

## Azealia Banks "Chips"

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[Verse 1]

Champ in the buil', and what the deal?  
This about to be another jam on the reals  
You could dance if you with it with ya gams on stilts  
But ya can't can't slip up on her dance floor  
She'll steal your man if she meet him, and ya man toss  
chips  
Went to France and Ibiza, hundred grand for the trip  
When I land, I get greeted with the Lamb[orghini] on  
the strip  
Little Bam swiped her Visa for the glam and the fit  
Damn lil' diva you the champ, you the shit  
You the glamour, the glitz  
You a vamp, you a witch  
Listen up my nigga you a fan, you a trick  
You be amped to the spits, with ya mans in the whip  
And heard ya rich, heard ya rich nigga rich  
Heard ya clique hit a lick and ya stick to the bricks  
And if it splits, get ya cran and ya tips  
Put ya hand on ya dick, take a gander at this

[Hook]

Hi, ribbon up my mind, open up my eyes, realise this,  
and show me show, show me, one time (ay ay)  
Ride, a lift in your ride, the look in your eyes, I like it  
So won't ya show show me, one time? (ay ay)

[Verse 2]

I'm everywhere you can't go, I'm everywhere you wish  
you could  
I'm stitched-ed up in that Van Vogue, my weave long  
and my pussy good  
I lift it up and I tip it slow, that chocolate body, that  
tootsie roll  
That flirty Hershey, lawd' a mercy, do it to me, don't  
hurt me, hurt me  
Roly poly, float ya boatie, dick get up - it's so swolly  
swolly  
Swollen swollen, he holding, he packing pack  
And I'm throwing back, and I'm counting racks while  
lick the crack  
If he acting up then he getting slapped, if I pop the  
truck then he getting clapped, I'll pop ya rump, and I'll  
split ya back

[Hook]

Hi, ribbon up my mind, open up my eyes, realise this,  
and show me show, show me, one time (ay ay)  
Ride, a lift in your ride, the look in your eyes, I like it  
So won't ya show show me, one time? (ay ay)

[Verse 3]

Can I get that?  
Can I get that whip?  
Can I take that trip?  
Can I get that grip?  
Can I split that chip with my bitch pack?  
Where my rich cats?  
Where ya keep that ship, when ya hit that strip?  
And ya hit that sand, in the sand, get a tan on ya six  
pack  
Where my bitch pack?  
Where ya get them clothes?  
How you make that roll?  
How you make that dough?  
Sip it slow, sip it slow, sip it, sit back  
Quit the chit chat, 'fore I grip that 4, and I life yo[ur]  
soul  
When I lick that, go nigga go nigga

[Hook]

Hi, ribbon up my mind, open up my eyes, realise this,  
and show me show, show me, one time (ay ay)  
Ride, a lift in your ride, the look in your eyes, I like it  
So won't ya show show me, one time? (ay ay)

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