Chopper (feat. Maxo Kream)

Fredo Santana

[Hook: Fredo Santana]
Got this chopper with me, I can barely walk
All these shooters with me, I ain't gotta talk
Certified in the streets, I'm a fucking boss
And all it take is one day to get you fuckin' off
My lil' bitch with me, call her Kate Moss
Pass her to the squad, like they Randy Moss
All I do is win, shit I can't take a loss
And if he want beef, you gon' be outlined in chalk
[Verse 1]
Pull up to his crib, shit we like six deep
Pull up to his crib, shit we're like six he
Why you had me to creep, I thought you wanted beef
They wanna pull up to your crib, want to keep it in the street
These niggas super clown, man they so industry
I'm so super trap, boy I'm so in the streets
Turn the eight barber to a quarter ki
Hustlin' all night, Fredo don't sleep
Say he want five, meet me outside
Right on the side, on the side of Popeye's
'Nother play for three man, yeah they hit my line
Ten by my line, say the parked by five guys[Hook: Fredo Santana]
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Man see niggas goofy talkin'
Chopper got me stupid walkin'
Codeine got me never coughin'
Fuck his wife, we shoot the coffin
These rap niggas scared, they play dead 'fore they play with us
Mixin' up the walk with the red and the yellow tuss
Blue flag, toe tag, half thangs, whole bags
Nickel rock, whole slab
Hide your shots, thirty mag

Plug threw me work, but this nigga better learn
Every time he front Maxo, get his stupid ass burned
Stain ass nigga hit my phone, say he need ten pounds
That nigga there a clown, bring the circus to his town
Same lame rappers takin' pictures with them thangs
Same lame rappers gettin' robbed for their chains, Maxo![Hook: Fredo Santana]
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