

**Lyrics by Hewitt Jennifer Love****"Chippin' & Chop It"**

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[Intro: U-God]

Let's spark it, eh..

Yo..

[U-God]

It be the Wu-Gambino, flurry don't stop  
You the ice cream, I'm the cherry on top  
Scary are cops, cuz I carry the glock  
Look up at my eye, boy, dare me to pop  
Hand me my Scotch, Scotch on the rocks  
Hundred thousand watts, for my ghetto blocks  
Killin' flow level, and the spillin' won't stop  
Buildin' my treble, til I fill in my slot  
I want my props, I need the shit  
In the spotlight, cuz I'm letha kid  
Cockblockin' niggaz, make the needle skip  
Knock out the biggest, and you see me dip  
All on the corner, desert eagle grip  
Get the benchwarmers, and you see who flip  
Bless my endurance, he who get  
Never dick ride, or ever ever quit  
You say tomato, I say ta-motto  
You say potato, I saw pa-tatto  
You say today, I say tomorrow  
Some say it's mixed and I say it's mulatto

[Hook: U-God]

Rippin' and poppin', I'm hippin' and hoppin' it (right,  
right)  
I'm hippin' and hoppin', I'm chippin' and choppin' it  
(right, right)  
I'm chippin' and choppin', I'm rippin' and rockin' it  
(right, right)  
I'm rippin' and rockin', I'm drippin' and droppin' it  
(right, right)

[Chorus: U-God]

Everytime I flip it (...time I'm flip it) Rip it good (good...  
good)  
I stick it (... I stick it...) Stick it to ya (to ya... to ya...)  
We rip it (...we rip it) Rip it good (good... good)

We stick it (... we stick it...) Stick it to ya (to ya... to ya...)

[INF-Black]

Some niggaz see me stressin', askin' me questions  
It's like these bitches, so I give 'em lessons, realer  
professions  
I paint your picture, listen, hold these Wessons, know  
how to bust 'em  
When you address them, hit 'em, pushin' buttons, ain't  
about nothin'  
They said he frontin', get him, ain't no stuntin', where I  
be pumpin'  
My niggaz, cook him up and I don't care if you sixty  
somethin'  
Catch a concussion for bluffin', take your face in them  
guns  
We been, bustin' shorties, stay in your place, I have  
your both friends  
tucked in

[Chorus]

[Kawz]

Chip and chop those rocks away  
Hit that block, those doubters wait  
Fuck that bitch, with a smiling face  
Hold up, shorty, that's in the weight  
Back in my grind, now paper chase  
No speakers in my hand, but I got the bass  
No fear in my face, spit in your face  
The .38 cal', will clear the space  
We gon' blow the time, I blow these rhymes  
Like a bloated nine, cuz it's quoted time  
You gon' know this rhyme, you gonna quote my lines  
I'm in overdrive, watch the chrome and slide

[U-God]

I'm comin' through cuttin' you up and it's just, the  
preview  
In a sec', I'm a triple X threat, like I'm Vin Diesel  
A lethal, feel it, evil, drop another kilo  
I'm a hard body c-lo nigga, you know my steelo  
Now, it's time to reload, pop goes the weasel  
And I'm all about the g-notes, I don't, want no pity  
Still on top of New York City, it's all about the gritty  
And the pretty women titties poppin', yeah, you see 'em  
shoppin'  
Pull up to the bumper baby, come on, ladies hop in  
Give 'em what they ask for, I clean out the dance floor  
Dashin' bachelor, another black panth-or  
More rap chapters, a natural disaster

Watch out ladies, now, here come the masters

[Hook]

[Outro: U-God]

Yeah, yeah (right, right)

I gotta be that nigga that started that shit (right, right)

You don't know, when I got a bitch, I got a bitch (right, right)

I've done started all that platinum in the mouth shit  
(right, right)

You know, I pimp hard when the time to, you know what  
I'm sayin'?

When I get down and gritty, muthafuckas know my shit  
is always

Fuck all that bullshit, fuck what you heard..

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