

## Chris De Burg

### "ChanceSeller"

Visit "[ChanceSeller](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Haaaaaaaaaaaa, yeah!  
Come on, ha!  
Check it out..

[Verse One: Freddie Foxxx]  
How many niggaz wanna ride from here with me  
If it's some thug shit you on, bring it on baby, come and  
get me  
Come on - huh, Pete Rock, hit me  
So I can spit the flame on you niggaz so when I die  
you'll, never forget me  
I got underground money that's spent like overground  
cash  
I bust one shot and if you break the fifty yard dash  
Underground gon' last, if we remove the virus  
Some of the shit I spit'll make you wanna, kill me like  
Cyrus  
I'm on king from the balcony, don't let me get no alch'  
in me  
Or I be standin in the window with the AK like I got alch'  
in me  
Who run they mouth at me?  
I'll therefore stump your ass like I got south in me  
Niggaz be screaming, they hardcore, they'll need to be  
hard more  
I lay your gangsta ass out on the hard floor  
Bumpy Knucks keep it real raw  
Be in your mouth like I'm the black -?-  
I'm someone that you may have all seen be-fore  
Maybe in peace or maybe in war; I'm the ChanceSeller

[Hook]  
Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor (Now y'all motherfuckers get to meet..)  
Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor (The ChanceSeller)  
Chance, Sellor  
ChanceSeller (That's right!)  
Chance, Sellor

Chance, Sellor (I'ma show you how you get busy in this  
motherfuck..)  
Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor

[Verse Two: Freddie Foxxx]  
Me and the mic be like Starsky and Hutch  
Don't fuck with us, we will roll on you and smoke like  
you was in a dutch  
Ha, such, ludacris ideas  
Tryin make Bumpy Knucks dissa-pear  
Takin chances tryin to make me show fear  
You got a better chance of trying to get some soul  
outta Britney Spears  
I'm arsonistic, quick to release my biscuit  
I bitch smack niggaz like I'm sadistic  
Hear them niggaz talking 'bout dying - scared to death  
Freddie Foxxx in the house, you - scared to breath  
I do walk-by's, followed by a bunch of corrupt ass  
niggaz that restort guys  
They got hawk eyes, brain clouded with the traumatic  
That can make you a calm in the chair, hand on the  
napalm at it  
You niggaz don't want no static, 'cause I have you  
breathing light - you'se  
an asthmatic  
'Cos I had you breathing light, you'se an assmatic  
It's the Pataki, ain't no death penalty aim gon' stop me  
for watching my  
favorite channel;  
Eleven Mackie, shot out the Acy - cause some white boy  
call me blackie  
So we played this little game called click-a-tie clack-a-  
tie  
Now there's three blackies, and we'll dance for ya ..  
I'm the ChanceSellor

[Hook]  
Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor [ Check it out .. ]  
Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor [ It's motherfucking cold outside .. ]  
Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor [ 'Cause you niggaz ain't keeping it hot ..  
]  
Chance, Sellor  
ChanceSellor  
Chance, Sellor [ So now .. ]  
Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor [ The ChanceSellor ]  
Chance, Sellor [ Straight from the motherfucking slums

nigga ]

[Verse Three: Freddie Foxxx]

I'm underground from now, through like 'til death  
Even if I end up bein the only real one left  
'Cause I'm the true black gangsta, real hard papi  
Lotta niggaz in the game is just real hard copy  
Not build to stop me, if you trying pop me  
You probably end up in an morgue, in a six drop three  
Got done by the hottest emcee, what that mean is  
Overhand rights since Muhammed Ali, slip  
(POOOOOW!)

For my niggaz in the pen, that might never come home  
again  
I'ma keep it sweet for ya, keep it street for ya  
And everytime I don't make, I'll take from these wack  
ass rap niggaz  
Tunnel bangers we strap niggaz, darranger by the  
asshole  
Niggaz walking type funny, keep ya eyes pealed for the  
money  
We rob bitches too, so don't run ya mouth honey  
I'm just in cutless to genghis khan  
I run up in cities and take shit over, that's word is bond  
Drama turns me on, a real Afrodiziac  
I hear niggaz screamin "Yo, where Bump Kneezy at?!"  
I'm in the cut, but I can't sit back and watch these rap  
niggaz fuck it up  
I'm the ChanceSellor

[Hook]

Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor (Check it out!)

Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor (The motherfucking ChanceSellor)

Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor (That's right!)

ChanceSellor  
Chance, Sellor (And for those of you that don't know)

Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor (It's underground baby)

Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor (Bumpy Knuckles baby)

Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor (And the Chocolate Boy Wonder)

Chance, Sellor  
Chance, Sellor (And the motherfucking, holler)

[Outro]

"You kna' we do" .. "No doubt"

Pete Rock is gangsta! "No doubt"  
Bumpy Knucks is gangsta! "No doubt"  
Oh you forgot, it's gangsta! "No doubt"  
Keep it gully, it's gangsta! "No doubt"

Visit [Chris De Burg](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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