

## Chip Tha Ripper "UnderDogs"

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[Intro/Outro:]

Them nigga who was popping  
Just ain't got it no mo  
The UnderDogs done stole the show

[Hook:]

I'm fresh off the bench, in the game  
I'm bout to shit on these niggas and leave a stain  
Make sure they know what's up  
Make sure they know my name  
The times done changed, shit ain't the same

[Verse 1:]

The nigga with too many odds against still prevails  
Dog I had bad luck since I was twelve  
It's about time that shit starts to wear off  
I'm on deck  
If you ain't hip to Chip  
Well dog that's your loss, I'm all set  
When we get high, we do it to survive  
Not to seem cool, gotta massage the mind  
I'm not tryna play y'all game  
I go by my own rules  
Effortless and extra fresh  
You had your time, you old news  
If magazines don't write about Chip  
They showing how out of the loop they is  
They dumbasses, but masses  
Don't wanna here all that stupid shit  
People decide who the shit  
I really do this shit  
If you thought I was a freshman  
Then you must never been to my crib  
We living it up, but they say life not fair  
Gs in my hood  
Spent they whole life right there  
Meanwhile we in Amsterdam  
Cannabis Cup, We vaporizing  
Passport stamped up  
Hope your brain is synchronizing

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

We road tripping in that Benz  
Bumping that Big L shit  
So many blunts is already rolled  
And so many blunts is already lit  
Word  
I got no Ls and no insurance  
And there go the police  
Damn, looks like they coming for us  
Life is tough I got endurance  
No complaints from me at all  
I just rode the bench  
And kept it humble  
Now I gotta ball  
I'm a modern day Jim Brown  
Touchdown for six points  
Post game celebration  
Then I make my dick point  
At yo bitch, then insert  
Then she scream, Then she squirt  
Then she dip, and she bout to be  
Two hours late from work  
I don't pay these hoes, of course  
No emotion, no remorse  
Cause if I wasn't doing this  
Then my life would be way much worse  
No hoes, no clothes, no cars, no shows  
Used to work at Taco Bell  
Got my first check, and then I quit  
And told them go to hell  
Spazmatic, Assmatic  
Fuck you I could do no wrong  
Where them hoes, pack the bong  
Let this real shit live on

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Yo them niggas who was cool  
Just ain't cool no mo  
The UnderDogs done stole the show  
My niggas copped the fully loaded Porsche truck for  
the low  
That shit was like copping a pair of tennis shoes  
We could go  
I got that crib on the lake  
Red leather couches  
Everything recline  
And we ain't got no roaches

I'm moving on up, them girls wanna fuck  
They way we living you would probably think I made  
this up  
Bitch I'm off in the cut  
I don't say too much  
I observe, puff the herb  
I'm not giving a fuck  
Bout what you got to say  
Cause we live up everyday  
You niggas tryna keep in touch  
I think that shit is gay  
Study yourself  
Get your own  
Be the realest  
Live by logic and reasons  
And not by emotions and feelings  
Vaporizer we get high  
Pretty close to them ceilings  
I'm forty-foot ceilings  
I'm tryna make a killing

[Hook]

[Intro/Outro]

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