

Cashis

"Choppen On Ur Block"

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uh...ya feel me... then ride....

Get back, cuddie, let me get that ,money I don\\'t
speak weak raps, like them cats, here honey, homie, u
beer money, change in bresierre, money, Eye for
queer dummy, u lie for fear,buddy, here, get it from
me, the sip, to get scummy, no more henny for me,
roset, for me honey, somebody get gullie, and
dunny\\'ll be runnen, flyen down the street, his face to
feet bloody, we walk around grungy, high fashion slum
G\\'s, cops on my azz, like I blast the whole country.
Baby, get it from me, if you ain\\'t fuccen, dicc, or clit
succ, she with it, it\\'s nothing..
Hook choppen on ya blocc, non stop because hot, we
bottle pop

verse 2... Lifestyle of a, plugged hood brotha, with a
swag and a look, that say, I\\'m go do numbers, fall
thru blunted, looken like who done it, but I\\'m staren
at the crowd around, like who want it, gangsta boog,
grind, with heats, by the stomach, fleet by the 100\\'s,
only beef if u want it, swing without warnen, ya\\'ll just
performing, all stay in torment, call him off tour quicc, I
get in more sicc shit than kavork get, homie, u can get
the business about corpses, u walken round awkward,
is this malfunction, razor blade milkshakes the
quiccest abortions.

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