# The Chopper (feat. Jon Connor & Ranson)

## Statik Selektah

I got a vendetta, who make hits? My hands better
The flow is money like I wet up the bank teller
The tattle tellers tell us we lock it, that's being modest
Cause I'm a motherfucker, your momma is in to bondage
I promise I bomb it, drunk with power, this Gin and Tonic
Where I'm from niggas'll have you singing like Harry Connick
So fake thug shit and that drug shit, homie, stop it
I'm from where niggas get popped and hold that dope in the sockets
This real shit we deal with and ignorance
There is an illness no pill could heal, nigga feel this
What can you tell us? We see death up out the window
Our friends go just as fast as the wind blows
We wishing we could be as happy as the Winslows
The pain of my kinfolks in every pen stroke
Fly, fly, fly, fly city
And I'mma hold it down til God come and get me
Look, this for the people who think it's easy enough
They say pound the pavement, shit, we beating it up
Get robbed for bread cause niggas ain't eating enough
In the club deep as the fuck every weekend heating it up
I could tell you what the news like
Niggas you knew on the tube the past two nights
Here there ain't no such thing as do right, just move right
Cause half the niggas in the hood got two strikes
Play your position, overpopulated with liquor stores
The liquor pours to a drunk mind that think "what am I living for?"
You drowning by the conditions that we are surrounded by
The shit that we hate is the shit that we bounded by
See true beef is when somebody stop breathing
Not the shit rappers do, I mean really, somebody leave it
My neighborhood it be safer to pack a vest
Unless you think your momma look good in that black dress
This Connor
Lyrically I cause a holocaust when bottles toss, it's Molotovs
Mob hits, niggas is screaming "he shot the boss"
While I'm drunk as hell laughing, stumbling out the court
They dumping them by the park, that's something I'm not involved
The sweet sounds of the street serenade for lack of a better phrase
It's sour so we're asking for better days

The power of the black that was led astray
Blasting the lead away, cemetaries packing the dead away
The mind of a lost soldier before closure
My poor shoulders carry the weight of four boulders
Life's kinda rocky like Sly before Cobra
So call Oprah, take a piss on that whore's sofa
Everybody's balling, but Ran won't cross over
The more money, the more snakes, the more vultures
They talk funny, they all fakes, I'm all focused
My prognosis is high doses, hitting them up like Pac wrote this
These cockroaches scurry around when the lights off
I give 'em a thriller as soon as the mic's on
Tyson, [?] tattoos cover his pythons
Icon, a seat on the throne, that's what's my sight's on
Controlling the heat, they say I'm like 'Bron
But I ignite bombs, verbal abortion, serving 'em portions
Of death, ain't no rest in peace sleep, turn in your coffin
And I was turned to an orphan, I don't pay a preacher
Fuck religion, I go into your church and burn up the offerings
Motherfuckers, so what you offering?
I only talk money, my nigga, so what you talking?
See one time so I hold my gun
A drunk mind speaks a sober tongue so you supposed to run
Exerminator with a hard drive of
Plans to save the game, but never return the data
I'm gone
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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