

# Chops Out

Drakeo The Ruler

(Enrgy made this one)

First off, put a drum on it  
Terrorize these niggas, I came in with Big Pun on me  
Clip long as phone numbers  
They ain't know nothing  
Wait, what this nigga say? Start the song over  
Six pallbearers  
In loving memory in bold letters, dumbass  
It's two and one on the scoreboard, ain't no run back  
I bet he couldn't dodge these shells in that Demon  
Swiss cheese, heard somebody yell "Jesus"  
But they can't hear you  
Jumpman, everybody wearing mics up in your pictures  
Rats is facts, I'm finna put this cheese on you  
High beams on the 40, white tees looking bloody  
Pussy nigga shouldn't have eyed me while we clubbin'

Chops out, mops out, shut his block down  
It's a lot of opps out, but they ain't know nothing  
See this switch on this Glock? I paid four-hundred (Tuh)  
Chops out, mops out, it's a lot of opps out (Tuh, nigga)  
But they ain't know nothing

On gang and them, they ain't know nothing  
Big 40 bulging, got titties, you'll get the whole hundred  
Good perky meat is all I got, I ain't with no loving  
Your bitch ass'll get popped, don't be doing no mugging  
It's a whole lot of old niggas hating, a bunch of Joe Buddens  
I was in the trenches, your bitch ass wasn't doing no thugging  
I'm handing chops and mops out to all my pole busters  
He on the 'Gram with a fake Glock, he's a ghostbuster  
I'm selling pills at his spot, I'm a toe crusher  
StinCs got our own chains and whips, don't need no loners  
Your bum ass gon' stay broke 'cause you's a prolonger  
I was about to nut but she give me a band and said go longer

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I (I), will not leave my gun with yo' shooter  
Dope boy I know for a fact that I'll shoot ya  
I'm tryna flee off the scene with a cougar  
Strapped just like Drakeo attached to the ruler  
Quarantine over, niggas still ain't outside  
Niggas killed your mans and you still ain't out slidin'  
GSR test pissing on my hands quietly  
If you need a pill then hit a lick, don't slide with me  
Yeah, no doubt, tell the judge I'm a fiend just to get it thrown out  
I'll Jazzy Jeff a nigga and kick his ho out  
Off the hipper like a stripper when I pull the pole out, mm  
She say I'm smooth in these Chuck Taylors  
Put my burner in your purse, that's a love language  
Yeah, you say you tough, she said you nothing dangerous

Yeah, I'll do rocks for twelve months then I'm on face  
Hit the hang out 'cause the gang out  
We could cut, fake or we could bang out  
(Nigga)

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