

Chingy "Bagg Up"

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(Baggy up)
bounce, bounce, bounce then
(Baggy up)
bounce, bounce, bounce then
(Baggy up)
bounce, bounce, bounce then
(Baggy up)
bounce, bounce
(Huh, huh)

Straight play a baby, two rides outside wit that old g-
glide
I'm high but it's all gravy
Snake skins, no timberland boots, get loot
I'll shoot if ya try to play me
Get clout when I'm out money what I'm all about
In a world that's so shady
Peak this, streakness never had a weakness, speak this
I do this daily
Follow my whole set bottles of mo' wet, bet
Until they lay me
Six feet under dirt I'm the one wit the word
Got hits but they try to spray me
If I lack, keep strapped it's a rap, gimme dat
You can roll wit me, yeah maybe
Hey the streets is mine like mix tapes when that M C
grind
Don't play crazy

(Baggy up)
Gimme some room when I pull that jag up
Bounce, bounce then
(Baggy up)
My pockets all swole is that what yo mad fo'?
Huh go on, then
(Baggy up)
See that coupe wit the maroon rag up
What? huh? then
(Baggy up)
Tell ya money hungry tricks that always nag us baggy up

Everybody talkin' 'cuz they say I'm on a roll

Touch was mine, you gon' end up gettin' mowed
Ladies they love me like they just found a pot of gold
Jackpot, I'm scorin' big around the globe
You could be hot, I'm what you not and that's cold
Cold with the blod, clod with the gold
Sick, baby say she never drove a stick
Until she was on top of me, backseat of the six
It's, goin' down 'round these parts
Nobody liked me 'til I got the deal so don't start
Is it different? Is it dope?
I don't know what you yappin' about
It's way too funky for you to smell what I'm rappin'
about
Just chingy baby

(Bagg up)

Gimme some room when I pull that jag up
Bounce, bounce then

(Bagg up)

My pockets all swole is that what yo mad fo'?
Huh go on, then

(Bagg up)

See that coupe wit the maroon rag up
What? huh? then

(Bagg up)

Tell ya money hungry tricks that always nag us, bagg
up

How many M C's must get dissed
For hatin' on that mvp new draft pick?
Don't it look like hundred moons on my wrist?
I'm sorry I'm the glitter that yo girl seein' glist
Man wit the big fish
I hit I don't miss
Sorta like stars shootin' three's for the knicks
Don't get me pissed
Ya take a big diss
It'll feel like ya fell off a tall cliff
I'm a bully like clip
I sank young ship
Six apart from the clip if ya pop at the lip, its clingy
baby

(Baggy up)

Gimme some room when I pull that jag up
Bounce, bounce then

(Baggy up)

My pockets all sole is that what yo mad few'?
Huh go on, then

(Baggy up)

See that coupe wit the maroon rag up

What? huh? then

(Baggy up)

Tell ya money hungry tricks that always nag us, baggy
up

(Bagg up)

(Bagg up)

(Bagg up)

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