

Choppa on the Couch

Young Dolph

Uh, Guwop. his and hers, Rollies, Benzes, Bugatties

Why you Leave The house?
Say every time I leave she get nightmares
When she wake-up I be right there
I said Gucci thugged out
And even if I could I couldn't fight fair
So baby would you please wear your nike airs?
It's a choppa on the couch (uh huh!)
It's a choppa on the couch
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Choppa on the couch, Glock in my pants (yeah)
That dropout just jumped out a 150 bands (hey hey!)
Rollie round my wrist, Cuban round my neck (woooo)
After I flip this pay might go out and cop my bitch a fez
My bitch told me she keep on having bad dreams
That some niggas murk me while I'm in the streets working
I told the lil momma you too muthafuckin paranoid
I'm right here smoking weed when you wake up every morning
She fell asleep at 10 PM
And I dipped out the house
Then pulled back up at the house
With an extra 30 thousand
Walked in the bedroom
Put my gun down, and sat on the bed
She rolled over, looked at me, and said

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Choppa on the couch and all over the house
I'm going out like Scarface if they come to take me out (no fuck you mane!)
Choppa in the closet, choppa under the bed
Choppa in the garage, choppa by the stairs
Yo bitch like to get cute and go to the movies (damn)
My bitch like to get fine and go to the gun range (ay)
All these pistols so I showed her how to buss it
Took her shopping and got to the house and let me touch it
Put her to sleep, Jumped in the shower then put something in my swisher sweet
(nothing but strong)
Givanchi outfit, same thing that's on my feet
I grab my heat, then got in my car and on the expressway in the car
And when she called me

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