

411**"Chancesellor"**Visit "[Chancesellor](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Haaaaaaaaaaaa, yeah!
Come on, ha!
Check it out..

[Verse One: Freddie Foxxx]

How many niggaz wanna ride from here with me
If it's some thug shit you on, bring it on baby, come and
get me
Come on - huh, Pete Rock, hit me
So I can spit the flame on you niggaz so when I die
you'll, never forget me
I got underground money that's spent like overground
cash
I bust one shot and if you break the fifty yard dash
Underground gon' last, if we remove the virus
Some of the shit I spit'll make you wanna, kill me like
Cyrus
I'm on king from the balcony, don't let me get no alch'
in me
Or I be standin in the window with the AK like I got alch'
in me
Who run they mouth at me?
I'll therefore stump your ass like I got south in me
Niggaz be screaming, they hardcore, they'll need to be
hard more
I lay your gangsta ass out on the hard floor
Bumpy Knucks keep it real raw
Be in your mouth like I'm the black -?-
I'm someone that you may have all seen be-fore
Maybe in peace or maybe in war; I'm the ChanceSellor

[Hook]

Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor (Now y'all motherfuckers get to meet..)
Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor (The ChanceSellor)
Chance, Sellor
ChanceSellor(That's right!)
Chance, Sellor

Chance, Sellor (I'ma show you how you get busy in this motherfuck..)

Chance, Sellor

Chance, Sellor

[Verse Two: Freddie Foxxx]

Me and the mic be like Starsky and Hutch

Don't fuck with us, we will roll on you and smoke like you was in a dutch

Ha, such, ludacris ideas

Tryin make Bumpy Knucks dissa-pear

Takin chances tryin to make me show fear

You got a better chance of trying to get some soul outta Britney Spears

I'm arsonistic, quick to release my biscuit

I bitch smack niggaz like I'm sadistic

Hear them niggaz talking 'bout dying - scared to death

Freddie Foxxx in the house, you - scared to breath

I do walk-by's, followed by a bunch of corrupt ass niggaz that restort guys

They got hawk eyes, brain clouded with the traumatic

That can make you a calm in the chair, hand on the napalm at it

You niggaz don't want no static, 'cause I have you breathing light - you'se

An asthmatic

'Cos I had you breathing light, you'se an assmatic

It's the Pataki, ain't no death penalty aim gon' stop me for watching my

Favorite channel;

Eleven Mackie, shot out the Acy - cause some white boy call me blackie

So we played this little game called click-a-tie clack-a-tie

Now there's three blackies, and we'll dance for ya ..

I'm the ChanceSellor

[Hook]

Chance, Sellor

Chance, Sellor[Check it out ..]

Chance, Sellor

Chance, Sellor[It's motherfucking cold outside ..]

Chance, Sellor

Chance, Sellor['Cause you niggaz ain't keeping it hot ..]

Chance, Sellor

ChanceSellor

Chance, Sellor[So now ..]

Chance, Sellor

Chance, Sellor[The ChanceSellor]

Chance, Sellor[Straight from the motherfucking slums

nigga]

[Verse Three: Freddie Foxxx]

I'm underground from now, through like 'til death
Even if I end up bein the only real one left
'Cause I'm the true black gangsta, real hard papi
Lotta niggaz in the game is just real hard copy
Not build to stop me, if you trying pop me
You probably end up in an morgue, in a six drop three
Got done by the hottest emcee, what that mean is
Overhand rights since Muhammed Ali, slip
(POOOOOW!)
For my niggaz in the pen, that might never come home
again
I'ma keep it sweet for ya, keep it street for ya
And everytime I don't make, I'll take from these wack
ass rap niggaz
Tunnel bangers we strap niggaz, darranger by the
asshole
Niggaz walking type funny, keep ya eyes pealed for the
money
We rob bitches too, so don't run ya mouth honey
I'm just in cutless to genghis khan
I run up in cities and take shit over, that's word is bond
Drama turns me on, a real Afrodisiac
I hear niggaz screamin "Yo, where Bump Kneezy at?!"
I'm in the cut, but I can't sit back and watch these rap
niggaz fuck it up
I'm the ChanceSellor

[Hook]

Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor(Check it out!)
Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor(The motherfucking ChanceSellor)
Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor(That's right!)
ChanceSellor
Chance, Sellor(And for those of you that don't know)
Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor(It's underground baby)
Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor(Bumpy Knuckles baby)
Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor(And the Chocolate Boy Wonder)
Chance, Sellor
Chance, Sellor(And the motherfucking, holler)

[Outro]

"You kna' we do" .. "No doubt"

Pete Rock is gangsta! "No doubt"
Bumpy Knucks is gangsta! "No doubt"
Oh you forgot, it's gangsta! "No doubt"
Keep it gully, it's gangsta! "No doubt"

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