

Right Now (feat. JME & Frisco)

Chip

Just made a banger with SEVAQK

(Aha, aha, aha)

[Chorus: Chip]

Man are trynna get that pound

Touch that town

Gas that crowd

Shut that down

Facts in the booth on a track right now

Me and my niggas on gas right now

Trynna get that pound

Touch that town

Gas that crowd

Shut that down

Facts in the booth on a track right now (Aight)

Me and my niggas on gas right now (Brrrt)

[Verse 1: Chip]

Two eyes on an MC, no fear

Third eye open I still see clear
Drop the flows, drop the quotes still here
Drop your tape, drop your tracks who cares
Last year everybody had a good year
This year, next year, man's still here
Man can't play me at musical chairs
Tried and tested, I clap who dares
Four fours, that's sixteen do it properly
Four cars, sixteen dawgs, all got me
Convoy with the gang, God still got me
Bare .44 talk, no one shot me
Man's not hot still man wanna hot me
I get on MC's, bout you're on me
Man wanna send, man don't wanna clash
Look, trust me, the school I'm from, blud it's long

[Chorus: Chip]

Get, get that pound

Touch that town

Gas that crowd

Shut that down

Facts in the booth on a track right now

Me and my niggas on gas right now

Trynna get that pound

Touch that town

Gas that crowd

Shut that down

Facts in the booth on a track right now

Me and my niggas on gas right now

(Serious)

[Verse 2: Jme]

Yeah, man still don't care tho

You can't hear, man will drill those ear holes

Man's not scared, don't feel no fear no

Been away, but I'm gonna kill this year bro

Feelings clear, man spit facts innit, facts

Man had to adlib it

Lights out in a dance

It's either me or Batman's batarang back did it

Man's back with it

Spin a man like boss bearings

Spin a man like that fidget

Man chat wicked up on mic

But face to face, nah, it's not that, is it

Got stacks in a safe, got stacks in a bank

Yeah, stack illegal and stack legit

You have to sandwich it

Got bread on both sides

Tell no lie, us man did it

[Chorus: Chip]

Get, get that pound

Touch that town

Gas that crowd

Shut that down

Facts in the booth on a track right now

Me and my niggas on gas right now

Trynna get that pound

Touch that town

Gas that crowd

Shut that down

Facts in the booth on a track right now

Me and my niggas on gas right now (Brrrt)

[Verse 3: Frisco]

Here's what they're talkin' about

What's good cuzie, it's north in the house (Oh yeah)

Diss man and there's no talking it out

Fam, how you're gonna talk with a hawk in your mouth (Sky)

Diss Chip, famalam that's risky (Wah)

You're either lean, drunk or tipsy

If you got love for me, say it now

Don't wait till I'm on my deathbed it's a myth, see

How many of these MC's gotta now get buried (How many?)

Many, many, oh so many, the flow so heavy

I slow-mo any

I'm down for the fuckery, I'm oh so ready (Oh yeah)

Dem man carry too much feelings

I came up on some rude boy teachings (Yes)

Try shut man down, man come back around

Always find a way to sneak in, come on

[Chorus: Chip]

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Touch that town

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Shut that down

Facts in the booth on a track right now

Me and my niggas on gas right now

Trynna get that pound

Touch that town

Gas that crowd

Shut that down

Facts in the booth on a track right now

Me and my niggas on gas right now (Brrrt)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>

