Young Gunz

Choclair

Uh...umm-umm
Yeah
Breath on this one right here...ri-right here
Breath on itVerse 1: [Choclair]
Now you can either try to join us or run from us,
but don't dispute it
Choclair gon' leave your brain scarred
The situation's hard
These niggas who be hating and dissing,
but now I'm paid, now they looking for jobs
I don't give a fuck of what you saw back in 9-5
All things that I say, despite your long eyes
Were all wise, leave you in awe like God rise
All words that I say, All get! All kinds!
And break all spines, and why wouldn't
Cause when these peoples ask who diss, I be like "I did it"
So many niggas be dissing us niggas
But when these niggas confront 'em,
up in their face that they be afraid to admit it
I slap 'em in the face and make, every rhyme spitted
You heard this kid, roll with me, glide with me
Take my hand, come slide with me
Do you think you roll with Chocs and Bleek
(What the fuck y'all thinking)
So don't be bringing your shit round here
My advice to you is get your ass back
Before it get slapped, turned out, and pushed back
Choclair put the T-dot-O up on the map, bi-otchChorus:
[M. Bleek]- Do you ever wanna see a nigga ball at the top
Wanna see a nigga fall, get it on with the cops
I ain't changed, I still keep raw on the block
Nigga hate me, I ain't never gon' stop
[Choclair]- They don't ever wanna see a nigga ball at the top
Wanna see a nigga fall, get it on with the cops
I ain't changed, I still keep raw on the block
Nigga hate me, I ain't never gon' stop
Verse 2: [Memphis Bleek]
Yo, you see the Memph man laid up, paid up
Instead you wanna see a nigga sprayed up

Only use the waste up
And I still bust off nuts, with a numb dick straight up
Fuck y'all nigga wanna do, Huh duke
I know thug niggas creep with a gun duke
Me too, except, I got one in the hand for the jump off
Niggas still ain't learned the ledge, nigga jump off
It's real here, playa, you know what the deal here
Niggas in wheelchairs won't sit still here
Battery pack cats, get their cavity cracked black
In fact, I still ain't stop pointing the mack
At y'all niggas who hate me, don't mistake me
Nigga, the money ain't create Bleek
When I sold trays, in hallways, and had braids
Rob niggas, stomp niggas, for my P-JsChorus:Verse 3: [Choclair]
Standing 6-foot-1, dark skin, smooth brother
Knee deep, up in your women, circle,
be my brothers underground in the gutters
Submerged under the nonsense
Those happy childs fronting with that coke-and-smile walk
Really big dick style, could stick your girl, make her smile
Listen in, niggas say they gonna fuck me up now
Need to understand paranormal land expands
People catching cock stand, when I touch mic stands
Even woolen hand strands, best believe I got lyrics up the sleeve
Little brother from the Bridgemont-C
People looking for a gig, your star's fading
I say step to the side when young guns blazingChorus: [Repeat 2 times]

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