

Boom Get Chopped

U.N.L.V.

{talking}
I'm sick of it
Me to
Stop playin'
This here is for the
Tan shade man with the braid's
Stop playin' with me
I'm sick of it
Fake punk wanna be
Flip on this nine millimeter clip {verse one: {yella boy} Now you know this not some sunburst drink's
I'm so deaf then the def. comedy jam
Open that clip, now clip up like I'm firm
I'm a super duper rap rapper
Steady makin' snappers
Hand's clapper, nigga my chopper got'cha
I'm on the first floor emergency
Bury me, mister I'm sick, I'm jump for joy
But quickly, in my disguise to finish the j-o-b
Ya see, I'm back on track, can ya get with that?
No, you's a hoe, you's a hoe mystikal!
I pack ya up like there's nothin' to be
Down like a street, steady re-loadin' my weapon
Like a brass knuckle, and my soldiers I mean shoes
I mentally retaliate, ya think ya slick
You not gonna bounce, you not gonna bow
Hoe you on my dick, but umm
I like the way you scream yellllla!
'cause, you be sweatin' so hard you need three or four towels
I tried to shoot you in yo head, I wanted to see some
Bloody bread, somebody in the crowd said
Girl, that boy dead fuck him!
He was a cheerleader anyway
You could never play it off hoe, you was really gay
'cause you could break yo self but you can't break me
'cause I'm a real fuckin' lyricst with u.n.l.v.
With the flow umm, flower, you know what
>from the floor up, with the dirt rapper
I'm the dirty rap master, I'm comin' to chop ya!
With my knock you out style, that I practice

Like gymnastics', I'm a fantastic static phonetic
 I'm out the attic, with the all black jacket
 Bringin' much racket, snatch ya fagot
 Worse then that standin' there I say
 Hoe stop playin' with me!
 'causeChorus:We here stop him in his track's
 Show him that I'm ruthless
 Boom, get chopped!
 We here to stop him in his track's
 Got to get my motherfuckin' name
 Boom get chopped!
 {2x}Verse two: { lil' ya}How could bitches fuck with
 Million dollar nigga's how ya figure?
 It's all good for you to stroll through my hood
 V.l. throw suspicious rock's at yo shit and
 If they had k's they spray and leave you
 Dead as a bitch! what type of nigga want's
 To walk around here in braid's
 What happened to the chuck's, levi's and the fad's
 Swish blade in my pocket, when I see ya I'm a cut yo hair
 No matter where, it's ugly you don't want to see
 The capital y-a get into yo shit nigga dick sucker!
 Whoa flippin' motherfucker michael jackson pretendin'
 You read for vision go suck a dick nigga
 Reach around the whole third hit that ass
 Picture me and you in a two man cell
 You washin' nigga's draw's takin' my
 Dick leanin' on the wall now mystikal you bitch you
 Remember when you said you wasn't gonna bow
 You disrespected the "u"Chorus:{2x}Third verse: {tec-9}Criminal minded you been defined
 As the fakest motherfucker in the down south area
 I think your goin' through a phaze
 What made ya, turn around and talk shit
 Your rhymes and you personally doesn't fit
 Now wait a minute, remember that time
 You got on soul train
 You got the chance, and didn't even represent man
 You faked the funk, actin' like a straight punk
 Check it out, they thought you was like us
 The motherfucker siked up
 Turned around, had a fuckin' glitter glove
 Now, can you tell me what the nigga here
 Was thinkin' of?
 I'm here to stop you in yo track's
 The shit you do, be wack I'm fat

Shit's spittin' I done all ready stacked
Tellin' me that the nation wide
But you know, that I know,
You don't want the whole nation to know
You's a hoe! fuck the piece treaty
You started this, where's my all black clothes and
My all black beanie, I play it pinnately style
Leavin' ya gutless, leavin' ya buttless
We put together the bomb alarm
Half this shit you can't touch this,
You best's to stick to jumpin' around
Have the area first down, 'cause I'm the hound and
You the clown, now wipe the sweet from my neck
'cause you ain't nothin' but a bitch

Chorus: {3x}

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