

CHiPs

Ghettobillies

[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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