

## C Note

### "Chop'n On Blades"

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[talking]

Third Coast Born 2000, C-Note

Down South

[Hook]

Down South, it never seems to amaze

We playa made with the fades, and we chop's on  
blades

Living lavish is a habit, so I expose my diamonds

On 3rd Coast we be grinding, now you see how we  
shining

Down Soth, it never seems to amaze

We playa made with them braids, in a Escalade

Living lavish is a habit, so I expose my diamonds

On 3rd Coast we be shining, now you see how we  
grinding

[C-Note]

Now close ya mouth cause it's the South, and we be  
balling (down here)

We chop on blades sporting fades, got screens falling  
(down here)

20's crawling niggaz balling, but we ain't stalling (down  
here)

Spending G's up in the mall, and we shot calling (down  
here)

We got them boys, putting diamonds in they face  
(down here)

We got them boys, that be spraying boys like mace  
(down here)

We got them boys, that be pulling them stunts (down  
here)

We got them boys, that be popping them trunks (down  
here)

We pulling out, in them Lexus and Hummers (down  
here)

We got the bang, to make ya knock like thunder (down  
here)

We got the shit, that'll make you wonder (down here)

Man I wonder, what they'll drop next summer (down  
here)

Every year, you should meet me at the Kappa (down here)  
Don't worry bout me, I'm C-Note I'm a rapper (down here)  
We Botany Boys, we like to drop em in the sunny (down here)  
It might sound funny, but we make's a lot of money (down here)  
We got it made, (got it made)  
I got it made, cause I chop's on blades

[Hook]

[C-Note]

Down South, we be doing this shit  
I know you heard, down South we be screwing this shit  
Now bump ya jam in your car, this for you in your bitch  
And we done thought of many ways to get paid, now we rich  
Will-Lean and D-Red, they in the Expeditions  
Got that Henn and the 3rd, and the Scurge on a mission  
And the Duke got the glock, by his rock come up missing  
And when you see me everytime, I'm in the newest edition  
Some'ing serious, when I pull up with the showroom shine  
So much ice up in my Roley, that I can't tell time  
And I ain't worried bout no hoes, cause they on the line  
And you may have a lot of cars in your yard, but they not like mine  
I'm trying to stack a million dollars, and put half on my house  
I'm trying to stack a million dollars, and put half in my mouth  
I'm just a young ag'd nigga, putting it down for the South  
And if this shit jump fast, spit fifty rhymes and I'm out  
I got it made, (I got it made)  
I got it made, cause I chop's on blades

[Hook]

[C-Note]

By now, you prolly thinking what they fuck is the blades  
Well describe it like Jay-Z, my rims be spinning like waves  
When I mash up on the scene, they be looking like hay  
Girls be screaming out my name, saying you make my day

Southside how we ride, in them Escalades  
The Range Rover Navigators, never seems to amaze  
Everybody in the world, who be stacking them dollars  
Throwing twenty inch blades, up on the Impala

[talking]

Got it made nigga, I got it made nigga  
I got it made nigga, I chop's on blades nigga  
Uh I'm off the hook nigga, nigga nigga nigga what  
Nigga who what what what, worldwide  
Southside, Northside, Eastside, Westside  
In your eye, I got it made (got it made)  
I got it made, cause I chop's on blades

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