

## **B.G. "Make 'em Mad"**

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What? Yeah, what's up?  
(What it do?)  
It's the Chopper City Boyz  
(Chop chop)  
And we going to make the haters mad  
(Make them mad)  
Look

Now if you out here getting cash, popping tags  
Then gon' and make them mad  
(Make them mad)  
Make them mad  
(Make them mad)

And if you whipping something new  
With some big old shoes when you be passing  
Dog, then make them mad  
(Make them mad)

Make them mad, my nigga, make them mad  
(Make them mad)  
I come through in the Jag', switching lanes, throwing  
cash  
(Make them mad)

You know I make them mad, man, I got to make them  
mad  
(Make them mad)  
Them Chopper City Boyz in the game got them mad  
(Got them mad)

Yeah I pop collars, and I pop tags  
I got that Bentley thing, shorty be pushing a Jag'  
Nigga, I don't stunt with it, but I love to look good  
Keep they mouth wide open when I come through the  
hood

Yeah, I see him watching, I know he mad with me  
But he know what's coming behind if he try to get me  
I hit the club hard, then I hit the block  
VL done copped something else  
Girl, you know how I rock

Now when I pull up on the set them doors go up on the whip  
Them big old loin hards sit up under three or four bricks  
Now that's a 745, my diamonds blue as Cantrell  
I'm bumping "Everyday I'm Hustlin" and they say

I can tell, hell, I got to make them mad  
And show my ass when I come through  
I'm notorious like B.I. when it come to the hustle  
And I'm serious like T.I. when I'm flexing my muscle  
Busters do what you could, boy I do what I want do

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Ain't no boys like them Chopper City Boyz  
Because them Chopper City Boyz don't play  
(Okay)  
Soon as I crept up on the scene  
(Clean)  
Fellas looking jealous

Jay, Gizzle, Hakizzle, Gar, VL bruh, then Ziggy and Lil Steppa  
Fresh out the crib shit you know what it is  
I make them move like Ludacris  
Then soon as I pull up, big truck, I ruin it

I'm doing it, pursuing it, wrist blue as a crowd

Haters can lose it but I'm foolish ain't no cooling me  
down

It's your whip, your chick, your money, your house  
You know it, I got it, I ain't scared to show it  
(Yeah)  
Whip sanction  
(Uh)

Roll the carpet  
(That's right)  
Chopper City trying to see a diamond market  
(Believe it)  
Ride in that Jag' expensive fare, we floss it  
(Yeah)

Slide out that slipper, if I get it we tossing  
(Kizzle huh)  
It's H-A-Kizzle, if the rain don't drizzle  
And you know I be the sizzle, hot as a six shooter pistol

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Look, I'm on top and they hate it, niggas made because  
I made it  
It's a award for real niggas, I know I'm nominated  
I'm sick of judges faces, constantly catching cases  
I whip it in trial every time, I ain't taking probation

I'm in another world, man, I stay in that zone

I done proved to the world, that I can hold my own  
Now I'm back with my homies, and we ready for war  
Y'all ain't ready for Snipe, Mike, Kizzle, and Gar

I'm in the backfield, playing the sideline  
In case I got to catch a nigga from the blindside  
I got more ice than you got songs in your iPod  
Triple black S550, that's how I ride

Oh, you thought it was funny? Critics was full of doubt  
You see how important Chopper City is to the south  
I catch Wayne or Baby I might put a Glock in they mouth  
Stop being mad because your time on the clock done  
run out

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