

# Brand New Choppa

Hustle Gang

I'm fire nigga got that purp'  
Nigga hatin' on me no worr  
I'm in that bitch I skrrrr! No fuck nigga round my circle  
Get money nigga thats for certain  
These niggas ain't bout that work  
I'm talkin' brand new choppas (Straight up)  
45 on the brand new choppas (Dewt! Dewt! Dewt! Dewt!)  
Yeah my niggas off that chain with the choppas  
Yeah I'm talkin' brand new choppas (Straight Up)

Hey, I got 1000 grams of that white shit  
6,000 pounds of that kush nigga  
A thousand handguns extended clip  
But if it come to it we at war nigga  
And why you motherfuckers so mad at me  
It seem like you would be glad for me  
Go 'head & talk tall  
You ain't scared a me?  
You cross me shit gon' end tragically  
In my ferrari I'm flyin'  
I'm usually hot  
Get my dick suck by a cutie pie  
You sayin I ain't been the shit since junior high  
You ain't got a truth in ya, nigga you's a lie  
They said it's all fun & games till the tools is out  
Fuck you, what you gon' do about it?  
You know I click clack bang bang shoot a nigga down  
No one else knew about it  
Hoppin' all in my G4  
Grand Hustle Gang wherever we go  
We off the chain you on a leash tho'  
Goddamn it must suck to be broke

Hittin' blunts to the face rest in peace  
Pop a pill & Ciroc you'll forget your enemies  
21 on that red, 9 on the drunk laps  
Niggas Lyin' come & see  
Come & get high jump your ass inside  
Go and blow that dough tell your ass don't choke  
I feel it now, now I want some more  
I overdose, I overdose, we overdose, we overdose  
Now, I need it now, (whoo) I need her  
Swear to god, oh god I need it now  
Michael Jacksons back son beat it now  
Oh my god, I'm terrified

(yeah, head up, Booke)  
Nah, Forreal  
Ya'll pussy niggas ain't having any money in the box, forreal  
Nah, Forreal  
Choppas so big make em niggas say, "Ya'll Forreal?"  
Nah, Forreal  
And I'll stand on your ass on this bull, Call it Pharrel  
Nah, Forreal  
You can't take me perform like AC, ya'll chill