

# The Chopper

Statik Selektah

I got a vendetta, who make hits? My hands better  
The flow is money like I wet up the bank teller  
The tattle tellers tell us we lock it, that's being modest  
Cause I'm a motherfucker, your momma is in to bondage  
I promise I bomb it, drunk with power, this Gin and Tonic  
Where I'm from niggas'll have you singing like Harry Connick  
So fake thug shit and that drug shit, homie, stop it  
I'm from where niggas get popped and hold that dope in the sockets  
This real shit we deal with and ignorance  
There is an illness no pill could heal, nigga feel this  
What can you tell us? We see death up out the window  
Our friends go just as fast as the wind blows  
We wishing we could be as happy as the Winslows  
The pain of my kinfolks in every pen stroke  
Fly, fly, fly city  
And I'mma hold it down til God come and get me  
Look, this for the people who think it's easy enough  
They say pound the pavement, shit, we beating it up  
Get robbed for bread cause niggas ain't eating enough  
In the club deep as the fuck every weekend heating it up  
I could tell you what the news like  
Niggas you knew on the tube the past two nights  
Here there ain't no such thing as do right, just move right  
Cause half the niggas in the hood got two strikes  
Play your position, overpopulated with liquor stores  
The liquor pours to a drunk mind that think ''what am I living for? ''  
You drowning by the conditions that we are surrounded by  
The shit that we hate is the shit that we bounded by  
See true beef is when somebody stop breathing  
Not the shit rappers do, I mean really, somebody leavin'  
My neighborhood it be safer to pack a vest  
Unless you think your momma look good in that black dress  
This Connor

Lyrically I cause a holocaust when bottles toss, it's Molotovs  
Mob hits, niggas is screaming ''he shot the boss''  
While I'm drunk as hell laughing, stumbling out the court  
They dumping them by the park, that's something I'm not involved  
The sweet sounds of the street serenade for lack of a better phrase  
It's sour so we're asking for better days  
The power of the black that was led astray  
Blasting the lead away, cemetaries packing the dead away  
The mind of a lost soldier before closure  
My poor shoulders carry the weight of four boulders  
Life's kinda rocky like Sly before Cobra  
So call Oprah, take a piss on that whore's sofa  
Everybody's balling, but Ran won't cross over  
The more money, the more snakes, the more vultures  
They talk funny, they all fakes, I'm all focused  
My prognosis is high doses, hitting them up like Pac wrote this  
These cockroaches scurry around when the lights off  
I give 'em a thriller as soon as the mic's on  
Tyson, [?] tattoos cover his pythons  
Icon, a seat on the throne, that's what's my sight's on  
Controlling the heat, they say I'm like 'Bron  
But I ignite bombs, verbal abortion, serving 'em portions  
Of death, ain't no rest in peace sleep, turn in your coffin

And I was turned to an orphan, I don't pay a preacher  
Fuck religion, I go into your church and burn up the offerings  
Motherfuckers, so what you offering?  
I only talk money, my nigga, so what you talking?  
See one time so I hold my gun  
A drunk mind speaks a sober tongue so you supposed to run  
Exterminator with a hard drive of  
Plans to save the game, but never return the data  
I'm gone