

Unlv, Boom Get Chopped

{talking}

I'm sick of it

Me to

Stop playin'

This here is for the

Tan shade man with the braid's

Stop playin' with me

I'm sick of it

Fake punk wanna be

Flip on this nine millimeter clip

{verse one: {yella boy}}

Now you know this not some sunburst drink's

I'm so deaf then the def. comedy jam

Open that clip, now clip up like I'm firm

I'm a super duper rap rapper

Steady makin' snappers

Hand's clapper, nigga my chopper got'cha

I'm on the first floor emergency

Bury me, mister I'm sick, I'm jump for joy

But quickly, in my disguise to finish the j-o-b

Ya see, I'm back on track, can ya get with that?

No, you's a hoe, you's a hoe mystikal!

I pack ya up like there's nothin' to be

Down like a street, steady re-loadin' my weapon

Like a brass knuckle, and my soldiers I mean shoes

I mentally retaliate, ya think ya slick

You not gonna bounce, you not gonna bow

Hoe you on my dick, but umm

I like the way you scream yellla!

'cause, you be sweatin' so hard you need three or four towels

I tried to shoot you in yo head, I wanted to see some

Bloody bread, somebody in the crowd said

Girl, that boy dead f**k him!

He was a cheerleader anyway

You could never play it off hoe, you was really gay

'cause you could break yo self but you can't break me

'cause I'm a real f**kin' lyricst with u.n.l.v.

With the flow umm, flower, you know what

>from the floor up, with the dirt rapper

I'm the dirty rap master, I'm comin' to chop ya!

With my knock you out style, that I practice

Like gymnastics', I'm a fantastic static phonetic

I'm out the attic, with the all black jacket

Bringin' much racket, snatch ya fagot

Worse then that standin' there I say

Hoe stop playin' with me!

'cause

Chorus:

We here stop him in his track's

Show him that I'm ruthless

Boom, get chopped!

We here to stop him in his track's

Got to get my motherf**kin' name

Boom get chopped!

{2x}

Verse two: { lil' ya }

How could bitches f**k with
Million dollar nigga's how ya figure?
It's all good for you to stroll through my hood
V.I. throw suspicious rock's at yo shit and
If they had k's they spray and leave you
Dead as a bitch! what type of nigga want's
To walk around here in braid's
What happened to the chuck's, levi's and the fad's
Swish blade in my pocket, when I see ya I'm a cut yo hair
No matter where, it's ugly you don't want to see
The capital y-a get into yo shit nigga dick sucker!
Whoa flippin' motherf**ker michael jackson pretendin'
You read for vision go suck a dick nigga
Reach around the whole third hit that ass
Picture me and you in a two man cell
You washin' nigga's draw's takin' my
Dick leanin' on the wall now mystikal you bitch you
Remember when you said you wasn't gonna bow
You disrespected the "u"

Chorus:{2x}

Third verse: {tec-9}

Criminal minded you been defined
As the fakest motherf**ker in the down south area
I think your goin' through a phaze
What made ya, turn around and talk shit
Your rhymes and you personally doesn't fit
Now wait a minute, remember that time
You got on soul train
You got the chance, and didn't even represent man
You faked the funk, actin' like a straight punk
Check it out, they thought you was like us
The motherf**ker siked up
Turned around, had a f**kin' glitter glove
Now, can you tell me what the nigga here
Was thinkin' of?
I'm here to stop you in yo track's
The shit you do, be wack I'm fat
Shit's spittin' I done all ready stacked
Tellin' me that the nation wide
But you know, that I know,
You don't want the whole nation to know
You's a hoe! f**k the piece treaty
You started this, where's my all black clothes and
My all black beanie, I play it pinnately style
Leavin' ya gutless, leavin' ya buttless
We put together the bomb alarm
Half this shit you can't touch this,
You best's to stick to jumpin' around
Have the area first down, 'cause I'm the hound and
You the clown, now wipe the sweet from my neck
'cause you ain't nothin' but a bitch

Chorus:{3x}