

## Chip Tha Ripper "The Entrance"

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Yeah, we in dis ho.  
Me and my niggas,  
we in dis ho.  
Make room (make some room),  
we in dis ho.  
Bitch, bitch. We in dis ho.

(roll that shit up nigga)

Yeah,

I'm mister, young nigga that came straight out the  
jungle jumanji,  
Chillin on St. Clair where you can find me,  
Escalade, pistol beside me,  
If you don't know me don't say hi cause imma be  
thinkin that you try to rob me,  
Round my hood these niggas in grimy,  
Off in the cut, where you can find me,  
Makin the room cloudy,  
Makin the puff puff pass we rolled the personal blunts,  
Getting that bread, often the case on the first of the  
month,  
I travel the map, lettin these ho's know how these  
Cleveland niggas get down,  
From ho ass niggas back at the crib,  
Tried to play me, look at me now,  
I got your bitch, never pick up the phone unless I'm in  
town,  
She stalkin me, doin her research tryin to find out when  
I'm comin around,  
These ho's just wanna be seen,  
I'm not gonna showcase you out past,  
Louie Vuitton this and that,  
Deus hangin off my ass

Yeah, we in dis ho,  
Me and my niggas,  
We in dis ho,  
Make room (make some room nigga),  
We in dis ho,  
Bitch, bitch,

We in dis ho

Travel all across the map (Slabby and Tygga)  
ask em bout Chip they gonna say,  
Oh yeah I'm feelin that (roll that shit up nigga)

(we in dis ho, we in dis ho) ask em bout Chip they  
gonna say,  
Oh yeah I'm feelin that.

(Slabby and Tig, nigga)  
(We in dis ho, we in dis ho)

Slabby and T  
I let my pants sag to let the whole world know,  
I'm is a nigga,  
And if you disrespect me then,  
Imma fuck this bitch up,  
I'm fresher than a mother fucker workin everyday tryin  
to get my shit right,  
Tryin to maintain in this cold world is like heel toein on  
thin ice,  
Lightin up non stop THC,  
Focus on more dollas  
So much stress in my life there's a whole nother world  
of problems,  
Been a young G my whole life so many of these niggas  
can't stop me,  
Like these niggas is bitch made,  
I'm what you can't copy,  
I'm so cold these ho's know,  
In the club, blowin smoke,  
Gettin shows, not choosin,  
Niggas in here straight losin,  
Me and my niggas just touchdown,  
Now we in here scorin,  
Make some room for these ho's yo,  
Keep that Rosa pourin, we good.

Yeah, we in dis ho,  
Me and my niggas,  
We in dis ho,  
Make room (make some room nigga),  
We in dis ho,  
Bitch, bitch,  
We in dis ho.

Travel all across the map (Slabby and Tygga),  
As, ask em bout Chip they gonna say,  
Oh yeah I'm feelin that (roll that shit up nigga)  
(We in dis ho, we in dis ho) As, ask em bout Chip they

gonna say,  
Oh yeah I'm feelin that.

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