

Do Or Die

"Choppin Up That Paper"

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(feat. Val Young)

[Chorus: 1x]

[Val Young]

Choppin up that paper (with you) I do it for you
You know you got me lovin you
Choppin up that paper (with you) I do
You got me love-in youuuuuu

[Verse 1:]

[AK]

Now first you gotta pimp wit me, but now you livin in
that high-class luxury
No matter me, I'm a trustin G
Says shell never see , shell never tweak, now do you
really really wanna ride
Wit me?
Now happy here and there aint now love lost, fitty cars
with these bumps
But you others always want some and tell me true or
false
I know you got tight game, but your game been peeped
too
Monkey see , monkey will do, feel me and I'll feel you
We can ride in the backseat drunk type all night
Sun up til the moonlight, true dat (true dat), baby but
you knew dat
First you gotta understand (uh-huh) we makin pennys
out of dollars
And boys out of grown men, from Chi to Texas to Los
Angeles smokin canibus
Puffin phillys after phillys I got my homies in Atlanta on
a burner actin
Silly
But lets pause back gettin back and when we call fax,
I know you cant see it, but I'm all that
You got the video of me and Twista ridin in the
Benz/Lac
But tell me can you fade back?
Still ridin in the c-a-d-i double L, double a-c always

[Chorus 1X]

[Verse 2]

[AK]

Women love my philosophy, for spittin somethin in the
poetry
Point the finger if you know its me, so flow when the
lights on
Hittin notes in the mac song you can see me cause the
mask gone

Dead wrong, if you think that I, am on the paper chase
cause you seent that I
Kick it on the Sundays at a party watchin bodies sippin
Hene spead your love
And show love and not pro-long
And for a minute I can get wit when I gone tax on your
hips and thighs lips
And I
Seems better when we put her down in my dime hat,
layin cool and G stacks
But remember when we packed, Tennessee dont need
that
But we back, nice hoe put her down exposed to, how
many hoes you can go
Through
I aint hatin cause she told you see I'm a boss player
who can sit back and
Floss player, dime hat and a raw scale do you really
wanna ride on the side
And chop it up later, you can sit back and ride wit me,
take a puff, get high
Wit me
Still ridin in the c-a-d-i double L double a-c always

[Chorus 1x]

[Verse 3:]

[AK]

Now identify who it was that labeled me, systamatic its
a habit, situation
When I'm such a real, bitch, a oozie, by jacouzie, puff a
blunt I did,
So why you actin (?) we gettin crunk and did,
Run around givin G shot, party til the beat stop, divin in
the pool and the
Rules, oh they all dead, choppin up the paper so we all
rich, and take a puff
To the head til we all sick, but in the meanwhile,

Chrystille, now you lady
Wanna do it again
To an end, in a couple (?)
Less than Jeeps then Bentleys, VIP and the whole 9
We in the back of a caddy wit the cold rhyme, never
slippin, just dippin
Still ridin in the c-a-d-i double L , double a-c always

[Chorus 2x]

[fade out]

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