

## Dirty

# "Choppin'"

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[Intro]

(\*In a little kids voice\*)

Uncle Pimp and G

[G] What's up

Could you read us a hoodtime story please?

[G] Y'all all in the trap

Yep

[G] Ok, ok...Here we go

[Verse 1: Big Pimp]

Once upon a time not long ago, lived two cousins that  
was broke

With no money in their pocket, they result to sellin'  
dope

Movin' everythang from regular weed, crack-cocaine,  
and 'dro

Didn't want the MPD's to catch 'em so they kept it on the  
low

Bought another and another, broke bread with each  
other

Sell that butter in the hood and give the rest to their  
mother

Other brothers wanna flex, then that simp is gettin'  
fucked up

Call him Gangsta, oh and you may call me Silky Pimp  
Cutta

Hustle like a mother... gul hand filled with clusters  
Alabama on my back, best believe I got the muscle  
Crank the 'Lac we gotta roll, they stole the rims up off  
the Nova

Comin' back from Texas, undercovers tryin' to pull us  
over

Ridin' up the block doin' eighty-three (eighty-three)  
I bet it was some motherfucker hatin' on me (hatin' on  
me)

Dave the Dope King, supplyin' all the flow

Went to court last week and snitched on all his folk

[Chorus: \*chops and splices with variations throughout  
the chorus\*] - 2X

Choppin' down the block bitch

Choppin' down the block bitch  
Choppin' down the block bitch  
Choppin' down the block bitch

[Verse 2: Mr. G-stacka]

Let me take you back to when the Pimp & Gangsta  
+Hit Da Flo+  
You knew the South was finna blow when Pimp &  
Gangsta hit the do'  
Nothin' but the southern slang, you hear it every time  
we spoke  
Now niggaz hollerin' "Here we is", throughout the east  
and west coast  
Represent the Gump, let 'em know that Bama got flow  
Put it on the map, make 'em adapt to all my country folk  
Every city that we go, pack the club and rock the show  
Get respect from Gangstas, Vice Lords, Bloods, and  
the Locs  
In the hood they crown us both, kings over all the  
fakers  
Niggaz know they can't fade us, that's way them  
niggaz hate us  
Meanwhile we switched labels, now we with the Mob  
bitch  
J Prince made it able, cause we spit that hard shit  
Blackklown a hard clique, as bout as hard a clique can  
get  
Now that we on top, don't no niggaz wanna start shit  
The problems that I deal wit' ain't deep enough to have  
me stoppin'  
Hop off in the Chevy, flip-floppin' down the block  
choppin'

[Chorus] - 2X

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