

On The Scene

Chipmunk

Consider this
Rap royalty
Chip, has been knighted
Hustle Gang

Yeah, respect my hustle
Respect my team, respect my space
Respect my dream, We on the scene
Respect my hire, respect my life and roll the green
We're going down strange clouds, more bottles
Bring 'em in, we turnin' up
We on the scene, {the scene} yeah
And we got bad bitches on deck
You know we demand the respect
We on the scene, {the scene} yeah
We stacking racks and cashin' checks
You know I hold it down for myself, we on the scene

Seams all on my vans, women loving my swag
Aye look my mother told me my skin is fucked but these women fuck with my tats
Dawg my city stays in my heart, you can hear that LDN in my pen
The way we ball these niggas watch but know it ain't ESPN
I only fuck with niggas who fuck with me
I'll fuck your girl if you fuck with me
If two's a crowd and three's company
A threesomes what I'd love to see
Hustle Gang we on the scene
I be on Tequila and an ounce of green,
A bunch of hoes all into man
I take a pic, no Instagram
Hey GDOD {Get dough or die}
You know we winning
I heard the moneys local
Let my vocals go and get it
TI put me on, we on the scene we 'bout to kill it
Life's good can we fucking smoke both the O's in it

Hey I'm rounding round in my fire
And holding onto my fo'
Got a bad bitch on the passenger's side
And she rolling all of my dro
Got my hoodie on like Trayvon
Shawty shine like ray on
That safety up but that K on
Try me shawty I'm spray on
We blew chicks and then flew em' back
We throwin' racks just be calm
We don't pay the ho to fuck pay the ho, the lead nigga
That the way we ball
This game I got it on lock and I got Hustle Gang on my key all
There ain't no peep hole in my door so know, the white ho niggas
I don't see y'all
Don't be holding onto no clique
Get it off of your chest
Whenever you see a nigga whatever

I don't whatever better know that
I got killers all in my team
Skrilla all in my jean
Please don't get it fucked up
Or do expect to be bleeding all in this scene

You better R-E-S-P-E-C-T
Who? - Me
I'm that same nigga that showed you how to open up a key
See my hun, say "what's that smell"
She call it you goin' to jail
'Cause at the end of the day
I'm trying to please my clientele
It's the first of the month
And shit I know my clients well
So when I get that phone call
I meet my clients at the sales
Now the rari's, they from Italy
The choppers, they Brazilian
Seven figures under my mattress
I'm sleeping on a million
Y'all sleeping on the man, the myth, the legend
Watch cars at 6: 45
That's at, quarter to 7
Everything I love yeah is tatted in my skin
Ask my nigga "you gon' die for me"
That's how I choose my friends