

U-God

"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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