

D-generation X

"Chop Chop"

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(*talking*)

Hump, where you at baby

It's that Boss Hogg huh

We got something to show y'all though

Chop em up

[AP]

Get up all the ballas, make your way to the front

84's on blaze, and have some bang in your trunk

Sip syrup or blazing skunk, overdose if you can

I ain't saying I'm the man, but I'm your host with the
plan

Instead of parlaying, I know these niggas feel what I'm
saying

Cause all G's from Houston Texas, now you know
where I'm staying

Crawling low tip-toeing, in a five double O

B-E-N-Z, on dash reclined watching TV

Decided what game Playstation, and a Sega cd

Later on we hold and jumping, to the pretty Bentley

Did I mention in the steering wheel's, a color TV

Tinted up blowing smoke, that's the life of a G

[Lil' Flip]

Houston we have a problem, we ball too much

Threw some blades on my ride, and now we crawl too
much

Threw some paint on the car, and now we drip too
much

Bought a gallon of drank, and now we sip too much

Flip too much, wood grain we grip too much

You might as well, say that H.S.E. pimp too much

Everybody wearing diamonds, so I wear baguettes

Everybody riding Benz, so I fly in a jet

I got a palace in Dallas, I got a train in Spain

Airplanes with candy wings, TV screens and thangs

Girls dancing in my mansion, playas still party too

I got ice in my mouth, but my name ain't Cube

Acting bad in the slab, filling up at Texaco

Chop chop twist twist, on my way to Mexico

Videos and commercials, radio and rehearsals

In hover crafts I love to laugh, my style is so universal

[Hook - 2x]

Chop chop twist twist, rocks is on my wrist
I'm a billion dolla balla, with a million dolla kiss
Twist twist chop chop, watch the car hop
I represent my hood, and my worldwide block

[Redd]

Candy jet flying wet, elevator sky screamer
Late night Casanova, in a Rover or the Beamer
Slanging in the intersection, squat out with a smile
On the Nextel phone, my screens spin like crystal balls
You ain't know, tell these niggas get me lean way
And if the FED's is watching, we leaving trails on the
freeway
Ain't no instant replay, man we wetting niggas up
It's so hard to lose my touch, but I'm betting niggas up
Stacking paper cutting papers, never known to catch
vapors
Guard the states with city exits, one hundred feet
skyscrapers
Chop chop twist twist, I got rocks on my wrist
Scratching haters off my list, and blow a million dolla
kiss

[Verse 4]

H-Town H-Town bitch, city of dreams
And everything in H-Town, ain't always what it seems
You might get jacked, for your blades and swangas
From MLK to the Tre, we keeping one in the chamber
H-Town H-Town bitch, city of dreams
Where we stay creased up and pieced up, top flighted
codeine
Platinum bezeltine gleam, thugs wishing on a star
Stretched land Lex pop a Zaneek, plus my stretches for
tomorrow

[Hook - 2x]

[E.S.G.]

Chop chop twist twist, forty glock up in my wrist
Or my desert eagle resident evil, for these niggas
that's on my list
You got me pissed nigga, see you's a bitch nigga
And at your concert you in dirt, and we won't miss
nigga
I guess you jealous of the Benzo, on Lorenzo's
And your jacks and fools, keep bringing me the ends
so
The Ghetto Twinz show, got dropped up on your head

Now meet my little friend, my Mack 10 with a infrared
I heard you hid your cars, locked your burglar bars
Don't fuck with the E and Hump chump, cause we some
murder stars

This calls for war why, for they kick in your belly
Chop chop with my machete, twist your neck cause we
deadly

[Hook - 2x]

Jiggidy chop chop
Jiggidy twist twist
Million dolla ballas
Million dolla kiss - 2x

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