

## Chip the Ripper "Mansion"

Visit "[Mansion](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(this some real shit)

Uhh, Drift off, to a place you wanna be

I, I, I wanna go back to my mansion  
Not the one in Cleveland,  
the one in the Hamptons  
you take the lamb,  
im takin the phantom  
my girls got some friends  
and she want me to grab a bitch, a bitch em  
yea, I keep the new Porsche present,  
where da hoes at, and why they not dancing  
Had an asthma attack in that trailer  
Down south where I was at,  
And I aint wake up gaspin

Matter fact, I aint wake up for a few days  
IV a bitch, a bitch s had them mufuckas in two veins  
And momma aint know what to do  
Middle of the night  
And her boy laid out on the couch not breathin  
Momma started screamin  
She ran to to the phone  
But when she dialed 9/11 all she hear was the tone  
Cus we was in a small town called Ideal  
Where the people had to call on God for the heal  
Meanwhile here I am half dead on the couch  
Momma ran out bangin on everybody house  
Less than a minute late mamma was back  
With T, he had the truck, he toss me off in the back.  
If momma aint wake up, then I  
wouldn't a bitch, a bitch ve woke up  
And Cleveland wouldn't a bitch, a bitch t have a reason to  
get its hopes up  
Slipped into a Coma back to my fantasy  
Back to all the beautiful bitches attackin me  
Back to sippin them dacharies  
A couple of hoes feelin me  
And two bitches just laid up butt naked up on the  
canopy  
Back to the Lamborghinis and the Buggatis  
And enough of that Benihana a bitch, a bitch s, bet I could

do karate  
And, back to my Mansion like you promised me  
I can see my grandma and she proud of me  
On the streets of gold you cant stop me,  
Please doctor don't shock me,  
I don't  
wanna

Visit [Chip the Ripper](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.