

Brand New Choppa

Hustle Gang

I'm fire nigga got that purp'
Nigga hatin' on me no worr
I'm in that bitch I skrrrr! No fuck nigga round my circle
Get money nigga thats for certain
These niggas ain't bout that work
I'm talkin' brand new choppas (Straight up)
45 on the brand new choppas (Dewt! Dewt! Dewt! Dewt!)
Yeah my niggas off that chain with the choppas
Yeah I'm talkin' brand new choppas (Straight Up)

Hey, I got 1000 grams of that white shit
6,000 pounds of that kush nigga
A thousand handguns extended clip
But if it come to it we at war nigga
And why you motherfuckers so mad at me
It seem like you would be glad for me
Go 'head & talk tall
You ain't scared a me?
You cross me shit gon' end tragically
In my ferrari I'm flyin'
I'm usually hot
Get my dick suck by a cutie pie
You sayin I ain't been the shit since junior high
You ain't got a truth in ya, nigga you's a lie
They said it's all fun & games till the tools is out
Fuck you, what you gon' do about it?
You know I click clack bang bang shoot a nigga down
No one else knew about it
Hoppin' all in my G4
Grand Hustle Gang wherever we go
We off the chain you on a leash tho'
Goddamn it must suck to be broke

Hittin' blunts to the face rest in peace
Pop a pill & Ciroc you'll forget your enemies
21 on that red, 9 on the drunk laps
Niggas Lyin' come & see
Come & get high jump your ass inside
Go and blow that dough tell your ass don't choke
I feel it now, now I want some more
I overdose, I overdose, we overdose, we overdose
Now, I need it now, (whoo) I need her
Swear to god, oh god I need it now
Michael Jacksons back son beat it now
Oh my god, I'm terrified

(yeah, head up, Booke)
Nah, Forreal
Ya'll pussy niggas ain't having any money in the box, forreal
Nah, Forreal
Choppas so big make em niggas say, "Ya'll Forreal?"
Nah, Forreal
And I'll stand on your ass on this bull, Call it Pharrel
Nah, Forreal
You can't take me perform like AC, ya'll chill