

## Copywrite

# "Takin Gwop"

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[Intro]

Haaa

{What do ya think I am some kind of Jerk or something?}

You alright? I'm good man, shut the fuck up

Shout out D.R. Period, man

My bad I took so long with the beat man

I know you gotta make your gwop, sold it and shit, you know

I ain't trippin man, I'll be back, get some more from ya

I've had this motherfucker two years

It's all good man, shit happens, I'mma still rip it though

O Dot, shout out to Hip Hop Game

[Verse 1]

When the fire spits it'll fry your entire wig and expire clicks

I'm trying to dip and grind, hit those notes that Mariah hits

I, kick my crying bitch out naked in a vacant lot

While taking off a cross that I sold her and told her - shake it off

I'm past bent on Fabson Dice and Smirnoff

Bout to call this ho, smash and slice my ear off

They biting in a mic fight like a Tyson square off

Poltergeist, who hear songs when the lights appear off

I, sleep, eat, think, shit and speak ink

Fuck what ya'll each think, raw to the core like the meat's pink

And hard as a floor on the precinct while ya teen thinks

That you're a chain letter for 7 days, the weak link

Fuck a bottle of Mo', gimme alotta the dro

Bout twelve cheap drinks and model that hoes whose feet stink

Pete'll have ya bitch in the kitchen sniffing, baring it all

Only wearing a bra, condition in the hair on my balls

Not embarrassed at all, nah, just used to horse shit

And I'm pore white trash like a used Biore strip

So I be on some bougie corn shit

I take her to the movies, but it's usually porn flicks

Too Cop, so many tracks you won't believe when I'm

dead  
So many tracks you think I had a fucking weave in my  
head  
An expert plotting to network my next work  
Until my face is all up in the hood - like an LRG  
sweatshirt  
Dead serious, got every set fearing us  
Even the best lyricists are scared to guest appear with  
us  
Scar you bitches and give you a barber finish  
In a Sharper Image in that store with all the chairs that  
give massages in it  
I got to kill him, if you balling drop a billion  
I'mma take ya gwop who's not a feeling?  
I'm in the all white Bronco with a cup of vodka and OJ  
chilly  
Multi-spilt Philly, so high I feel guilty  
Oh my, no lie, I appear near to the stars  
I'm Tom Arnold, I owe my whole career to the Barrs  
You ain't as, nearly as raw, bet I'm popping seven  
oxycotin  
Sweating bullets so big that they could be shot in  
weapons  
Three bitches ran past the door  
After they made me stretch like Reid Richards  
I skeet bitches, now that's what I call a Fantastic 4  
Now leave bitches, and that's for sure  
See that thing where the key twitches? That's the door  
I got raps galore, shit I ain't even spat before  
Just stumbled across it wondering what the fuck that  
was for  
I got a screw loose, to the Phillips to the latch of ya  
casket door  
To ensure I'mma bury the bastard poor  
We shot a movie of her sucking on my dick  
Show you the gag reel and I don't mean she's fucking  
up the script  
I'm something like a pimp, dumping something like a  
clip  
At the motherfucker I heard busting something that I  
spit  
What? Heh, dogg should I punish him or quit?  
(Make it quick, let's get the fuck up out this bitch)  
Aight...

Verse 2:

The mixtape in my whip loud enough to shake  
Still dosed off, then awoke swerving crazy  
Luckily gun sound effects were loud as heck to wake  
me  
Buckle ya child up for safety, I don't want your baby

To smash the dashboard when I pile up ya Mercedes  
Miles per hour, eighty, I'm lazy, I ride  
Blazing an eighth of my great grandpa's haze for his  
eyes  
Rented X5, my ex in it, her mind got sex in it  
Belly got X in it like Hype directed it  
So you know what came next and shit (What?) me  
This chick ain't came yet like how Jews see Jesus  
Nobody sees us, don't believe us, it's nothing repping  
God blessed me, it's like He think I sneezed up in  
heaven  
I need what you're getting so I'm treed up spitting  
Dissing C-Dub please chump, I feed from your shitting  
You're so desperate for the wealth and the love  
You'd fill yaself full of slugs and kill yaself for the buzz  
O Diesel, C.O's lethal, it's no people as evil  
The flow equal, as O and P do, cept Hov, Sigel, Eminem  
in his prime  
If you feminine in ya lines write Lil Kim and them's  
rhymes  
I've been in town with the pens or to begin in a Genesis  
Wasn't a sentence I'd finish when God was practicing  
penmanship  
I ain't acting, I pen a script, I'm narrating now  
I'll make you go from wearing a crown to "where are  
they now?"

[Outro]

O motherfucking Dot!

614!

{What do you think I am, some kind of jerk or  
something?}

You motherfucking, what the fuck?

You know what, no wonder you fucking dropped out

You god damn moron, you'r a fucking hunk of shit

I hate you, you're a big nosed bitch

Ay, tell em Wayto called

Wayto who?

Way to suck my diiiickkkkk

Yo man, I'mma get outta here

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