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 hatas 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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