

# Choppin' Blades

## Mike Will Made-It

Boys kickin' back, layin' in the shade  
Ain't nobody trippin' 'cause the money already made  
Boys kickin' back, layin' in the shade  
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Boys kickin' back, layin' in the shade  
Ain't nobody trippin' 'cause the money already made  
90s was for jackin', 2000 for the ballers  
The drop top Jag or the candy red Impala  
Sellin' big cheese, keep pushin', my nigga  
Polo horses on my bed-fuck Hilfiga  
I'm Pimp C bitch, in the ghetto, I'm a star  
I made this for the niggas tryin' ta chop in they cars  
I made this for the niggas tryin' ta chop in  
I made this for the niggas tryin' ta chop in they cars  
Could I, would I, should I break 'em?  
Uh, I wanna chop blades  
Could I, would I, should I break 'em?  
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Could I, would I, should I break 'em?  
Uh, I wanna chop blades  
Could I, would I, should I break 'em?  
Uh, I wanna chop blades  
Now, when I turn my knock up, and bangin' yo' block up  
Without pickin' my Glock up, I'm raisin' my stock up  
I got haters on lock-up boy, they slangin' rock up  
And bangin' Makaveli 7, crankin' my 'Pac up  
Now, ain't no stoppin' when the tops start droppin'  
Hearin' Fat Pat rappin', your hat back capin'  
Now, ain't no stoppin' when the tops start droppin'  
Hearin' Fat Pat rappin', your hat back capin'  
Now, ain't no stoppin' when the tops start droppin'  
Hearin' Fat Pat rappin', your hat back capin'  
In a black 'Lac mackin' wit' a bop in a fade  
Boy, we fat stack packin', steady choppin' on blades  
Could I, would I, should I break 'em?  
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It's time to hit the slab, Benz sittin' low  
I'm puffin' on the 'dro, I got the pistol in the do'  
I pulled up in my ride, these hoes lookin' hot  
If she get up on my leatha, then her panties gon' drop  
I just can't stop bleedin' my block  
Got some prime cut cock, I mean some private ass stock  
I just can't stop bleedin' my block  
Got some prime cut cock, I mean some private ass stock  
I just can't stop bleedin' my block  
Got some prime cut cock, I mean some private ass stock  
They put it in they mouth and never say, "No"  
Some nut suckin' hoes, I mean some dick suckin' pros  
That like to get exposed, and play with they nose  
And bend they pussy over, for my nigga, and touch they toes  
She do that shit for daddy, but them tricks gotta pay  
Just like E 40 Pimpin' in a major way  
It's all for the money, she tryin' ta stay paid  
Steady breakin' niggas on them shiny ass thangs  
It's all for the money, she tryin' ta stay paid  
Steady breakin' niggas on them shiny ass thangs  
It's all for the money, she tryin' ta stay paid  
Steady breakin' niggas on them shiny ass thangs  
I'm deep up in the street, I'm tryin' to fill my nuts  
And later on I'ma try to skeet it on her butt  
Could I, would I, should I break 'em?  
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Uh, I wanna chop blades  
Say, nigga, I keeps my rims clean  
Shiny thru a [Incomprehensible] scene  
Got yo' bitch wetter than the captain of the swim team  
Steppin' out the Caddy, bitch, I'm fresher than Dentyne  
Slicker than Crisco, sweeter than Nabisco  
From Philly to 'Frisco where the Don be a Sisqo  
You better get some blades if you still ridin' this ho  
Boys puttin' Swangers on Benzes, it gotta stop  
If you fittin' ta ride foreign, then, nigga, you gotta chop  
And Southern niggas still got the nerve to ride D's

I ain't hatin' on Daytons, but it's 2000, nigga please  
It's all about the candy paint, it's all about the Vogues  
It's all about the slab, baby, it's all about the hoes  
Got some cars and some pros some real and some fraud  
Hated on by a nigga, hated on by a broad  
So long as J's sell, and them boppin' hoes slut  
I'll be ridin' chromin' blades, steady choppin' hoes up  
Could I, would I, should I break 'em?  
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Could I, would I, should I break 'em?  
Uh, I wanna chop blades  
Yeah, dedicated to boys choppin' on chromin' thangs  
Damn blades, know what I'm sayin'?  
Boys choppin' in the [Incomprehensible]  
Choppin' in that 4th  
Choppin' in the 5th  
Acres Home

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