

Make Em Mad (Ft. Choppa City Boyz)

B.G.

What? Yeah, what's up?
(What it do?)
It's the Chopper City Boyz
(Chop chop)
And we going to make the haters mad
(Make them mad)
LookNow if you out here getting cash, popping tags
Then gon' and make them mad
(Make them mad)
Make them mad
(Make them mad)And if you whipping something new
With some big old shoes when you be passing
Dog, then make them mad
(Make them mad)Make them mad, my nigga, make them mad
(Make them mad)
I come through in the Jag', switching lanes, throwing cash
(Make them mad)You know I make them mad, man, I got to make them mad
(Make them mad)
Them Chopper City Boyz in the game got them mad
(Got them mad)Yeah I pop collars, and I pop tags
I got that Bentley thing, shorty be pushing a Jag'
Nigga, I don't stunt with it, but I love to look good
Keep they mouth wide open when I come through the hoodYeah, I see him watching, I know he mad with me
But he know what's coming behind if he try to get me
I hit the club hard, then I hit the block
VL done copped something else
Girl, you know how I rockNow when I pull up on the set them doors go up on the whip
Them big old loin hards sit up under three or four bricks
Now that's a 745, my diamonds blue as Cantrell
I'm bumping "Everyday I'm Hustlin" and they sayI can tell, hell, I got to make them mad
And show my ass when I come through
I'm notorious like B.I. when it come to the hustle
And I'm serious like T.I. when I'm flexing my muscle
Busters do what you could, boy I do what I want doNow if you out here getting cash, popping tags
Then gon' and make them mad
(Make them mad)
Make them mad
(Make them mad)And if you whipping something new
With some big old shoes when you be passing

Dog, then make them mad
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I come through in the Jag', switching lanes, throwing cash
(Make them mad)You know I make them mad, man, I got to make them mad
(Make them mad)
Them Chopper City Boyz in the game got them mad
(Got them mad)Ain't no boys like them Chopper City Boyz
Because them Chopper City Boyz don't play
(Okay)
Soon as I crept up on the scene
(Clean)
Fellas looking jealous Jay, Gizzle, Hakizzle, Gar, VL bruh, then Ziggy and Lil Steppa
Fresh out the crib shit you know what it is
I make them move like Ludacris
Then soon as I pull up, big truck, I ruin it I'm doing it, pursuing it, wrist blue as a crowd
Haters can lose it but I'm foolish ain't no cooling me down It's your whip, your chick, your money, your house
You know it, I got it, I ain't scared to show it
(Yeah)
Whip sanction
(Uh)Roll the carpet
(That's right)
Chopper City trying to see a diamond market
(Believe it)
Ride in that Jag' expensive fare, we floss it
(Yeah)Slide out that slipper, if I get it we tossing
(Kizzle huh)
It's H-A-Kizzle, if the rain don't drizzle
And you know I be the sizzle, hot as a six shooter pistol Now if you out here getting cash, popping tags
Then gon' and make them mad
(Make them mad)
Make them mad
(Make them mad)And if you whipping something new
With some big old shoes when you be passing
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Them Chopper City Boyz in the game got them mad
(Got them mad)Look, I'm on top and they hate it, niggas made because I made it
It's a award for real niggas, I know I'm nominated
I'm sick of judges faces, constantly catching cases
I whip it in trial every time, I ain't taking probation I'm in another world, man, I stay in that zone

I done proved to the world, that I can hold my own
Now I'm back with my homies, and we ready for war
Y'all ain't ready for Snipe, Mike, Kizzle, and GarI'm in the backfield, playing the sideline
In case I got to catch a nigga from the blindside
I got more ice than you got songs in your iPod
Triple black S550, that's how I rideOh, you thought it was funny? Critics was full of doubt
You see how important Chopper City is to the south
I catch Wayne or Baby I might put a Glock in they mouth
Stop being mad because your time on the clock done run outNow if you out here getting cash, popping tags
Then gon' and make them mad
(Make them mad)
Make them mad
(Make them mad)And if you whipping something new
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Songwriters

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