

(June, you're a genius)
Frirt
{I Showed You So}
{DJ Drama}

Chopstick, Benihana
Main a ten, been a hundred
PSD, lot of trauma
Angel wings, sad mamas
(Chopstick, Taliban (Woo))
(Chinese plug, Mandarin)
(Lie to me once, nigga, you lost trust, you had a chance)
In the hood, we don't call 'em AKs, boy, we call 'em chopsticks
In the hood, we don't call 'em AKs, boy, we call 'em chopsticks
(In the hood, we don't call 'em AKs, boy, we call 'em chopsticks)
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Rose Patek, leather band
'Member my first thousand grams
They was taxin' twenty-four, now I'm payin' Uncle Sam
Street nigga, different bracket
Twenty mill' paid in taxes
Tryna get a B, fuck a hundred mill', so I can't be relaxin'
Malibu, Nobu, chauffeur, but them chopsticks on me
SoHo been me, CEO, but that street shit in me
Break it down, bag it up
Money counter, add it up
Twenty year run, but I ain't had enough
Them pussy niggas still mad at us
Yeah, and we don't call 'em AKs, they chopsticks
Home of the triple cross, we call that a plot twist
This rap shit saved me
Weed plug Asian
Gotti, you ridin' in a Cullinan with a Drac', boy, you crazy

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Eighty-three thousand for the new teeth got a nigga smiling
Check the bitch car fast 'cause a lot of hoes got mileage
The DEA must've brought a skillet 'cause the judge want to fry me
I put that shit on every day, so RIP my stylist
Mama said that money startin' to odor, boy, it's smellin' (Ayy)
And I know I'm walkin' proof you can't make money as a felon (Nah)
They selfish
Niggas I looked up to, now they jealous (What?)
Chopstick hit your spine and your pelvis (Oh, fah, fah, fah)
High school, I was poppin', I would never walk to school

Got the chopstick in my bookbag, I ain't talkin' 'bout no food
Paper in my bookbag too, I'm lookin' for space (Rich Homie)
I'm at that restaurant in Buckhead where they cook it in your face

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rizzilz)

Chopsticks
{In the hood, they call me Chef Boyardram}
Chopsticks
{You niggas lookin' a lil' sweet and sour over there}
{Chopsticks}
{Chopsticks}
(Don't get mad)