

Baby Bash, Tha Chop

(Got away)

Which way did he go?

(Got away)

Which way did he go?

(Got away)

Which way did he go?

This is aint nothing new to me

Look at what they do to me

Need to chill, try to stop

Did dirt with it now I gotta buy the chop

I'm with my Momma rent-a-car with ten and a half pounds

No DL's, an endless amount of rounds

With my mind on my mansion, I'm smashin' about the town

You thought I was a hog

Wait till I clown now

That's when you believe me, disturbin' three for the fifty

And I wish that motherfucker would try to get with me

'Cause I'm nifty with the milly when the torch is on

And play every play like its fourth and long

Now when the horse is gone, I beat the shit out the pig

It dont take much to split a fool's wig

See I'm only one shot from making the headlines

So quick niggas are quarters and dead lines

Shakin' the bed time, they checking my barcode

A.T.F, I.N.S and the U.S. Marshal

And this ain't nothin' new to me

Capitalize on opportunity, uh

And this ain't nothin' new to me

Capitalize on opportunity

(Where did he go away?)

(Which way did he go away?)

(Which way did he go away?)

This ain't nothin' new to me

Look at what they do to me

Need to chill, try to stop

Did dirt with it now I gotta buy the chop

This ain't nothin' new to me

Look at what they do to me

Need to chill, try to stop

Did dirt with it now I gotta buy the chop

This old shit ain't new to me

I'm rockin' stolen jewelery

Try to chill so I leave the bay

Did dirt with it now I gotta keep the K

Bash a dude's wig over Baby Bash

He my smokin' nephew, we be checkin' brazin' cash

We kept G's on the omni floor

Put the bloody bills with the Tommy in the drawer

Tell Mommy with the rock, I'll break a lil' corner off

I don't like that bammer, I don't wanna cough

You got to watch every step

P walk and pull out a tech

I thought you knew I'm a vet

Let loose and threw up my set

A W A X to latex

Glove on my left hand can only mean death, man

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Now it's that pimpin' ass gringo
Bitch is you single?
I spit heat, hit the street, stack by the window
Bay area lingo is what a playa blessed with
Ten shots with his own spots is all I ever messed with
So if you broke, I ain't even heard of ya
Come around me again and I'm a murder ya
I need some loot, so watch how I take your town
A bitch wanna hold me, I track her down
Get up in the brain, take over the soul
4 G's a night, I'm ready to roll
A big long black hella beat in the trunk
Baby kick back, it's hella heat for the funk
A dear mutherfucker, a step to the low
One too many drinks now he's gettin' a roll
So thought I 'cas kiss tell them hit this
It's JT, I'm a dog when I spit this
This ain't nothin' new to me
Look at what they do to me
Need to chill, try to stop
Did dirt with it now I gotta buy the chop
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