Choppers

Even Freaks Are Sweet

On the block we got them choppers
We got them choppers in the car, we got them choppers
We got them choppers at the club, we got them choppers
We got them choppers, ain't no love, we got them choppers
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Look chopper totin' is my occupation
Set my ground, I'm representing in this situation
Since I was young, it been all about paper chasing
It was a trauma for niggas that been player hatin'
I don't give a fuck, call it short, ten years I was facing
Bitch wanted B.G.z to get out but that ain't 'bout natin'
B.G., a livin' legend that represent the streets
T.V's is what I'm watching while I'm in my Mercedes Jeep
I don't check niggas then splittin' niggas
I'm thuggin' with Project Pat, we all rich niggas
Presidential Rolex wrapped around my wrist nigga
Nigga hope after the show, I'm fucking yo bitch nigga
Act like a nigga, Cash Money like to shine nigga
Pay attention 'cause we hypnotize yo mind nigga
About my cash, so I stay on the grind nigga
You wanna war, look I'm ready at all times nigga
'Bout mine nigga, get it right, get it right
What you say B.G.z, these niggas better
Get it right, everybody stay in line
Niggas totin' gats and breakin' backs
But in 98, we shine in 99
It's nigga time and I'm gone get mine
Niggas incausterated doing time shouting, "Fuck one time"
Got limo tents with Rolie's that gone line
Totin' two nine's shots from the front and behind
Let bitch niggas know they can't take mine
I'm using my mind 'cause I'm enhancing doing crime
And you gone hear it in all my rhymes
I'm moving bricks to set tricks making sure

Every hoe I fuck with, suck my dick
My baby momma could miss me with that bullshit
I want the money, a Rolex, a 99 Roles Royce Kaneice slick
Niggas bettin' shoutin' how you love that?
These other niggas keep stealin' but I don't understand that
Not fucking these hoes with Project Pat

Nigga tell me, how you love that?
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I'm yo dawg, Project Pat ghetto section A
Housing stomach pain, growling got me on the prowling
Streets got me wildin', backstabbers smilin'
Now I'm catchin' checks for some hundreds and thousands
I'm housing these bitches man, dope try to down me
Grew up in the hood, so you hoes better crown me
Get from 'round me, I'm a thug be beside me
(Out of state)
Wanna show love but they know they can't know they fake
When I touch ya dome won't be shit funny
Like Baby and B.G. I want that Cash Money
The fast money I'm addicted to this fast life
Just like a drunk I'm smoking crack out that glass pipe
Yo ass might as well try to jack yo momma
I never had shit to run up and catch troubles
A real nigga, ya step, ya die, see yo ass
Rather try crack before you try me
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