

Choppers

Gucci Mane

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I play with them
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Shot fired, man down, 100 drone, boy, what you doing
My young niggas, they wretched, bout to snatch a plug, the kidnapping
With them choppers, choppers, choppers, choppers, choppers
Yeah, we with your block, block, block, block, block, yeah
[?] ran around with them choppers, broad day, we sparking, we strapped up, d
esperado
Just cruising through the streets, me and Road Runner
Go chopper, too deep, me and Road Runner
Leaving big holes, leave you like donuts, icing on your bitch face like donu
ts
Chopper Lee chopped up like cold cuts, young mob, Bricksquad, bitch, get you
r choppers

I heard your man done passed on, he didn't last long
Go and chop them bands off, they gonna sing a sad song
Kid, your granddaddy fought, nigga, any grandson
Fallen nigga full of holes, throw his ass a tampon
Catch the tuly with the cooly, at the tech with the breather holes
Got a couple Os but half of them ain't breathing, though
The O has a key, they don't need no reason for it
I'm about some reefer smoking, say it to your reaper hoe
Now call your dough, it's nice to meet you, squeeze, whipper, it's nice to b
leach you
Thousand t-shirt, I bring my blumer, 'cause I ain't got no trust in people
Cool ass Gucci got me all around these important people
Told a goon so I'm a leave us, set it off like Queen Latifah

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AK then 223, carve these extended clips
Got hundred round drums, they shoot down bricks
Million dollars' worth of licks, I hit his own six
Bricksquad niggas known for taking niggas shit
Scooter and Waka Flocka, OG and Gucci Mane
We shoot head shots, bullets bust your brain
Check your mailbox, I sent you four things
You don't cash out, hit you for playing games
Where them young niggas at, I tie my shoe, no choppers
A green light your nine, next notch off your pocket
When you playing with them rockets gotta keep it silent
Thousand rounds at your ass, your whole hood dying

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I paid 200 dollars for my first chopper
All I want for Christmas is a motherfucking chopper
On my knees saying my prayers with my fucking chopper
Too in love with the streets, I never had a hoe problem
I leave that for them suckers
Them bitches say he cool, but he's a dirty motherfucker
I ain't got time for it, ain't no need me lying to her
I would rather go bad, half a pound, get on my click and blow it
100 in the chopper, 100 hell rocking
Everything over here 100, that's why they can't stop me
Real street niggas, go fuck up the whole profit
20 bands worth of guns sitting in one closet