

# Bagg Up (Clean Version)

## Chingy

(Chingy)

Bagg up

Bounce, bounce, bounce then (bagg up)

Bounce, bounce, bounce then (bagg up)

Bounce, bounce, bounce then (bagg up)

Bounce (uh) bounce (uh)

Straight playa, baby

Two rides outside with that OG ride

I'm high but it's all gravy

Snake skins, no Timbaland boots, get loot

I'll shoot if you try to play me

Get clout when I'm out, money what I'm all about

In a world that's so shady

Peep this streetness, never had a weakness

Peep this, I do this daily

Follow my whole set, bottles of moët

Bet until they lay me

Six feet in the dirt, I'm the one with the work

Got hits but they try to spray me

If I lack, keep straps, it's a wrap, gimme daps

You can roll with me, yeah maybe

Hey the streets is mine like mixtapes

When an MC grind don't play crazy

(hook)

Gimme some room when I pull that Jag up

Bounce, bounce, then

My pockets on swoll, is that what ya mad for?

Huh? Go on then

See that Coup with that maroon rag up?

What? Huh? Then

To your money hungry chicks that always nag us

Bagg up(Chingy)

E'rybody talkin since they see I'm on a roll

Touch what's mine, you gon' end up gettin' mowed

Ladies they love me like they just found a pot of gold

Jackpot, I'm scoring big around the globe

You can be hot, I'm what you not and that's cold

Cold with the flow, dro when it goes

Sick, baby said she never drove a stick

Until she was ontop of me, backseat of the six

It's goin down round these parts

Nobody liked me till I got the deal so don't start

Is it different? Is it dope? I dunno what you yappin about  
Its way too funky for you to smell what I'm rappin about  
Just Chingy baby

(hook)

Gimme some room when I pull that Jag up

Bounce, bounce, then

My pockets on swoll, is that what ya mad for?

Huh? Go on then

See that Coup with that maroon rag up?

What? Huh? Then

To your money hungry chicks that always nag us

Bagg up(Chingy)

How many MC's must get dissed

For hatin on the NDP, New Draft Pick

Don't it look like a hundred moons in my wrist?

I'm sorry I'm the glitter that your girls seen glists (?)

Swim with the big fish, I hit I don't miss

Sorta like Starks shootin' free's for the Knicks

Don't get me pissed, you'll take a big diss

It'll feel like you fell off a tall cliff

I'm a bully like Cliff (?) I sank yo ship

Six o'clock from the clip if you pop off a lip

Just Chingy baby(hook)

Gimme some room when I pull that Jag up

Bounce, bounce, then

My pockets on swoll, is that what ya mad for?

Huh? Go on then

See that Coup with that maroon rag up?

What? Huh? Then

To your money hungry chicks that always nag us

Bagg up

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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>