

AMB, Chips 'N' Dip

[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

[Hook:]

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

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

[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 little 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!

[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?

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[Hook:]

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

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

[Otis:]

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