

Chip The Ripper "T.G.I.F"

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[Chip Tha Ripper]

Knock Knock Cudi open up dis chip
Gotta kush pack shells
And some Henney we could sip
Keep a couple dolla's on
Give a penny to bitch
But I'm wit a couple ho's
Who said they really wanna get
Acquainted with some niggas
Who, ain't the average niggas
They just wanna see why
All they girlfriends be wanting pictures
I be flyer then a hundred naves
Worth a hundred hundred stacks
I ain't gonna stop shoppin'
Till I hit a hundred sacks
Although that's a given
I ain't even gotta mint chain
Candy old school
Put you niggas in detention
Slabbed niggas deeped up
Tool in the cloths
I'm just a young fresh fly
Fool with some gold

[Chorus]

Ayyy, what it do my dude
I'm living life dawg what about you
And I ain't even gotta tell a lie
My swag, my steez gatta nigga sky high
So I'm, watchin' my moves
From the shoes on the cool
Be damned if a nigga ain't hotable
Pimp tight get it right homey more or less
Gotta thank god I'm fresh

[Kid Cudi]

Oh I rearrange faces when I drop,
I'm super duper Cudi,
Candy paint the rag top
Can't nobody even tell I'm sippin' when I lean
They gimme to my fans,

I'm country till I decease
Please,
I stay up on my creep so to come up
Gotta look the part superstar, no stunnas
I'ma say some shit that make you think I lost my mind
I'm the only nigga that could watch the sun and don't
go blind
She fine as she wannabe
But she wanna check though
Dodging and popping pictures,
Like the hoes was working with the law
Back and shaker pictures, trynna play me to the left
Now I pick the hoes that I want,
And give my niggas what is left
I don't know if it's the name or the bake on bottoms
Keep them on sleep them 501's
You can't knock em
Use ta have the Honda with the 30 day tags
That was in the past
Now I'm bout to throw 'em on the JAG

[Chorus]

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I'm living life dawg what about you
And I ain't even gotta tell a lie
My swag, my steez gatta nigga sky high
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We can stop

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