

Choppa Talk

Trae

I guess a bunch of niggas forgetting that I'm the man
Gon be problems if you get me to tripping, ya understand?
Nigga being way too fly, it's time to land
I'm an asshole - never got hold, I'd never rat
(G) I got this chopper, (G) I got this chopper
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I'm king in this bitch, nigga fuck - we don't like it
Home niggas been on that fuck shit
I see it now like I'm psychic
Look bitch, I've been on that street shit
I trip for real, I don't play hoes
But man, my clippers extended
These gorillas go when I say so
Back in my zone and I'm throw'd off
You must ain't heard, bitch I'm throw'd off
I jump out and talk with this chopper
Talk back and get your head blown off
I'm in a Delphi rental covered in black
Bad bitch never get when I'm in the back
Asshole number one and that's a fact
Livin' off for Camarro, bitch I'm back
Strapped up, black mask
In the hood, lights off
Waitin' on one of you ho niggas to get fly
Wrong nigga budge about to get the right loss
Gonna hit 'til I've called it quits
Want that business I get your fix
But don't forget you been on my dick
Something like lupus, look bitch I'm sick

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I'm so Machiavelli, I go straight 2 Pac up in this bitch
Quit playin' with these rap ass niggas, you got the shit
You only wait like the rest of these niggas, got reservations
You at the table and they waitin' to sit down - that's why they hatin'
You don't want your chain triple gold or life invaded
I ain't lyin' man it look like it came with black Impala
It's only lyin' if it's really like that, then niggas halla
2 fears, jizzle young rich and real so fuck who ought to
Got that big man, that boy 'bout that number 3 out this bit
Got the all wood handle look like a tree out this bit
Wutchu know about money? So sick, it need a doctor
Just so killing everything that he on, he like a chopper

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Gorilla team, straight like that - we got bananas
High yellow beam on his ass - I go bananas
Aye our field team my nigga, yea our commando
You know every nigga 'round me is shootin' so what you playin' for?
Nigga put his hands on Gotti? That's a no good
You a plug comin' for me
Them bricks, I be to notice you
Club out that parking lot, it's like a gun range
Ain't never playin' no colors, I make the gun bang
Ye ain't never shot no pistols, you let your boys do it
All you do is ra-ra talk and I see straight through it
Yea I'm 'bout them choppers, holiday as if they 'bout life
Chopper they don't throw, let it ride cause they act right

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