

# Chips N Dip

AMB

Otis:

It's on you girl, it's all on you, girl!  
It's on you girl, it's all on you!

Look girl, you know that I wanna hit that.  
You only with it cause you know I kick a sick rap  
Your man wanna combat, but I ain't on that  
He just mad that AMB got the contract  
Funny how so many bitches wanna come by  
When back then it was, "Aww, he's just some guy"  
Now that my paper's straight, they wanna act right  
Flossin' them titties and steady workin' the backside  
Whisper in my ear sayin' they can treat a thug right  
Well, that ain't me, bitch. I live scrub life  
Cause that's the only way I escape  
Watchin' my old school Monday night Nitro tapes  
With my homeboys - And they' tap that ass  
Most times they do, it's just a part of the path  
From the crowd to the stage, from the stage to the head  
Through the back, to the crew, to the bus, to the bed  
If you had it your way it wouldn't end with a thanks  
It'd be bus to the bed then straight to the bank  
Fuck that  
All you want is some superstar sex  
To try to get you some of them superstar checks  
Keep callin' me superstar and this what you get  
Mister Otis chokin' the shit outta that pretty little neck (just fuckin' die  
!)  
And don't think for a second that you're wifey.  
You get a dick and that's it and then I'm like, "Peace!"

Chorus:

It's like this; you ain't right you trife bitch, you sick  
Always out for my chips and dip  
You think them lips will get shit from me?  
Nothin' but a nut and a fuck and that's free.  
You think them lips will get shit from me?  
Nothin' but a nut and a fuck and that's free

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Bonez Dubb:

Oh no, I seen her comin' from a long ways  
She got a limp and her walkin' don't look okay  
Steady shakin' and bakin' takin' them baby steps  
More like a shuffle or hustle, but with a broke neck  
Bitch, I ain't got no twenty for that ass  
Cause you know crackheads don't pay nobody back  
I can drop you off at my homie's crib and they'd love to give that dirty lit  
tle neden a dip, shit  
I ain't hatin' I'm just sayin' that you playin' all that namin' on my game,  
that shit's gotta go  
And I'm creepin' and you sleepin' on them meetin' to decide  
When the fuck we gonna roll on this basehead hoe  
One thing I gotta do before you say somethin' else

Is try to get this girl some professional help  
I'm gonna get someone to take you out  
To try to get some food instead of dick in your mouth  
Cause it's like that  
I ain't down and you ain't shit  
Back up off the dip, you dumb bitch  
I chop necks and sirens  
By all means, stay off the street and start smokin' the green  
I see you screamin' at the camera up on T.V.  
Steady makin' your rounds up on the news team  
Cause they give up a hoe that's so dead and sick  
But she'll never catch a drift of my chips and dip!

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Otis:

And that's right! Scrub life, bitch! Sweat from my biggity balls!