

# When the chips are down

Slade

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  
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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  
The paint is peeling, when the chips are down  
You gotta lose all feeling, your head goes round and round  
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