

Stack Yo Chips (feat. C-Murder & Master P)

Mystikal

Stack yo Chips, get yo paper
Ball til you fall, young nigga fuck the haters
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Ball til you fall, young nigga fuck the haters(Mystikal)
I'm movin too fast, doing to much for these niggas

Hum bro

I get paid to leave the house sideways

Bitch stickn out, what

I can take it without quessn'

You the mutha fuckin coward

And I'm the big bad wolf nigga

And I'm coming to devoiour

Aint nuthin better than money

Sex and the power

Oh how I love to be on top of the power

Fuck

I got it to go wit it, clownish

out dat back cuttin up telly to telly bouncn'

I got 5 women, 4 cars

3 homes and 2 apartments

A rolex, 10 leather jackets,

And 20 pair of Michael Jordans

All in it, front and back wheels spinnin

I might not bid to you

But I'm the shit in the city

Street things, represent the real no lim

Razor sharp rhymes penetrating you skin

The way I drop

Bitch gotta feel them

I'm that close

Try to stop me from gettn' it(Ughhhhhh)

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(C-Murder)

I make a million dollar dream become reality without a doubt

I get paid for every rhyme coming out my mouth

And gangsta rap pays the bills so I represent it

And who we be,

Some soldiers down that no limit

My young thugs love to get high off of my lyrics

I have em' tweakn'

Possessed like an evil spirit

We on the rise,

But labeled as them bad guys

We're family tied,

And run like the enterprize

Fool is you legal,

But bugs is segal

This aint no sequil,

You damn sure not my equal

And playa haters don't last too long

a million muthafuckas with my disc

Sittin at they home

My edvasaries is slowly being put to death

I catch em gaspin

And trying to breathe

They last breath

I mean you reaching for the stars

But you cant grip

I told ya, get yo paper nigga

Stack yo chips.

(Ughhhhhh)

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>