Choppaz n' Gunz

Boosie Badazz

Nigga snatched from your house
Cut you on the couch
Nigga you don't know my people
Went to war with like 14 people
Drink Codeine like it's legal
Manny Fresh in the cut all turned up
Used to tell my homeboy slow down
He laughed at me clutchin' on the four pound
Nigga bust his head 'fore I came home
Me and Five Gang in the Regal
Goin' to get back at the busters
I told Fat fall back with the jack heads
'Fore I came home, nigga dusted
Now they do it on them buses
Come and get you like buster
All my side women know
Do I still roll with Buster?
I don't lay down, play around with no nigga
Track life boss made, I'm a go getter
Still real, still solid, no ho nigga
You ain't just heard what happened to them ho niggas?
Everybody gettin' shot, niggas gettin' stopped
Mommas really outchea losin' they sons
Might as well keep it real with them young niggas
Might as well tell 'em get gunsChoppers and guns, choppers and guns
Chop-chop-chop-choppers and guns
Choppers and guns, choppers and guns
Choppers and guns, choppers and guns
Oh shit man, here we go with them choppers and guns
Choppers and guns, choppers and guns
Hope you got choppers and gunsNiggas gettin' smoked at the Exxon
'Fore I leave the house, grab the teflon
I look at my nigga, you outta here
Don't make me say what year was our year
Nigga lookin' for you, they don't ride 'round
Fuck a four boy, I got a five pound
Chief Keef with the sweep, shit get deeper
Track like Chi-Town
Nine shots, ten shots, we can get down

You can stand up bitch but you gon' sit down
You can man up bitch and you get miss 'round
But we and-1 niggas and commit fouls
Niggas out the road 'cause these niggas rat
Shoulda got him when you seen his name up in black
Lil Ria gunned gunned down for a pint
Juice wasn't even no ActChoppers and guns, choppers and guns
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Heard he own a body in the cape
He looked at me "Unc I'm a G though"
This was when he was like three though
To-Lu, they come for his kilos
But he got a bag of them squirllers
A bag of money and a big ass heart
It's 'bout to be capital murder
They swing and they whack you on purpose
They walk by your house like they turtles
You see 'em, you run, you jump hurdles
You left it at home now you murdered
How the fuck I'm supposed to tell lil daddy chill out when the nigga 'round tryna kill him
They killed his lil cousin and Slim
These boys play above the rimChoppers and guns, choppers and guns
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