

Choppy Talk

Icewear Vezzo

(Damn, Max, this one's too hard)
I ain't even know that bitch was recordin' for real
You know that we them boys for real
Alright, when we gon' start? (Rich off Pints, nigga)
Let me start right now
(Max, this what we on, gang?)

I'm a lean sippin', pill poppin', dread-headed real rasta
Chopper shooter, hitter, they gon' have to find real doctors
Got my nephew with me, he just wanna rob and kill somethin'
Bitch, we in the field-uh, let me say it over, alright
I'm a lean sippin', pill poppin', dread-headed real rasta
Chopper shooter, hitter, they gon' have to find real doctors
Really from that way, they just rappin', bitch, we real monsters
Grindin' in the field, thuggin', Kway-
Kway, he gon' kill somethin' (Kway, he gon' kill somethin')

Bitch, bitch, I got real money (I got real money)
Snatch a soul, like we in the store, I'm tryna steal somethin' (Come here)
Pop a Perc', then another Perc', ain't tryna heal nothin' (Uh-uh)
In your city, got a hundred sticks, we tryna build somethin' (Tryna build somethin')
Yeah, I get high 'til I don't feel nothin'
All this ice on me, take it off, I call that chill button (Beep, beep, beep)
Twenty for a show, an extra five if I got Will comin' (Drank God)
I don't want no eighths or want no line 'cause it's a seal comin' ('Cause it's a seal her)
Fuck her for a hundred, for a fee, she pry that pussy (Uh-huh)
My youngins in the trenches bust your head for an ounce of Cookie (For real)
Bust a Rollie down, yeah, this a trophy, I ain't no rookie (Bling)
We shoot his crib up to bring him to me, I'm tired of lookin' (Hah)
Yeah, try to rob me, we whack his mama, I ain't Ace Boogie (Uh-uh)
We would've killed Rico, that nigga try me like I'm a pussy, yeah
VVS watch changin' colors, look like Gushers (Gushers)
Now that I think about it, Ace would've never fucked my sister, nah
Pussy-ass nigga, get out the club 'cause you is a coward (Kermit)
Bitch, I been gettin' money since Lil' Jerry was rockin' Dallas, yeah
Real ghetto boy, twenty-eight inch dubs on my Denali (Drank God)
I put a switch on it, now that bitch faster than a Challenger (Skrtrt)

That bitch faster than a Challenger
Fast as shit, nigga
Rich off Pints
I ain't even got nothin' else to say, 'cause I just been
It's just the type of time I'm on, for real
Pour me up two, gang, I need like
We had only drunk an eight, it should be like
Another like four left, some shit like that