

Yoppas & Choppas

That Mexican OT

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Hold on (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I got my Mexican EJ in the booth with me, you understand? (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Whole lotta that goin' on
Ayo, is that That Mexican OT? (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Look

Shoot his dick off when I spin on his block
Cook his ass up, put him deep in that pot
They don't stay on my mind, but I got me some thots
Got a whole lotta yoppas and choppers and Glocks
I'ma clean this bitch up, he get hit with the mop
Make him look like a 'rello, I still ain't gon' stop
Call my cutter a shovel 'cause I'm 'bout to crop
Pistol whip his lil' buddy, get hit with the stock
Shoot his dick off when I spin on his block
Cook his ass up, put him deep in that pot
They don't stay on my mind, but I got me some thots
Got a whole lotta yoppas and choppers and Glocks
I'ma clean this bitch up, he get hit with the mop
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Open up with the cutter, make his body twist like a RipStik
God gave me fish, I made fishsticks
Hmm, right on
You understand what I'm talkin' 'bout?
Ayo, is that That Mexican OT?

I said that I'm hungry (I said that I'm hungry)
I want the whole enchilada
These busters don't want nada
I push up and shoot a disguise off
I'm representin' for the raza
No, I ain't really with the rah-rah
Up it up and make it rah-rah-rah
I'ma have him cryin' for his mama
Yeah, I'm gon' rock with it, lean with it (Lean with it)
Lean with it, rock with it (Rock with it)
Open your girl bootyhole, put my cock in it
Smackin' her booty, she throwin' back, poppin' it (Uh, uh)
We gon' spin on his block until somebody die (Skrtrt)
I ain't worried 'bout lashes, I'll knock off his eyes
Got a bad lil' bitch, she French like fries (Yeah)
So I call her double meat 'cause she thick in the thighs
Geekin' off them drugs, I'm up for too many days (For too many days)
But I ain't missin' out on money, it's too many plays (It's too many plays)
And it's too many ways (And it's too many ways), for me to get paid (For me to get paid)
When I push up, I'm swingin' my sword for sure, they 'bout to get slayed (Ha h, hah, hah, hah)
Ayo, what's crackin'? Pistol packin', never lackin'
Tom Cruise, bitch, I'm all 'bout that action
Up the tool, lay 'em down like a mattress

You must be a fool, you think I'm duckin' static
Go with the llama's way, I don't recognize your face
If you don't tell me what's crackin', I'ma hit 'em with some red paint
Light 'em up like some propane (Pew-pew-pew-pew)
Take a ride through his town, spin the block, gun him down, put some holes i
n his chest
Brrrt, man down, man down, told his mama that I put him to rest
Told him don't make a sound while we collect all the pounds or we gon' have
to make a mess
Blocka, deep in that water, get him blessed, blocka, we gon' have his mom de
pressed (Blocka, bah-bah-bah)

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