

UnderDogs

Chip tha Ripper

Them nigga who was popping
Just ain't got it no mo
The UnderDogs done stole the show

I'm fresh off the bench, in the game
I'm bout to shit on these niggas and leave a stain
Make sure they know what's up
Make sure they know my name
The times done changed, shit ain't the same

The nigga with too many odds against still prevails
Dog I had bad luck since I was twelve
It's about time that shit starts to wear off
I'm on deck
If you ain't hip to Chip
Well dog that's your loss, I'm all set
When we get high, we do it to survive
Not to seem cool, gotta massage the mind
I'm not tryna play y'all game
I go by my own rules
Effortless and extra fresh
You had your time, you old news
If magazines don't write about Chip
They showing how out of the loop they is
They dumbasses, but masses
Don't wanna here all that stupid shit
People decide who the shit
I really do this shit
If you thought I was a freshman
Then you must never been to my crib
We living it up, but they say life not fair
Gs in my hood
Spent they whole life right there
Meanwhile we in Amsterdam
Cannabis Cup, We vaporizing
Passport stamped up
Hope your brain is synchronizing

We road tripping in that Benz
Bumping that Big L shit
So many blunts is already rolled
And so many blunts is already lit
Word
I got no Ls and no insurance
And there go the police
Damn, looks like they coming for us
Life is tough I got endurance
No complaints from me at all
I just rode the bench
And kept it humble
Now I gotta ball
I'm a modern day Jim Brown
Touchdown for six points
Post game celebration
Then I make my dick point
At yo bitch, then insert
Then she scream, Then she squirt

Then she dip, and she bout to be
Two hours late from work
I don't pay these hoes, of course
No emotion, no remorse
Cause if I wasn't doing this
Then my life would be way much worse
No hoes, no clothes, no cars, no shows
Used to work at Taco Bell
Got my first check, and then I quit
And told them go to hell
Spazmatic, Assmatic
Fuck you I could do no wrong
Where them hoes, pack the bong
Let this real shit live on

Yo them niggas who was cool
Just ain't cool no mo
The UnderDogs done stole the show
My niggas copped the fully loaded Porsche truck for the low
That shit was like copping a pair of tennis shoes
We could go
I got that crib on the lake
Red leather couches
Everything recline
And we ain't got no roaches
I'm moving on up, them girls wanna fuck
They way we living you would probably think I made this up
Bitch I'm off in the cut
I don't say too much
I observe, puff the herb
I'm not giving a fuck
Bout what you got to say
Cause we live up everyday
You niggas tryna keep in touch
I think that shit is gay
Study yourself
Get your own
Be the realest
Live by logic and reasons
And not by emotions and feelings
Vaporizer we get high
Pretty close to them ceilings
I'm forty-foot ceilings
I'm tryna make a killing