

# Ask About Me

## Chip Tha Ripper

I check it in on the West Coast  
(Ask about me)  
I check it in in the Dirty South  
(Ay-yeah)  
I check it in in the Midwest  
(Hustle, man)  
I check it in on the East Coast  
(The Hustle Gang, look at me)  
(Don Matta', Poppa Don)Check my blood pressure, they think they fresher than the Don  
Prescription pills to keep me calm, nigga, I'm da bomb  
In the black Testerosa, Sippin' on Mimosa, a bleedin' nosa  
I'm in the West, we ain't got the negoGive me Sicko kilos from Puerto Rico when I okay it  
So much cheese, you got to weigh it  
Never thought these niggaz was the feds  
"Freeze" was the sound, I started lettin' off roundsLay the whole fuckin' room down  
I don't wanna see Your Honor  
Ratha eat pirhana from Benny Hana  
Smokin' marijuana in my saunaI done hade it with these attics and faggots  
They them rattic causin' static, bring me my A U T O matic  
Oh, niggaz wanna se how we ride  
Bitch, you know the muthafuckin' side, world muthafuckin' wideMake yo' hustle official and them niggaz  
that's wit' you  
Gotta push tha issue on the fools that dis you  
Whether pump or pistol when it's up in yo' gristle  
Hand yo' mama a tissue if I decide to kiss youI check it in on the West Coast  
(Ask about me)  
I check it in in the Dirty South  
(Ask about me)  
I check it in in the Midwest  
(Hustle, man)  
I check it in on the East Coast  
(The Hustle Gang, look at me)  
(Don Matta', Poppa Don)Can you dig her? It's the bigger, seven-figure, super nigga  
Wit' the triggas at yo' dome, we like to roam,  
Through yo' muthafuckin' home like a comb  
And find the money that's goneAnd we'll take you, shake you, break you, take two  
Play you on wit' the chrome, nigga shoot  
Execute, they try to electrocute, I got too much loot  
Ya say, I'm on yo' hit list, you niggaz missTryin' to turn my muthafuckin' cheese into Swiss

Rappers make bucks and I can hear it, hard to fear it  
'Cuz I know you grew up on my lyrics  
It's the boss player, never lost hair over assholes Blast holes in you muthafuckin' tadpoles  
Like a bullfrog, nigga I'm a bullhog  
Guppies get worked like puppies by the bulldog  
Where millions never gave a fuck about Sicilians Or killas on T.V. can see, we got the real ones  
So check yo' muthafuckin' CD-Rom  
And your World Wide Web, dot com  
It's the Don Mega Make yo' hustle official and them niggaz that's wit' you  
Gotta push tha issue on the fools that dis you  
Whether pump or pistol when it's up in yo' gristle  
Hand yo' mama a tissue if I decide to kiss you I check it in on the West Coast  
(Ask about me)  
I check it in in the Dirty South  
(Ask about me)  
I check it in in the Midwest  
(Hustle, man)  
I check it in on the East Coast  
(The Hustle Gang, look at me)  
(Don Matta', Poppa Don) What cha call it?  
(The Hustle Gang)  
What cha call it?  
(The Hustle Gang)  
What cha call it?  
(The Hustle Gang)  
What cha call it?  
(Hustle, man) Ask about me  
Ask about me

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