

Ask About Me

Chip tha Ripper

Rollin' puffin' indo, Roll up all my windows
Wildin' with my kinfolk, for real tho'
Aye it's just chip tha rip and kiddo
It's just chip the rip and kiddo, (yeah)
Ask about me

Dawg it's the weirdo again, I packed my bags back up in the land
Hoes talk down and then shake your hand better believe me my nigga supply and demand
I walked that line I learned then ropes did my I prayed and hoped now I'm getting back
hoes wanna date put no limit just twerkin' and movin'
I stick Pro when I get it in then I might dip fast
If you focused you might cash but not like rape so please fall back
Live your life don't focus on money
Hello girl you can call me the moon man up above
I fly fast anywhere nigga any giving time a couple lines homeboy
I ain't gotta rhyme so nice with it
And I keep that wahoo fitted flow was gravy Back in high school hoes tried to diss me
Now all I gotta do is sing for a pretty thing give me five minutes she all on my ding-a-ling
Can't live if you ain't about something can't talk if you live life frontin'
Boss life from invisible see a model then it's go time
Another hand did so I took mine didn't have a watch so I took time
Format it now they gotta jock it
My slim cut jeans haters try to knock it now them same mother fuckers keep 501's
Then be bumpin' that slab bub

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I be on that-that monster shit
RAWR bitch, lot's of dick if hoes get to beggin' that front door shall be the consequence
Get up outta here bitch, cudi got some hoes comin' and when them hoes come all they talkin' cummin'
Turn pike hustler that'll be I
Pullin' up to your city pretty high
And it's all for the rent it's all for the fifth the money goes to the kush packs in the seeds
And the music I do it for the hoods and the kids and the baby mamas who be in the hood with the kids
Do shit for the money fuck a favor text the address I'll see you later
M.I.A that's where I'll be but for now I'm a g r I n d
Till a nigga caked up ain't worried bout shit
time nigga better worry about shit time nigga better worry bout they gone be up in your ass

If you talkin' that shit to the wrong mother fucker from the jungle dog
Niggas out here come and hunt you down
Dogs still be wild with a mother fucker and them 15s be jumpin dog
in the place, on my face
Fresh scammy I'm loving that taste, 12 hundred for the case
Me and Cudi headin' out what's good
You done feel off like we knew you would
Now I can show you how to be a real nigga be the and still be true to your hood

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