Gettin' Money

D.I.P.

[Chorus]We gettin' money whoadie, And you can trust that
The New No Limit comin' through, Ya betta move back
If ya fuckin' with us, Then we gone buck back
We let ya'll have it for a minute, Now we want it back
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[Currency]These niggas know I'm heavy with the cash flow
Cause I'm a CL driver, You still ridin' in ya baby momma's Rav-4
Currency straight, You just a light weight asshole
I'm in Houston watchin' the Yankees play the Astros
You niggas know I'm a baller
You can see me in the Yellow Lamborgini with my name on the spoiler
Doin' doughnuts on the cops, Tell'em talk to my laywer
Ya old lady mad at me, Wanna know why I dont call her
Heh, I keep chrome on my whip, Chrome on my waist
Come with that bullshit, See what you'll get, A hole in ya face
My niggas pull quick, Plenty of clips, Bullets to waist
Give me the toughest judge, I bet they'll still throw out the case
And the kid aint frontin'
Cause I been workin' with money since Nintendo controllers came with 2 buttons
Now these haters wanna stick me, (Why)
Cause I rock so much ice if it melts it'll drown the whole city
Yea
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[Choppa]They call me Choppa Choppa, Lord have mercy
Aint No Limit, Now I'm fuckin' with Percy
Niggas play we merk them
Betta yet we burry them
They gone need 6 niggas ?? to carry'em

Marchin' like a soldier, And I know ya'll know
That I aint from ATL, But I'll throw ya'll bows
Hop-scotchin' in the street with bout 20 hoes
And I'm attracting all the attention on them 24's
I'm Choppa, And I know you heard about
I'm comin' from the West Bank of that Dirty South
When we walkin' through the club they like I know those niggas
You know that Choppa and Currecny are some hoe go gettas
Ya know that nigga, Well show that nigga
My money runnin' like Walter Payton, So call me a throwback nigga
And I always gone rock shows, Hoes always gone jock
So fuck a nigga who be hatin' on Chop
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