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, nigga nigga what's happ'n
Nigga nigga what's happ'n, nigga nigga what's happ'n
Nigga 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/