

Da Band "Chopped Up"

Visit "[Chopped Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro (Chopper Talking)]

What's happenin'

This ya boy Chopper City, ya heard me

New Orleans

[1st Verse]

I'm from the dirty, but I stay so fresh, so clean

With all these throwbacks, you think I got a time machine

Kodak moment, everytime I hit scenes

Cuz I'm a young ??, I flip keys

Alicia aint, got, nothin' on me, I'm so shady

Tha benz is amazing, tha color is all gravy

Please believe, my squad be them DBE's

We ridin' in them drop tops, wit them DVD's

Spreewells on them alloys, daddy I'm so jiggy

I flow so sickly, I roll with P. Diddy

Fa-Shiggety!!!, tha thug shit just run in my kidney

Always on point aint no nigga gone put no steel to me

Feelin' me, every move I make

It replay, EA Sports style, especially on tha freeway

Whodi so wild, I keep thangs that bark loud

Move the whole crowd, I suggest niggaz to roll out

Listen!

[Hook 2x]

I'm a bad boy, get out my way, 'rilla

Bust shots on the block, when I spray, 'rilla

Ya get, chopped up, with the chopper

Ya dog ass gone get done for it

Ya betta run for it

[2nd Verse]

Tha bad boy's untamed guerrilla

I keeps it rilla' man ya gots to feel me

Worldwide connected from Ghanistan to Philly

What the dilly, I'm in tha milli' dropped 2-seater

With creepers strapped with nina's, fuckin' with

senoritas

Jesus, I'm just off the meters

Believe, I still do got more stripes, and shelves than

Adidas

Slang base-n-ball like Alex Rodriguez
Put ya foggles on, ya'll niggaz can't see me, like
I up, my level a notch to better
I can make a hit, a-capella
Ya can't, knock tha fella
I'm here now, I ain't going nowhere
Believe that, love it or not, the boy is here
The boy don't fear, shit, I been bad since birth, dog
Taught to blast, mash, get the cash, and murk off
Skkiirt!!! fake niggaz catch down syndrax
Call 9-1-index, these niggaz is jive
Ya hoe, I'm all in that, she lovin' the guy
Fa' sho', look at her now, the stomach taped with pies
Ya heard me!

[Hook 2x]

I'm a bad boy, get out my way, 'rilla
Bust shots on the block, when I spray, 'rilla
Ya get, chopped up, with the chopper
Ya dog ass gone get done for it
Ya betta run for it

[3rd Verse]

I'm that nigga, I got clout, like Big Guy, and ??
I'm that fly, with big guns, that splat guys
I shit pies, van diesel, triple X, I
And pull deadly stunts, just like I'm Left Eye
Ain't, no, half steppin' to test mines
If ya, want it then come and get, I'll make a name for ya
You gone get, what the fuck you came for, the
chainsaw
(chainsaw rumble)sawed off ya ankles
Play like it's slavery, and hang ya, daddy
I catch ya playin' me, it's danger
Taught to rap, make it crack, snackle and pop
All out of type, that's the way I act on the block
Bout green, dope fiend supplier
Keep a beam of iron
In the jungle full of theives and lions
I am, focused man, the bad boy soldier
Landed on the top, I thought I told ya man
Listen!

[Hook 4x]

I'm a bad boy, get out my way, 'rilla
Bust shots on the block, when I spray, 'rilla
Ya get, chopped up, with the chopper
Ya dog ass gone get done for it
Ya betta run for it

[Chopper talking]

Huh bruh?, ya heard me
Bad Boy, ya heard me
For life man
This how I'm livin'
Right out chea' man
New Orleans, to the day I die
3rd Ward, Uptown man
Ya dig, I'm a bad boy man
They can't stop me
Young City, ya heard me
Dofat, holla back!

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

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