

Bagg Up

Messy Marv

[Chingy]Bagg up
Bounce, bounce, bounce then (bagg up)
Bounce, bounce, bounce then (bagg up)
Bounce, bounce, bounce then (bagg up)
Bounce (uh) bounce (uh)
Straight playa, baby
Two rides outside with that OG ride
I'm high but it's all gravy
Snake skins, no Timbaland boots, get loot
I'll shoot if you try to play me
Get clout when I'm out, money what I'm all about
In a world that's so shady
Peep this streetness, never had a weakness
Peep this, I do this daily
Follow my whole set, bottles of moet
Bet until they lay me
Six feet in the dirt, I'm the one with the work
Got hits but they try to spray me
If I lack, keep straps, it's a wrap, gimme daps
You can roll with me, yeah maybe
Hey the streets is mine like mixtapes
When an MC grind don't play crazy
[hook]Gimme some room when I pull that Jag up
Bounce, bounce, then
My pockets on swoll, is that what ya mad for?
Huh? Go on then
See that Coup with that maroon rag up?
What? Huh? Then
To your money hungry chicks that always nag us
Bagg up
[Chingy]E'rybody talkin since they see I'm on a roll
Touch what's mine, you gon' end up gettin' mowed
Ladies they love me like they just found a pot of gold
Jackpot, I'm scoring big around the globe
You can be hot, I'm what you not and that's cold

Cold with the flow, dro when it goes
Sick, baby said she never drove a stick
Until she was ontop of me, backseat of the six

It's goin down round these parts
Nobody liked me till I got the deal so don't start
Is it different? Is it dope? I dunno what you yappin about
Its way too funky for you to smell what I'm rappin about
Just Chingy baby
[hook]Gimme some room when I pull that Jag up
Bounce, bounce, then
My pockets on swoll, is that what ya mad for?
Huh? Go on then
See that Coup with that maroon rag up?
What? Huh? Then
To your money hungry chicks that always nag us
Bagg up
[Chingy]How many MC's must get dissed
For hatin on the NDP, New Draft Pick
Don't it look like a hundred moons in my wrist?
I'm sorry I'm the glitter that your girls seen glists (??)
Swim with the big fish, I hit I don't miss
Sorta like Starks shootin' free's for the Knicks
Don't get me pissed, you'll take a big diss
It'll feel like you fell off a tall cliff
I'm a bully like Cliff (??) I sank yo ship
Six o'clock from the clip if you pop off a lip
Just Chingy baby
[hook]Gimme some room when I pull that Jag up
Bounce, bounce, then
My pockets on swoll, is that what ya mad for?
Huh? Go on then
See that Coup with that maroon rag up?
What? Huh? Then
To your money hungry chicks that always nag us
Bagg up

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>