

Choppin Up That Paper

Do Or Die

Chorus: 1x

(val young)

Choppin up that paper(with you) I do it for you

You know you got me lovin you

Choppin up that paper(with you) I do

You got me love-in youuuuuu

Verse 1:

(ak)

Now first you gotta pimp wit me, but now you livin in that high-class luxury

No matter me, I'm a trustin g

Says shell never see , shell never tweak, now do you really really wanna ride

Wit me?

Now happy here and there ain't now love lost, fitty cars with these bumps

But you others always want some and tell me true or false

I know you got tight game, but your game been peeped too

Monkey see , monkey will do, feel me and I'll feel you

We can ride in the backseat drunk type all night

Sun up til the moonlight, true dat(true dat), baby but you knew dat

First you gotta understand(uh-huh) we makin pennys out of dollars

And boys out of grown men, from chi to texas to los angeles smokin canibus

Puffin phillys after phillys I got my homies in atlanta on a burner actin

Silly

Now lets pause back gettin back and when we call facts,

I'm not conceited, but I'm all that

You got the video of me and twista ridin in the benz/lac

But tell me can you fade back?

Still ridin in the c-a-Fd-i double l, double a-c always

Chorus 1x

Verse 2

(ak)

Women love my philosophy, for spittin somethin in the poetry

Point the finger if you know it's me, so flow when the lights on

Hittin notes in the mac song you can see me cause the mask gone

Dead wrong, if you think that i, am on the paper chase cause you seent that i

Kick it on the sundays at a party watchin bodies sippin hene spread your love

And show love and not pro-long

And for a minute I can get wit when I gone tax on your hips and thighs lips

And i

Seems better when we put her down in my dime hat, layin cool and g stacks

But remember when we packed, tennessee don't need that
But we back, nice hoe put her down exposed to, how many hoes you can go

Through

I ain't hatin cause she told you see I'm a boss player who can sit back and
Floss player, dime hat and a raw scale do you really wanna ride on the side
And chop it up later, you can sit back and ride wit me, take a puff, get high

Wit me

Still ridin in the c-a-d-i double l double a-c always

Chorus 1x

Verse 3:

(ak)

Now identify who it was that labeled me, systematic it's a habit, situation

When I'm such a real, bitch, a oozie, by jacouzie, puff a blunt I did,

So why you actin (?) we gettin crunk and did,

Run around givin g shot, party til the beat stop, divin in the pool and the
Rules, oh they all dead, choppin up the paper so we all rich, and take a puff
To the head til we all sick, but in the meanwhile, chrystille, now you lady

Wanna do it again

To an end, in a couple (?)

Less than jeeps then bentleys, vip and the whole 9

We in the back of a caddy wit the cold rhyme, never slippin, just dippin

Still ridin in the c-a-d-i double l , double a-c always

Chorus 2x

Fade out

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