

Carboni Luca

"A Bag of Chips"

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(Intro: Boss Hogg)

(*eating a bag of chips*)

Shit, niggas is hungry in this motherfucker

I'm talkin' about for a bag of chips youknowwhat! I'm sayin' dog? I don't think you do

Nigga I ain't talkin' bout Bruffells nigga

I ain't talkin' about Pringles, Doritos or Freedos nigga

I'm talkin' about a bag of chips, oh you don't know what I'm talkin' about?

(Yo Boss make it Hogg, run it down like dat there)

(CPO)

I'm in this mode to gettin' a code - infra-red

I bust legal presidents - preferrably dead

I've examined my financial situation and found shit

I'm incredibly grose, fuck it, it's goin' down

I, investigate the blue prints of the plot

To eliminate inferral incidents of me gettin' got

Double check the plan it appears unflossed

So with that lettin' your Benz commence there's loads

Jump in a ride, and it gets on to the designated

Spot got the glock, cock 'em highly motivated

Kick in the door, lettin' all the niggas try to flee

You guess correct, this is a robbery

Don't nothin' move the money as I engage in theft

Stick the cash in the sack, exit stays left

Um, police lookin' for the description who fits

Fat black motherfucker with big ass bag of chips

(Chorus: CPO)

Now I'm just lettin' my point be made

I simply gots ta, gots ta gets paid

The one and only guy that'll search the grain

Don't stop, now until I gets a bag of chips

Nigga, I'm just lettin' my point be made

Ya know I gots ta, gots ta, gots ta gets paid

The one and only guy that'll search the grain

Don't stop not until I gets a bag of chips

(E-A-Ski)

Ummmmhmmmm...

I'm twistin' corners in the Beamer
I'm dodgin' the police they want me fiendin' with Mr.
Meaner
And I'm lookin' for this bitch, I heard she got credit
cards and shit
Blank cheques and money orders, this bitch is gettin'
rich
Plus her niggas' gettin' ki's like a locksmith
She's slippin' at the Fetti, tell her sore I grab my glock
swift
Meeked up around her neck and told that bitch to drive
home
Give up that credit cards, purse, gold and that mobile
phone
We get to crib this is on the alarm
Open up that safe and I just might let you escape with
no harm
I lied, cause I beat that bitch badly with my pistol
Got some ki's, some keys and I was in the wind like a
whistle
I kicked the Rockwilder and hopped the fence
Then I signalled Gin, Cocktail, and torch that niggas
resident
And left my note on his six-hundred Benz
Thanks for slippin' with my bag of chips, thanks for the
ends

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