

## **Busta Rhymes Feat. Erykah Badu**

### **"Choppin Up That Paper"**

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Chorus: 1x

(Val Young)

Choppin up that paper(with you) I do it for you  
you know you got me lovin you  
Choppin up that paper(with you) I do  
you got me love-in youuuuuu

Verse 1:

(AK)

Now first you gotta pimp wit me, but now you livin in  
that high-class luxury  
no matter me, I'm a trustin G  
says shell never see , shell never tweak, now do you  
really really wanna ride  
wit me?  
now happy here and there aint now love lost, fitty cars  
with these bumps  
but you others always want some and tell me true or  
false  
i know you got tight game, but your game been peeped  
too  
monkey see , monkey will do, feel me and I'll feel you  
we can ride in the backseat drunk type all night  
sun up til the moonlight, true dat(true dat), baby but  
you knew dat  
first you gotta understand(uh-huh) we makin pennys  
out of dollars  
and boys out of grown men, from Chi to Texas to Los  
Angeles smokin canibus  
puffin phillys after phillys I got my homies in Atlanta on  
a burner actin  
silly  
but lets pause back gettin back and when we call fax,  
I know you cant see it, but I'm all that  
you got the video of me and Twista ridin in the  
Benz/Lac  
but tell me can you fade back?  
still ridin in the c-a-d-i double L, double a-c always

Chorus 1X

Verse 2  
(AK)

Women love my philosophy, for spittin somethin in the  
poetry  
point the finger if you know its me, so flow when the  
lights on  
hittin notes in the mac song you can see me cause the  
mask gone  
dead wrong, if you think that I, am on the paper chase  
cause you seent that I  
kick it on the Sundays at a party watchin bodies sippin  
Hene spead your love  
and show love and not pro-long  
and for a minute I can get wit when I gone tax on your  
hips and thighs lips  
and I  
seems better when we put her down in my dime hat,  
layin cool and G stacks  
but remember when we packed, Tennessee dont need  
that  
but we back, nice hoe put her down exposed to, how  
many hoes you can go  
through  
I aint hatin cause she told you see I'm a boss player  
who can sit back and  
floss player, dime hat and a raw scale do you really  
wanna ride on the side  
and chop it up later, you can sit back and ride wit me,  
take a puff, get high  
wit me  
still ridin in the c-a-d-i double L double a-c always

Chorus 1x

Verse 3:  
(AK)

Now identify who it was that labeled me, systamatic its  
a habit, situation  
when I'm such a real, bitch, a oozie, by jacouzie, puff a  
blunt I did,  
so why you actin (?) we gettin crunk and did,  
run around givin G shot, party til the beat stop, divin in  
the pool and the  
rules, oh they all dead, choppin up the paper so we all  
rich, and take a puff  
to the head til we all sick, but in the meanwhile,  
Chrystille, now you lady  
wanna do it again

to an end, in a couple (?)  
less than Jeeps then Bentleys, VIP and the whole 9  
we in the back of a caddy wit the cold rhyme, never  
slippin, just dippin  
still ridin in the c-a-d-i double L , double a-c always

Chorus 2x

fade out

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