

Baby Bash "Tha Chop"

Visit "[Tha Chop](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Got away)
Which way did he go?
(Got away)
Which way did he go?
(Got away)
Which way did he go?

This is aint nothing new to me
Look at what they do to me
Need to chill, try to stop
Did dirt with it now I gotta buy the chop

I'm with my Momma rent-a-car with ten and a half
pounds
No DL's, an endless amount of rounds
With my mind on my mansion, I'm smashin' about the
town
You thought I was a hog
Wait till I clown now
That's when you believe me, disturbin' three for the
fifty
And I wish that motherfucker would try to get with me
'Cause I'm nifty with the milly when the torch is on
And play every play like its fourth and long
Now when the horse is gone, I beat the shit out the pig
It dont take much to split a fool's wig
See I'm only one shot from making the headlines
So quick niggas are quarters and dead lines
Shakin' the bed time, they checking my barcode
A.T.F, I.N.S and the U.S. Marshal
And this ain't nothin' new to me
Capitalize on opportunity, uh
And this ain't nothin' new to me
Capitalize on opportunity

(Where did he go away?)
(Which way did he go away?)
(Which way did he go away?)

This ain't nothin' new to me
Look at what they do to me
Need to chill, try to stop

Did dirt with it now I gotta buy the chop

This ain't nothin' new to me
Look at what they do to me
Need to chill, try to stop
Did dirt with it now I gotta buy the chop

This old shit ain't new to me
I'm rockin' stolen jewelery
Try to chill so I leave the bay
Did dirt with it now I gotta keep the K
Bash a dude's wig over Baby Bash
He my smokin' nephew, we be checkin' brazin' cash

We kept G's on the omni floor
Put the bloody bills with the Tommy in the drawer
Tell Mommy with the rock, I'll break a lil' corner off
I don't like that bammer, I don't wanna cough
You got to watch every step
P walk and pull out a tech
I thought you knew I'm a vet
Let loose and threw up my set
A W A X to latex
Glove on my left hand can only mean death, man

This ain't nothin' new to me
Look at what they do to me
Need to chill, try to stop
Did dirt with it now I gotta buy the chop

This ain't nothin' new to me
Look at what they do to me
Need to chill, try to stop
Did dirt with it now I gotta buy the chop

Now it's that pimpin' ass gringo
Bitch is you single?
I spit heat, hit the street, stack by the window
Bay area lingo is what a playa blessed with
Ten shots with his own spots is all I ever messed with
So if you broke, I ain't even heard of ya
Come around me again and I'm a murder ya
I need some loot, so watch how I take your town
A bitch wanna hold me, I track her down
Get up in the brain, take over the soul
4 G's a night, I'm ready to roll
A big long black hella beat in the trunk
Baby kick back, it's hella heat for the funk
A dear mutherfucker, a step to the low
One too many drinks now he's gettin' a roll
So thought I 'cas kiss tell them hit this

It's JT, I'm a dog when I spit this

This ain't nothin' new to me
Look at what they do to me
Need to chill, try to stop
Did dirt with it now I gotta buy the chop

This ain't nothin' new to me
Look at what they do to me
Need to chill, try to stop
Did dirt with it now I gotta buy the chop

Visit [Baby Bash](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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