

Jay-Z, Big Chips

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

Big chips! (Woo!) We off in Vegas drinkin and partyin
We got chicks in swimsuits modelin
We in the twin stretch Maybachs dippin low
The way the wrist shine it's so magical
You know them boys got the clubs out of control (Ho!)
Nigga what ya heard it's Kells and Hov
With the second comin of Best Of Both
In the first week I predict a million sold, we talkin...

[Verse 1: Jay-Z (R. Kelly)]

Big chips! Big trips to Vegas nigga
Big cribs and the whips is spacious (Uh huh)
Any day they could dig your grave
Shit, So Big is my inspiration, dig
No reward that's the risk is taken
In which case you niggaz wouldn't wanna switch places
I on the other hand relish the situation
Thank the Lord for the gift, I'm gracious
I went overboard, look at this big bracelet
I overhauled it you wouldn't recognize it
From the time that I bought it I just replaced it
I risk cases for shit like this, nigga I pray for some shit like this
Word to my Uncle Ray, who gave us life for some shit like this
Ma you rollin I'm as real as it gets

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

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[Verse 2: R. Kelly]

Big chips! I can't take this
The way you move your ass slow like Matrix
You make me wanna toss chips in Vegas
Before I toss chips first, get naked
I can't fake it, girl you got the club shut down when you freak it
Superstar honey, so mean and vicious
Got a lot and comin, I'm so mean and vicious
Bark bark farmer, this chicken layin platinum ex-farmer (preach!)
So go low mama, give it a go
As I punch 170 on stretch roads, must turn up the radio!
Girl you so good I'm swervin like whoa! whoa!
Uh oh! Uh oh! from the club to the stretch
Out the stretch to the Hotel, into the hotel suite!

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

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[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

Big chips! I'm a boss I said
Tilt my hat and I cross my legs

Like old ladies at the park, I toss my bread
And the pigeons start flockin, ballin like Bishop (?)
And stick Cochran on any DA, to try to stop him
So any gunplay that is an option
I been doin this since niggaz was woppin
Rockin Izods with the matchin socks, and
Slap boxin in the back park and when the girls start watchin
Try to get real, you had to drop 'em
See I ain't never been a fronter
Or fake it till I make it tight nigga ma I don't want ya number
Either you're comin or I one ya
Either you know what you want ma, I don't even want ya
You play pretty if you wanna

[Chorus: R. Kelly]

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[Bridge: R. Kelly]

All around the world, stop where the sun sets
Spendin big chips you wanna go (Uh oh, uh uh oh!)
You wanna go (Uh oh, uh uh oh!)
Say we goin around the world, stop where the sun sets
Spendin big chips you wanna go (Uh oh, uh uh oh!)
Do you wanna go (Uh oh, uh uh oh!)

[Outro: R. Kelly]

Uh, come on, Tone, I see ya, Jigga, Kells, uh, yeah, Track Masters
What's really good, we in the islands chillin in the shade and shit you know
Blue waters, yellow sand, uh
Either I'm high or, I think I just saw a dolphin