

Choppa f/ Money, Hype "Hatin'"

Visit "[Hatin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*Money & Hype talking*)

What you-what you think about that Choppa cat brah
That dude that be aaah, (what the fuck is a aaah
anyway

Ain't nobody talk about the Westbank in like ten years
He the first one, what the fuck is a Wild West Biggity
anyway

I wish, somebody let me know the nigga be talking bout
some crazy shit

What the fuck he tal'n bout, he said his name like three
hundred times

In one fucking song), Choppa Style, Chop-Chop-Choppa
Style

(what is that he ain't saying nothing, all I know is his
name

I know it real well I don't even know his face, what the
fuck)

[Choppa]

Just because, I got me deal

Doesn't mean I got a big head, can't hook up with my
people and chill

I'ma rap, until I'm blue in the face

To keep my money and my fans understand, I'ma do
what it takes

I never was fake, everything I'm spitting is real

I was hungry I was hustling, so I'm getting a deal

Flipping my skills flipping the scale, whatever it takes

I'll put a hater in the dirt, and kick a verse at his wake

Yeah I learned that from Ken, when he had the streets
locked

They had the heat that made you fade away, like a
bleek spot

They even had lil' guns, sound like grease pops

And so much candy, you would think it was sweet
shops

Now I done done shows with Jigga, smoked with Juve

Hooked up with Ja Rule, and felt some booty

Had hoes claiming that, they wanted to screw me

I'm bout my money, not bout what them bitches that
would do me

Cause I'm in this to win this, so give me a mic
I'ma spend this and send this, and back to you like
Yeah, I'ma break em off proper-prop
Man fuck a nigga hating, on Choppa-Chop come on

(*Money & Hype talking*)

Man the nigga can't even rap, I heard his Hypeman
writing his song
Then I go check out his show, he slanging his winkie
the whole show
I don't wanna see his winkie, I wanna see what he
talking bout

[Choppa]

Niggaz going off, what a nigga done told ya
But I got fifty niggaz, who willing to show ya
I ain't even talking bout guns, let me blow ya
I got niggaz down, from Mararoe to the Magnolia
Yeah, now these niggaz getting in line
Like they had scoliosus, and I was bout to fix they spine
And all I do, is spit these rhymes
I don't aim at the bullseye, but I seem to hit each time
And I heard that fake shit, that you said in your song
Let a nigga make money bitch, leave me alone
All that hating and repping, on Choppa-Chop
Can't get mad, just because a nigga hot you not
And you niggaz keep on saying I'm whack
But everytime I see your pop's at the corner sto', he
giving me dap
Said, (I wish my son could rap that way)
And I write my own rhymes, ask J-J-J-J-M-K

(*Money & Hype talking*)

Man fuck Choppa basically, he ain't doing shit
He ain't never gon amount to shit, oh oh there he go
That nigga bout to go on stage dog, there the nigga go
right there
Man I sneak that nigga dog, I'm a fool you heard
I'm real with it you heard me, fuck Choppa
(what's up mayn, what's happ'ning dog)
Choppa-Choppa hey, I got that lil' dance now
Choppa Style, Chop-Chop-Chopa Style
I love you boy, can I get a autograph
(man you got that dog), even my girl was tal'n bout
If you hear me, holla aaaah
(I'ma holla at ya, when I get off the stage right
When I get off the stage, alright fa sho fa sho)
Ol' bitch ass nigga come up here talking to me trying to
dap me off and shit
I thought you was gon sneak him though brah
I kinda like that song, you kinda like the song what type

of nigga you is
Man I'm the one said he was a bitch ass nigga, you
went to agree'ing
But I been talking bout I like that song, man you was
talking bout
He was a ol' hoe ass nigga man, what's wrong with you
You just mad, cause he fucked your girl

Visit [Choppa f/ Money, Hype](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.