

# Choppaz (Ft. D-Gotti, Noke D & D-Wreck)

## Big Moe

(D-Gotti talking)  
We Po'ed up, we showed up  
and we still rolling on choppas  
it ain't stoping know what im talking about  
it's D-goti, wreckshop to tha grave  
it's going down, mo-yo, feel this here baby(verse 1: D-Gotti)  
These blades are choppin'  
And these babes are boppin'  
Got a cup full of mud and my trunk is knockin'  
Felling my FUBU  
Hollering what it do  
Hitting circles throug the lot like im in a hula-hoop  
Who the crew that stang these streets like bees  
We the G's that be's and i'll flow from over seas  
Hold the trees big moe while I split the optimo  
In a wide body Benz-O going bout 4  
Oh, the ex-o just hit me where it hurt  
Im bout to jump down and flirt  
And get up some skirts  
Let the ice do the work  
Put us up in the dentist  
After we hit the lenards till they know who sent us  
You can fuck  
but your ass can't stay and drank drank  
Next morning we hooked up eating breakfast at the Frank's  
Doing the same thing we did the day before  
Choppin the sceene and knocking down bad hoe's(Chorus)  
Chop-pas  
Rolling in my candy red car  
Roling on Chop-pas  
Sippin a big daddy cup of barre  
Chop-pas  
I Gotta feel that Mo-yo  
Crawling through these city streets  
Sippin on a what straight 4  
And we rollin(Verse 2: Big M.O.E.)  
Down south, We rolling nation wide  
Popped up mo-yo foregin ride  
Put it down for that boy Po-yo

On the low low Im a young pro  
In this game I ain't lame  
Rolling down on chops  
Smoking on the Killer Mary Jane  
Coming down freestyle, playa buck wild  
Big M.O.E. is a throwed child  
Im a leave lean , stack my green  
Everytime you see the moe im on the codine  
Im out the damn tre, a playa don't play  
Bout to chop it up for them boys everyday  
Choppa's, rolling on those choppa's  
Cha-cha-pas(Chorus)(Verse 3: Noke-D)  
Chop Chop, When i hit the block  
I told you once before that the shit won't stop  
Wreckshop to the grave trunk pop make it say hey  
Hello hi hey how ya doing  
Put the screw in your deck Throw up yo set,  
And go on break your neck cause the 20 inches wet  
And I bet that if we sip three whole eights  
Pop 1,2 a piece these hoes gone hate, MAN!!!!(Verse 4: D-Wreck)  
Wreckshop baby so playa made  
Im a let the top down let the sun hit the braids  
Im a bleed these blocks till my heart beat stop  
Keep the streets on lock, cause the shit be hot  
D-Wreck tote glocks, cause we tote big knots  
Methazyne on the rocks till my belly pop  
So clean when we shop, my car never stop  
Candy gleam off the drop make your girl flip flop  
D-wrezay tell me how ya feel  
It's all about the scrill want a billon dollar deal  
Noke-Deazy tell me how do ya feel  
Some get it how they love it but we get it how we feel  
D-Wreck, Noke-D handle business the same  
We fuck hoes and sip 4's cause we running this thang  
Some thangs never change they remain the same  
P-A-T and E-S-G and M-O-E gone bang  
rolling(Chorus 2x)(Big M.O.E.)  
Chop chop-pas  
Coming down I'm a G  
Chop chop-pas  
Gotta feel that M-O-E  
Chop Chop-pas  
Mo-yo and the Noke-D  
D-Gotti rolling with Mo-yo  
D-Wreck let em know we aint no hoe

Rolling on Chop Chop-pas  
Breaking boys off in the south  
Rolling on Chop Chop-pas  
Drank syrup so I don't cough  
Chop Chop-pas  
It's Mo-yo a young G  
I gotta feel Barre Baby  
Wrecking these H-Town streets  
Rolling on yea(Verse 5: Big Moe)  
Chop chop chop chop chop  
I keep a glock cocked  
For the haters Knock knock  
I do the body roc make the ass end hop  
What's the damn deal Moe i'm for real  
Hold the microphone showing my naked skills  
Whats up Noke-D, Whats up Skip dog  
Out the south side Moe rolling Boss hog  
Boss hogging streets, Knocking down freaks  
Its Mo-yo stay riding my meat  
Ride Big Moe I never been a hoe  
Crawling down and you know a G  
Letting them boys what know  
Stay sipping drank  
Sippin my sealed out pint  
I'll beat that seal on a 4 man  
just in case im a roll with Pokey  
Sippin on P P-t  
All cause my partna big snoop  
Sippin on Drank Gal-lon  
Boys can't drank more than Moe  
Drank Baby  
Boys talking bout they the barre baby  
I've been saying this shit since long ago  
Out my momma womb I sipped a 4  
Its Big Moe, Mo-yo(Talking)  
Know what I'm saying  
Stay sipping

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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