

Clips And Choppers (Prod. By B Real)

Lil Boosie

It's Choppa city in my neighborhood (south baton rouge Nigga, What!)4's Up 4's Down
Long clips and choppas, in this hood whea they don't give a damn...from the top tah da bottom..Its choppa city
in da ghetto, yea we on dat lever, flippin and turnin I hope you niggaz bout whateva,
50 100 mane we'll send you to the devil, I work this bitch like donkey or last level,
every block gotta choppa or two to clear da whole set,
dont give a fuck when its time to bust from the top thr da bottom dey on give a fuck,
nigga get them choppaz out the closet and come and hit cha up extended clips rip a hole in yo fuckin stomache
when the war over with thats when they really comin,
so I take my fuckin money and I buy em all, cuz my niggaz be in beef summer, winter, spring, and fall,
its iraq in the hood, aint really no stacks in da hood, they puttin choppaz in ya face up in south baton rouge,
cut the barrel make it short, dats that track shit catch ya at da red light, smashin!Remember tryna snatch a purse
in that south,
now im slangin choppas wit a hundred round burst in that south I aint got no scared aim I aint shootin through
no car,

I do walk ups and stand offs put barrels in yo mouth, for my boulevard niggaz,
DB and dane, still send the money for us for real I neva change motherfuck weak fans it's a Uptown thang,
I fuck wit cane and ima die behind this lane, you niggaz aint no killas you niggaz shootin in the air,
and since Ben gone I'll neva play fair catch a nigga broad day, no mask,
I'm bare like fuck a rap for real bitch come take this bloodbath.
Say fool, on the real I fuck wit you, but fuck them other niggaz that aint nothin like they do,
they don't throw em like we throw em they don't bone like we bone it's a Uptown thang so they find they cant
cope.

Long clips and choppas in this hood where they don't give a damn.
From the top to the bottom, 2009 mane these niggaz aint playin.
Long clips and choppas...choppas...choppas...choppas...choppas...
from the tops to the bottom, 2009 mane these niggaz aint playin.

Got my first choppa for a bill 50 (mane!!) mane I wish that bitch was still wit me.
As a juvenile hid it by the club got at some pussy niggaz and fell in love with that yacht.
2 liter two 23's protect my household, my la familia fuck with them, bitch ima kill you.
Choppas on deck dog you aint gotta respect a real nigga no way cuz u cant when ya head off.
I told these niggaz now its time for me to show these niggaz, jump out wit 4 of dem bitches a nigga know its
crystal.

That's how da game go, every nigga come up dead they come and get me,
these niggaz snitchin (niggaz telin) real talk I know some niggaz on that real walk,
and go the bound who gon' clown when they touch down.

That's how it is tho, this nigga dead, that nigga dead get out my hood if ya scared!
Long clips and choppas in this hood where they don't give a damn.
From the top to the bottom, 2009 mane these niggaz aint playin.
Long clips and choppas...choppas...choppas...choppas...choppas...

from the tops to the bottom, 2009 mane these niggaz aint playin.

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>