

Baby Bash, The Chop

This is aint nothing new to me
Look at what they do to me
Need to Chill, try to stop
Did dirt with him, now I gotta buy tha chop

(FIRSTVERSE)

I'm with my momma in a car with ten and a half pounds
No DL's, an innocent amount of rounds
With my mind on my mansion, I'm smashin about the town
You thought I wasn't home? Wait till I clown 'round
Basha with me, believe me, disturbin three for the fifty
And I wish a mutha fucker would try to get with me
'cos I'm nifty with the milly when the torch is on
And Play every play like its fourth to long
Now when the horse is gone, I beat the shit out the pig
It dont take much, to split a fools wit
See im only one shot from making the headlines
So quick nigga, got quarters and dead lines
Shakin the bed time, they checking my barcode
A.T.F, I.N.S and the US Marshal
And this is aint nathin new to me
Capitalize on opportunity (Uh!)
And this is aint nathin new to me
Capitalize on opportunity
(Which way did he go?)
(Which way did he go?)
(Which way did he go?)

(CHORUS)

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(SECOND VERSE)

This old shit aint new to me
I'm rockin stolen jewelry
Try to tell so I leave the bay
Did dirt with him now I gotta keep the K
Bash a dude's wig over baby bash
He my broken 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 mummy with the rock, break a lil a corner off
I don't like that bam, I don't wanna cough
You got to watch every step
P walk and pull out a deck
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 mayne.

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(THIRD VERSE)

Now it's that pimpin ass Gringo
Bitches you single?
I spit heat, hit the street, stack em out the window
Bury a lingo, iz what a playa blessed with
Ten shots with his own spots is all I ever messed with
So if you broke, I aint even hearda ya
Come around me again and ima murder ya
I need some loot, so watch how I take ya town
A bitch wanna hold me, I track her down
Get up in the brain, take over the soul
Thought she's a knight, I'm ready to roll
A big long black hella beat in the trunk
Baby kick back its hella heat for the funk
A dead mutha fucker, a step to the low
One too many drinks, now he's gettin a roll
So??? Tell them get this
It's JT, I'm a dog when I spit this

(CHORUS)

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