

Choppas

Waka Flocka Flame

Hey free Durell, man
Free that nigga El Dorado
Salute Me or Shoot Me, Volume 5

Choppas
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Flocka, Flocka
Motherfucker, choppas

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I'm rich, I'm up, I stay strapped
A nigga fuck with me, I take his ass of the map
All ten mil', still on that blood shit
If I tell 'em my young nigga they gon' rush it
I heard bustabusts pipes, but not us bitch
Better ask around town, we on that fuck shit
No M.C., I got Hammers. You can't touch this
Big homie Flocka, I'm not the one to fuck with

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No helicopters, get to popping
Niggas dropping, shoot at your mammas
I got llamas, drop some commas
On your head, fuck your partners
Black boxes for all you niggas

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Every hood fuck with me, when I'm O.T.
Cross the line pussy nigga than it's O.V.
Genuine, same O.G. from Grove Street
Caught his ass in traffic, lacking, pull up on him, R.I.P.
I'm a nigga with an attitude, I think I'm Eazy E
Just bought a baby chopper, make two and two a three
I ain't backing down, no way
Let the window down and spray
Tongue kiss the barrel, foreplay
Ride or die for my homies

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