

# Bonus Track #2

## Kopaz

Come on - 14x

[Choppa]Now what's happ'n, what's crackalting fool on your end

What's happ'n, hustle up and buy you a Benz

Uh rock your ice, represent your shit

Man what's happ'n with you nigga, what's happ'n with you bitch

When you see me, you know I got at least a zone

And my shirt off, bulging like I'm Sly Stallone

Choppa puff mo' daddy than, Diddy gone

Throw a ice cream party, boogoo chicks in thongs

This the New No Limit, we ball to the end

Gotta send a shout out, to all my dogs in the penn

All my thugged out niggas, bout to spin em a bend

I done signed with Master P, now we in it to win

All my bottle gutter niggas, look raise your henn

Pour some liquor for your nigga, if he gone my friend

You know the streets getting wild, we keep the chrome within

You can't be hating on a tank, nigga what's wrong with them

[Hook]Nigga what's happ'n, nigga nigga what's happ'n

Nigga nigga what's happ'n

[Choppa]What's happ'n, what's the dizzle with you and yo block

And what's happ'n with your people, ahhh they making it hot

You got me feeling like a pit, I'm out here shake this spot

If them people pull up, is you gon take these rocks

Now when you see me, first of all you know this my grill

I don't gotta say nothin, just know that I'm real

And I been had paper, way before this deal

I'm stacking mill with the Colonel, how the fuck I feel

I feel blessed, dressed like a million bucks

In the P. Miller gear, hopping out the trucks

T.V.'s in front the rear, T.V. dizzled up

I'm a cocky built nigga, but the burner be tough

I'm a Dirty South (boy), a 504 Boy

Cuff your hoe (boy), cause the chick ain't no (oh boy)

I got the Tank in your city, and its crowded crowded

With them No Limit niggas, cause we bout it bout it

[Hook][Choppa]Now we some Down South Hustlas (hustlas)  
I represent Uptown to that Westbank, straight from the gutter  
Its No Limit now, so we touch them other niggas  
They hated on us any way, so fuck them other niggas  
Got word from suave, bout clutch the fucking triggas  
Waiting on the word from P, just to rush a fucking nigga  
I'm a No Limit (boy), and I'm hot with raps  
Seven figga deal, yes I signed for that  
Sticky green is what I feel, so I ride with that  
Even the feds hating on us, cause the lines be tapped  
But if you still want them oranges, and bananas  
We posted on the block, with 504 bandannas  
This the throwback tape, nigga I'm '97 hot  
Made moves with C, cause my ear to the block  
Kept my hand on a glock, the Tank is too hot  
Nigga we back up in this bitch, and yo we can't be stopped  
[Hook]Uh oh you did it, now you gon get it  
Uh oh you did it, now you gon get it  
Uh oh you did it, now you gon get it  
And lil pussy ass nigga, bet not step on my shoes  
When I walk wit it, gangsta walk wit it  
When I walk wit it, gangsta walk gangsta walk  
When I walk wit it, gangsta walk wit it  
When I walk wit it, gangsta walk gangsta walk  
Gangsta walk wit it

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