

# Chopper

Fredo Santana

Got this chopper with me, I can barely walk  
All these shooters with me, I ain't gotta talk  
Certified in the streets, I'm a fucking boss  
And all it take is one day to get you fuckin' off  
My lil' bitch with me, call her Kate Moss  
Pass her to the squad, like they Randy Moss  
All I do is win, shit I can't take a loss  
And if he want beef, you gon' be outlined in chalk

Pull up to his crib, shit we like six deep  
Pull up to his crib, shit we're like six he  
Why you had me to creep, I thought you wanted beef  
They wanna pull up to your crib, want to keep it in the street  
These niggas super clown, man they so industry  
I'm so super trap, boy I'm so in the streets  
Turn the eight barber to a quarter ki  
Hustlin' all night, Fredo don't sleep  
Say he want five, meet me outside  
Right on the side, on the side of Popeye's  
'Nother play for three man, yeah they hit my line  
Ten by my line, say the parked by five guys

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[Maxo Kream:]

Man see niggas goofy talkin'  
Chopper got me stupid walkin'  
Codeine got me never coughin'  
Fuck his wife, we shoot the coffin  
These rap niggas scared, they play dead 'fore they play with us  
Mixin' up the walk with the red and the yellow tuss  
Blue flag, toe tag, half thangs, whole bags  
Nickel rock, whole slab  
Hide your shots, thirty mag  
Plug threw me work, but this nigga better learn  
Every time he front Maxo, get his stupid ass burned  
Stain ass nigga hit my phone, say he need ten pounds  
That nigga there a clown, bring the circus to his town  
Same lame rappers takin' pictures with them thangs  
Same lame rappers gettin' robbed for their chains, Maxo!

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