

# Choppa

## "Lookin' Good"

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(\*talking\*)

What's up, ah ha, come on  
Choppa Style. Jahbo, Playa Will  
On the track come on

[Choppa]

Ooh girl you looking good, give lil Choppa a holla  
Cause I could take you out that Baby Phat, and put you  
in Prada  
Choppa Style came from nothing, to having some  
change  
Now everybody's in my face, wanting to look at me  
strange  
Now I ain't even got a Range yet, but that's alright baby  
Cause I ain't got my change yet, and I ain't nice  
And I ain't right, and I ain't flipping chicks  
But I ain't really nothing nice, when I'm spitting hits  
You feel this shit, then won't you bob your head back  
and forward  
And if you like the way it sound, go to the store and  
sco' it  
You see me, I'm low key, cause I got this  
And Choppa style dropping nothing but some hot hits,  
some hot hits  
I can't wait, till I'm living lavage, call me Choppa  
Tim Smooth, cause I gotta have it  
And this not for a career, its all for fun  
And I'm not from St. Louis, but I'm number one, I'm  
number one

[Chorus: Jahbo - 2X]

Girl you looking good, come and ride with me  
Hop in my 6 you looking nice, in them Prada jeans  
So won't you drop it, bend it over, touch your toes for  
me  
Bend it, make that booty wiggle wobble out for me

[Choppa]

I got your head board banging, ooh la-la-la  
When I ask you who you loving, you say Chop-Chop-  
Chop  
I'm making it hot, coming through and breaking your

twat

Don't you worry bout twenty minutes, cause I ain't  
gonna stop

You say you wanna get served wobble, so I'm gon find  
you

You say you wanna hot boy, with a condo

How you like it, from the back or your legs in the air

You could ride it, you could dodge it girl, I just don't  
care

Cause I'ma serve it like I beat it, like I chop it like a dog  
I'ma make you touch your toes, sit you down and break  
you off

To you fat girls, I don't discriminate on y'all

If you can break me with your wiggle, I'll do you like a  
dog

I want a slim, fine woman, so I could break her cousin  
Cause Choppa's like Popeye's chicken, you gotta love  
him

The next time you think, that you won't get served  
proper

I got your head board banging, p.s. just love Choppa

[Chorus - 2X]

[Choppa]

I want a slim, fine woman, who as cute as the (what)

Never ever labeled a duck, but always quick to buck

A attitude sometimes, but not a project child

But if needed to bend some piece, she acting project  
style

And she walk like a model, when she up in them streets

Prada pants, Prada purse, Prada shoes on her feet

She don't hang with messy chickens, cause she say  
that they sad

They already know the difference, its lust they got it  
bad

She don't listen to, what you say bout me and them  
broad

She never listen from the jump, though her head is  
hard

If she tell me she gon leave me, so my heart ain't gon  
stop

I get a playa bring a mill, and my woman I'll watch

And oh, tell your baby daddy, he ain't got nothing on  
me

Going rounds and he gon shoot me, tell him up it and  
see

Oh, you wonder how she really got that mark on her  
chest

Ask your girl, she'll probably tell you, but that ain't  
nothing but mess

[Chorus - 4X]

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