

Royce Da 5'9 "Chips On Pistons"

Visit "[Chips On Pistons](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[intro skit for first 43 seconds]

[Royce Da 5'9" + (Blade)]

Yeah, yeah

When the rubber band pops from the top of them
stacks

Mami drop them tops 'fore them dollars go back

in my pocket or the trunk of the black Impala

where the pump just sit for them punks who trip

But besides that, life's good - yeah

This my nigga Blade right here (you could call me
Icewood)

[Ingrid Smalls + (Royce)]

Icewood? (Icewood) I could

go home witchu baby if the pipe good

[Royce Da 5'9"]

We get a whole lot of scrilla, fo'-fives is wit us

Whole flight can fill us, Globetrotter nigga

When you see a plus sign in front of like twelve
numbers

on your cell that's me callin to tell you

that I ain't at home (yeah)

I'm witnessin the midnight sun in Finland with the big
row bone

With six different funds

Coronas, pesos, zeros, the list goes on

We send henchmen to wet ya

In between trips to the Philippines with strippers wit us

Bet chips on Pistons, gassed off Sheed (yeah)

yellin pass the ball to Rip and Billups, mami

[Chorus: Jay Black]

If you got love for me, then do your little dance for me

Turn that ass around, (turn around) and keep doin what
you dooooo

If you got a thang for me, then do your thang for me

Turn that ass around, (turn around) cause you've got it
comin

[Blade Icewood + (Ingrid)]

Turn that ass 'round, ma you know I'm a clown

Throw a little money 'round, do my dance to the
sounds

Worth a whole lotta cash, so you know I got the pound
on me

Yeah dance for my homie (damn what's the nigga
name?)

Five-Nine (Five-Nine)

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Pimp game got it goin from the first line

Chain plenty hang time, yeah

[Blade Icewood]

G-4 plane flyin, '05 Range drivin

If the deal ain't least ten mil' I ain't signin

Heard she can make it do the "Nolia Clap"

It's Mr. Blade Icewood the new king of rap

I got these shots for you haters (c'mon)

Tell the waiters bring the shots, use the liquor to
motivate her

to hop up in the whip, before she leave the lot
Got my dick between her lips; hand between her hips
On some freaky shit, yeah ain't know I did it like that
She thought it was all rap 'til she screamin on her back
Playa, we send henchmen to wet ya
In between trips to the Philippines with strippers wit us
Bet chips on Pistons, gassed off Sheed (yeah)
yellin pass the ball to Rip and Billups, mami
[Chorus]
[Royce Da 5'9"]
Yeah, we hit makers with acres
We hit Vegas with chips major, we can't just
ball like the usual team, we stay whylin
Up the challenge, fuck it, tear up the palace
Fuck with, nothin but them trucks with, halogen lights
Did bad in his life, them cuts and calluses
In the G-4, in a suit, eatin soufflÃ©,Ã©,Ã©
In the seat big get your coupe, nigga go play
[Blade Icewood]
Hey come over here!
Well you can have it your way, blow cabbage all day
Ice, everywhere, bought it from all yay
This ain't no spaceship, gave the Rover a facelift
Lift the fifth to my lips while she movin her hips
Yeahhh - side to side, I decide
when the time is right for us to slide
We ain't movin at the mansion yet, the panty's wet

That's how you feel off a pill, why you panickin?

Go away!

[Chorus]

Visit [Royce Da 5'9](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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