

# Bonus Track #1

## Choppa

[Choppa]While you walking I'm running, while you shooting I'm chopping  
Got me confused with them dudes, but who is you to be knocking  
Now I be marching like a soldier, and my army right behind me  
On that Westbank is where a nigga, might find me  
Fucking with me boy, you gon get your ish-a  
I represent from the heights, all the way to the pitcher  
And I'm all about a dolla dolla, nobody hotta hotta  
I can pull a Prada model, t-shirt holla wobble wobble  
We in the club pop a bottle, at the bar  
Tell your girl stop tripping, she could holla at a star  
Hypnotic in the car, is all I need to get mean  
We could mix it with henny, and we turning it green  
Like one say, left to the right right, to the left left, to the right  
Let me see you bounce with me, East to the West  
North to the South, back to the house, come blow a ounce with me  
[Hook - 2x]All my soldiers with me (yeah)  
All my whodis with me (yeah)  
If you hustle hard for a nigga praying (yeah)  
My soldieretts with me (yeah)  
My independent women (yeah)  
Them hoes hatin' cause you looking good (hell yeah)  
[Choppa]Everybody throw your dranks up, soldiers throw your tanks up  
Hit the flo', wild out, everybody drink something  
Its your set, throw it up, show me where the fuck you from  
What you drinking mix it with this, hit this weed and have some fun  
Girls got they butts up, y'all know what's up  
We drinking this straight out the bottle, whodi put them cups up  
I'm from the home of the Queen, that they call Anna  
I come to represent New Orleans, Louisiana  
  
[Master P]The New No Limit guerillas, we gon ride to get scrilla  
I'm a soldier till I die, and real niggas gon feel us  
I put that heat on your ass, nigga play and get bagged  
Uptown, thugged out, t-shirts and du-rags  
On the block where you find me, my niggas right behind me  
Third Ward Calliope projects, we on the grind G  
My bottle slang chrome, nigga tats on arms  
We gon wild out till, C-Murder come home  
[Hook][Curren\$y]Pull up in a big truck, on a set of twenty three's

Twenty G's cash, in the pocket to my P. Miller jeans  
Playa hataz mad, they wish they could rid of me  
I'm always on the radio, I'm always on the t.v. screens  
Now am I bout it huh, whodi I'm bout it bout it  
Hop out the limo, watch the women form a crowd around it  
I keep the burner with me, never on the streets without it  
I put you in the papers, let your family read about it  
I'm going hard in the streets, and I own my own crib  
You'll never see a landlord, round me  
T-R-U nigga, you could ask my dog C  
And my money hell-a-long, cause I just got a check from P  
Huh bitches to Hot Spitter, you fuck around if you want  
And watch how quick a nigga, send you to the hospital  
Stick this baretta to your braids, me and my soldiers  
Sticking together like Franky Beverly and me  
[Hook - 2x]

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