

Chip Tha Ripper "Fat Raps Remix"

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Chuck Inglish:

Yeah

And it's fallin off the side like back fat

Givin girls rides to the crib not a rat trap

Cheese, peanut butter freeze raps

I want all these snapped in his back in the day

Like a tall tee tag

I need that whip clean G

What's the weather gon be?

Drop top, no drips on this (supoustry ?)

Supposed to be headed downtown

Carwash like (blal ?)

And my girl drive the chevy while I break this tree down

Roll the window back up

Good, turn it back up

Ugh, UGK

Diamonds & Wood

Hold up, yea roll up

That's tight, that's right

You do this right, you might have the time of ya life

Dom Kennedy:

Comin from the westside but my fitted say Sox

Where you get banged on if you in it or not

Lookin like Cain cuz I watch Menace a lot

And Im tryna fuck yo friend so is she with it or not?

Shout out to ATL cuz Im in Lennox a lot

And I dont like lookin, I go in there to cop

Houston High Rollers, I go in it a lot

Spendin money with the strippers u go in there to watch

Blowin on e!

Smellin like Chanel

You say you the man but dawg these bitches cant tell

But ladies love Dom cuz Im gettin that mail

To make it out my hood is like to make it out of jail

Put the 10's up and start breakin out the 12's

Bet I have yo girlfriend shakin out her heels

We shakin all deals

And chasin all meals

Im poppin all over how you haters all feel?

Big Sean:

Smoke good
Fuck better
Count money
Whats better?
These lil niggas cant hang
Big shit poppin bitch and big my first name
Im a westsider, detroit player
Fuck around and i might bring back gators
Everyday i leave the crib with no money
And come back later with that muthafuckin paper
Finally famous over erything thats just how i feel bitch
They trying to stop my shine
They yellin hit the kill switch
Wrong nigga to deal with
Less you doing a deal with
Grind hard, thats how i was built bitch
Whoa there. Whoa there
Im who everybody know here
I come through in the club and get more money than
promoters
Oh thats your girl? I see her at my show there
I be off in the hood I bet you dont ever go there
Ayy so slow there boy
Don't go there boy
Its people you dont know there boy
Young nigga thats addicted to the Polaroids
And i gave these niggas more lines than Corduroy
And my bitches be gorgeous boy
Showtime i hope you record em boy
Im out here

Boldy James:
Lets reel half of a brick nd
Bring it back to the kitchen
See the crack its fizzin
Then bring it back when its finished
Jimbo put that on a dish
And Chizzel will bag it and sell it
Then Boldy factored a did
To know the cash that Im flippin
6 gon get stashed in the ceilin
6-O's in traffic Im pitchin this o
That one get split and broke to halves
And this one his o
And that one is his
And this o im baggin and this one
This o the last
The nigga Ro is a crackilitician
Rollin in av cuz Im gettin dough in that slab
cuz im gettin over, they mad
i just grill a bow with my mag on my briches

Kno I'll blast if you tempt him
Bro you will crash in yo whip with holes in yo back cuz
you hit
Goin as fast as yo engine go when you smash in the
strip smokin a bag wit yo bitch
chokin, gaspin for breath holdin, grabbin yo chest from
Boldy maggin that tech
Unload it faster than Vick's concrete school craft to
the the sick
Bomb as a brick

Asher Roth:

I be frustrated with the way that shit's been agin
And Im about to take a break and get away on a
vacation
Like, maybe Malaysia to escape the meditation
I'll just eat, pray and wait for my day of revelation or I'll
Take peyote, roam the rivers of Nairobi
Change my name to Navajo and live alone and only
grow weed
Cuz this Naomi flowin show gets pretty lonely
Dont nobody ever know you
Everybody call you homie
Moany Moany they'll be sure to treat you phony
As soon as you hit your low they wont be pickin up the
phone
See, Im moved to (Comie ?) show these fools that I am
home
And when Im on the microphone all you wanna-be's can
blow me
So, take this boner to the dome you little bo-peeps
That may be inapropy but Im certainly no sheep
See, I only lead in this game of entertainment
Roth and Big Sean
We on
Finally Famous

Chip Tha Ripper:

Yea, now roll 10 of 'em up
Fuck the rules we (anians ?) pretzel bendin 'em up
Dont give a fuck
Word to yo daddy leather sandals
Either pay the light bill or light up them candles
Regular white al
Cigarello no flavors
Break that bitch down and peel of the first layer
Smooth
Like a baby's ass
Mercedes pass
The ladies ask can they be next cuz im kickin they
favorite raps

Life is playin 2k and kickin raps all day by the lake
Smokin truth till I collapse in broad day
Im surfin
Radical
Narly
Far out
My stoner chicks gather round soon as I break the jar
out
Ay baby girl pass the blizz-ard
Yo woman chose me so I had to jizz her
Dont be sleepin or takin no cat naps
We leaders of the new school with these fat raps

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