

Wit Dat Choppa

Young Buck

I just got a feeling
Cause' everybody got straps on them
Somebody gon' get killed tonight
Whole club got straps on them
Everybody got straps on them
Shit bout to get crazy
Don't know but I got that feeling

This ain't bout a dance, this the way we do it
We put our trigger fingers up and move to it
I know some fine dudes who my niggas groove to it
Some rollin' 60's roll through to
I make em burnin' huntin' pyroto
(They shoot) gunshots, gunshots, g-gunshots, gunshots
Don't worry ya'll I'm used to it
I got pd niggas gon' shoot through it
Dm niggas gon' help me do it
Put 50 in the clip get no to it
If you a pussy nigga I'll let my hoe do it
I'm in the parking lot with dat choppa-oppa
Putting in work for my partna
In a stolen car eating pasta, monsta, listening to Frank Sinatra
I just let the whole clip
You know if you did it before and that feeling you get when you kick in the
door and that choppa make everybody hit the floor
I go loco, retarded, I just ain't with it and be like I ain't did it
Can't show me a target and I ain't hit it, I ain't gotta get it

I'm in the parking lot with dat choppa-oppa-oppa-oppa-oppa
I'm in the parking lot with dat choppa-choppa
Parking lot with dat choppa-oppa
I'm in the parking lot with dat choppa-choppa-oppa-oppa-oppa
I'm in the parking lot with dat choppa-choppa
Parking lot with dat choppa

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I got 30 bomb heads in the clip
Fuckboy just ran off with the zip
I'm in the parkin' lot with my choppa I'm pressin' the issue like I lost a b
rick
This ak x-ing niggas off the list
I came in the game fresh off the bitch
Point-blank range, we're trained not to miss
You can hear the hollow-tips just hiss
I got to keep a gangsta with the foes (with the foes)
All my shooters unknown like a ghost (like a ghost)
I'm never staying silent like the fost (like the fost)
You trying to bend pyramids like the mose (like the mose)
It's hella thick in the club, they was pattin at the door but we still got i
n with the poles

Went really on nothin' and I know it's all up
But a real nigga just never know (what up)
I can't take that kinda chance tonight
It only take one time to get it right
Pump, shot, move, everything in sight
Everybody move and get to running for their life
Everybody looking at the man like he wrong but the mac 10 did a nigga right
We still don't know what was took to this day but it got paid back with his
life

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I'm in the parking lot with dat choppa-choppa
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Parking lot with dat choppa

It gotta be in ya not on ya homie