

Mandarin

DJ Drama

(June, you're a genius)

Frrt

{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)

(In the hood, we don't call 'em AKs, boy, we call 'em chopsticks)

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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{In the hood, we don't call 'em AKs, boy, we call 'em} chopsticks (Gangsta G 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)