

Choppa, Hatin'

Hype/Money:

Man watchu watchu think about that Choppa cat brotha?

Man shit what the fuck is a aul anyway?

Aint nobody talked about the west bank in like ten years, you da first one

What tha fuck is a wild west biggidy anyway?

I wish somebody let me know, the nigga be talkin bout some crazy shit

What tha fuck he talkin bout he said his name like 300 times in one fuckin song, Choppa style Chop

All I know is his name, I know it real well, I dont even know his face

What the fuck is...

Choppa:

Just because I got me a deal, doesn't mean I gotta big head

Can't hook up wit my people and chill

Ima' rap til I'm blue in tha face, and keep my money and my fans

understand Ima' do what it takes, I never was fake

Everthang I'm spittin is real, I was hungry I was hustlin

So I'm gettin a deal, flippin my skills, flippin this deal

Whatever it takes I'll put a hater in tha dirt

and hit the verse thats waitin, ya i learned that from Kim

when they had tha streets blocked, they had tha heat that made you fade away

like a police squad, they even had little guns soundin like grease pops

and so much candy you would think it was sweet shops

Now I gone an done shows with Jigga, smoked with Juvey, hooked up wit Ja Rule

and felt some booty, had hoes claimin that they wanted to school me

I'm bout my money, not bout what them bitches out ta do me

cause I'm in this to win this, so gimme your mic

Ima spin this and send this and betchu you like, ya, Ima' break em off propa propa, man fuck tha nigga

Hype/Money:

Man tha nigga cant even rap, I heard his hypeman be writin tha songs

Then I go check out tha show, he slingin his winkey tha whole show

(bang bang) I dont wanna see his winky I wanna see what he's talkin bout.

Choppa:

Niggas goin off with a nigga and told ya

but I got 50 niggas who willin' ta show ya, I aint even talkin bout guns

lemme blow ya, I got niggas down from the Mararo to tha Magnolia

YA Now these niggas gettin line, like they had scholeosis

and I was bout ta fix they spine and I'll I do is spit these rhymes

I dont aim at tha bulls-eye, but I seem ta hit each time

and I heard that fake shit that you said in your soul

Let a nigga make money bitch leave me alone, all that hatin' and reppin' on Choppa Chop, can't ge

and you niggas keep on sayin I'm wack, but every time I see ya pops at tha corner he's always give

and I write my own rhymes, that's Juh Juh Juh Juh J-M-K.

Hype/Money/Choppa:

Maaan fuck Choppa basically he aint doin shit, he aint never gonna amount to shit, Uh Oh there he

Ima' real nigga you heard me, fuck Choppa(Wuz up man,wuz happnin')

Hey Choppa Choppa hey(Hey wuz happnin')I got that lil dance down,Choppa style Chop Chop Cho

Hey i get all the grab dog,T-shirt,album(Hey man you got that dog)

Even my grandma talkin bout you, Independant women holla, Ooow

(Alright Ima' holla at chu when I get of the stage alright man)

I'm your number one fan(When I get off tha stage, alright fo sho fo sho)

Little bitch ass nigga come up here talkin' ta me

tryin ta jack me off and shit, nigga I thought you were gonna sneak in there

Well I kinda like that song dog, You kinda like that song?

What tha type of nigga you is? I'm tha one that said he was a bitch ass nigga you went to agreein',

Awww man you was talkin bout' he was a ol' hoe ass nigga man whats wrong whitchu? You just ma