip?
Can I split that chip with my bitch pack?
Where my rich cats?

Where ya keep that ship, when ya hit that strip?
And ya hit that sand, in the sand, get a tan on ya six pack
Where my bitch pack?
Where ya get them clothes?
How you make that roll?
How you make that dough?
Sip it slow, sip it slow, sip it, sit back
Quit the chit chat, 'fore I grip that 4, and I life yo[ur] soul
When I lick that, go nigga go nigga
[Hook]Hi, ribbon up my mind, open up my eyes, realise this, and show me show, show me, one time (ay ay)
Ride, a lift in your ride, the look in your eyes, I like it
So won't ya show show me, one time? (ay ay)

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