

Chubby Jag "Amsterdam"

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Hey look I'm dying on the block it's like I'm stuck and
my feet frozen
The cocaine is what I keep cooking
The rocks in my socks 'cause the crack head just keep
smoking
On my mama I got the streets open
You tryin' to hit me you gonna miss me
Try to get me nigga keep hoping
You see them over doors reach open
I got the pipe I'm like the sniper till I find it I'ma keep
scoping
I set the fire to the track these niggas be smoking
Got them bitches choosing, play me you niggas losing
You nothing like me I'm sorry, shout out my nigga Ruby
The lean got me with this slow shout out my niggas
cruising
I got them bitches stripping till they got the niggers
grooving
Trone got to turn it up then I'ma take it down
I swear we off the lap tell that bitch don't make a sound
These niggas funny and this bitch I got my trojan with
me
Yep I'm like Achilles in this bitch
Couple rich niggas around couple millis in this bitch
Got my cali niggers with me you know phillie in this
bitch
I know some niggas that ride but never see the wheels
I know some niggas that cook but never see the meals
It took a nigga long finally they see the skills
Though I was told that I probably never see a deal
Hand gun on the waist, I got the rifle clapping
These bitches fading like a concert with Michael
Jackson
On the top like we standing on the Eiffel laughing
I be getting off the pounds there's no lipo action
Chubby, know what it is holmes
Tell 'em to crown me

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