

Chopper

"Flickin"

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Yeah, you got Frayser Boy up in this thang
With the King of Memphis, and my dog the Juice Man
And I got something for my niggaz flickin on them 20's
21's, 2's, 3's, 4's and even got something for my
limited edition niggaz
on them 25's, keep that chrome flickin' baby

When you see me rollin some chrome, you know I'm
flickin
Dropped low on 24's you know I'm flickin
When you see me hollerin at hoes, you know I'm flickin
Everytime I bust on the slab, I'm gon' be flickin

[Frayser Boy]

A Nigga flickin, I'm so tickin, when I mob down your
street
Ain't no forgettin, no bullshittin, on my lap is that heat
I'm in the Bay, that gun don't play, sittin on some
Giovanni's
I'm flickin by, I'm sittin up high, I'm also gettin money
See my reflection, shit gets hectic when I beat my junt
up
Drinking Corona, with aroma, when I rose that blunt up
So don't you try because you high, flickin down on my
little dog
I cut the real, you know the deal, I hit the gas and ball
off, Boy

[DJ Paul]

My rims are big, my tires are thin, when I be on the
sizzle
See something thick, wit a whick you know it's DJ Pizzle
I'm on the slab, like jumpin ground, I'm bout to grab a
pissle
Ridin Pirelli's, wit big bellies, thats how HCP do
Our money's long, your money's gone, you spent it all
on that hoe
And sold your rims at the GM because you went love wit
blow
We ridin past ya, hollerin at ya, we on 24's
Stuff on clean, real mean, blowin ounce of green you

know

[Chorus]

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Dropped low on 24's you know I'm flickin
When you see me hollerin at hoes, you know I'm flickin
Everytime I bust on the slab, I'm gon' be flickin
When you see me rollin some chrome, you know I'm flickin
Dropped low on 24's you know I'm flickin
When you see me hollerin at hoes, you know I'm flickin
Got that pistol in my lap for my foes, you know I'm flickin

[DJ Paul]

Yeah, Yeah, right here we gon burn some motherfuckin rubber
in your motherfuckin hoes face, like thiss

[DJ Paul]

Around the world niggaz know that HCP on
We see each other when we talk on our car phones
We smokin Bin Laden and ridin on something chrome
Them U's in our lap, never leavin'em at home
A blue Bonneville the tires are Scorpions
My rims mid-twenties some days are full grown
We Platnium on our plaques, are necks, and our arms
And we never switchin jewelry, or take clothes, we got our own

[Frayser Boy]

When you see me flickin by, I got you boys hot
Hit the D&D and flick on the lot
Sittin on some twenty-twos, and blowin up the spot
And haters don't you plot, and get yo ass shot
Because a nigga claim, its gon attract cops
Hate to see a nigga thats young and on top
The tone is in my lap and you know its on cock
Eyes poppin out yo head whenever a nigga stop

[Chorus]

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Got that pistol in my lap for my foes, you know I'm
flickin

[Juicy J]

North, Evergreen, Evergreen, in this bitch my nig, it go
like this

[Juicy J]

PIMP Juicy the Fuckin J

The only nigga in Memphis that mix Vodka wit Moet
I'm still up on the scene, I'm ridin clean in a Benz'ay
I tell a stuck up Bitch to suck my Dick she say, Okay
So hit yo boy, off on the horn because we got the
Fresh from Columbia funds, we niggaz keep keys
Peace to Project Pat in the pen, them boys a Tall Trees
And 201, until yall get out, we gon keep flickin these

[Frayser Boy]

Niggaz hollerin no way, sittin on some hoe-days
Twenty-fo's on you hoes, flickin when I roll way
Hit the Bay, don't play, head down a boulevard
Lookin like some chrome ceilin fans, ima pull a card
Bout to have a heart attack when a nigga flick by
Rims they so fuckin big make a nigga sit high
Watchin for the Po Po's you know they be fuckin wit me
Hollerin at a stout little something, waitin on her to hit
me
Dont forget me

[Chorus]

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