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Big Moe "Choppas"

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(D-Gotti talking) We Po'ed up, we showed up and we still rolling on choppas it ain't stoping know what im talking about it's D-goti, wreckshop to tha grave it's going down, mo-yo, feel this here baby

(verse 1: D-Gotti) These blades are choppin' And these babes are boppin' Got a cup full of mud and my trunk is knockin' Felling my FUBU Hollering what it do Hitting circles throug the lot like im in a hula-hoop Who the crew that stang these streets like bees We the G's that be's and i'll flow from over seas Hold the trees big moe while I split the optimo In a wide body Benz-O going bout 4 Oh, the ex-o just hit me where it hurt Im bout to jump down and flirt And get up some skirts Let the ice do the work Put us up in the dentist After we hit the lenards till they know who sent us You can fuck but your ass can't stay and drank drank Next morning we hooked up eating breakfast at the Frank's Doing the same thing we did the day before Choppin the sceene and knocking down bad hoe's

(Chorus)

Chop-pas Rolling in my candy red car Roling on Chop-pas Sippin a big daddy cup of barre Chop-pas I Gotta feel that Mo-yo Crawling through these city streets Sippin on a what straight 4 And we rollin

(Verse 2: Big M.O.E.) Down south, We rolling nation wide Popped up mo-yo foregin ride Put it down for that boy Po-yo On the low low Im a young pro In this game I ain't lame Rolling down on chops Smoking on the Killer Mary Jane Coming down freestyle, playa buck wild Big M.O.E. is a throwed child Im a leave lean, stack my green Everytime you see the moe im on the codine Im out the damn tre, a playa don't play Bout to chop it up for them boys everyday Choppa's, rolling on those choppa's Cha-cha-pas

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Noke-D) Chop Chop, When i hit the block I told you once before that the shit won't stop Wreckshop to the grave trunk pop make it say hey Hello hi hey how ya doing Put the screw in your deck Throw up yo set, And go on break your neck cause the 20 inchs wet And I bet that if we sip three whole eights Pop 1,2 a piece these hoes gone hate, MAN!!!!

(Verse 4: D-Wreck)

Wreckshop baby so playa made Im a let the top down let the sun hit the braids Im a bleed these blocks till my heart beat stop Keep the streets on lock, cause the shit be hot D-Wreck tote glocks, cause we tote big knots Methazyne on the rocks till my belly pop So clean when we shop, my car never stop Candy gleam off the drop make your girl flip flop D-wrezay tell me how ya feel It's all about the scrill want a billon dollar deal Noke-Deazy tell me how do ya feel Some get it how they love it but we get it how we feel D-Wreck, Noke-D handle business the same We fuck hoes and sip 4's cause we running this thang Some thangs never change they remain the same P-A-T and E-S-G and M-O-E gone bang rolling

(Chorus 2x)

(Big M.O.E.)

Chop chop-pas Coming down I'm a G Chop chop-pas Gotta feel that M-O-E Chop Chop-pas Mo-yo and the Noke-D D-Gotti rolling with Mo-yo D-Wreck let em know we aint no hoe Rolling on Chop Chop-pas Breaking boys off in the south Rolling on Chop Chop-pas Drank syrup so I don't cough Chop Chop-pas It's Mo-yo a young G I gotta feel Barre Baby Wrecking these H-Town streets Rolling on yea

(Verse 5: Big Moe) Chop chop chop chop chop I keep a glock cocked For the haters Knock knock I do the body roc make the ass end hop What's the damn deal Moe i'm for real Hold the microphone showing my naked skills Whats up Noke-D, Whats up Skip dog Out the south side Moe rolling Boss hog Boss hogging streets, Knocking down freaks Its Mo-yo stay riding my meat Ride Big Moe I never been a hoe Crawling down and you know a G Letting them boys what know Stay sipping drank Sippin my sealed out pint I'll beat that seal on a 4 man just in case im a roll with Pokey Sippin on P P-t All cause my partna big snoop Sippin on Drank Gal-lon Boys can't drank more than Moe Drank Baby Boys talking bout they the barre baby I've been saying this shit since long ago Out my momma womb I sipped a 4 Its Big Moe, Mo-yo

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