

Click "Get Chopped"

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Game must be focused upon
Game
If you ain't got game you ain't got nathin'
(What you say)
If you ain't got game you ain't got nathin'
Game (Then spit it)

[E-40]
A nigga spent his last quadruple of cash
Hopin' that the plane wouldn't crash
Out smarted the task while teachin' they ass
Bouts the other side of the grass
Uh, I spits the truth from the soil untold
See 340 in ya pager, that's the code
Hit me back cause you know he's busy off the hook
Plus the hurricane ethyl got him too took
Drug instaces, penitentiary chances
Circumstances, gigantic ass live enhancements
Keep on mashin' though, don't quit
Game Related, comin' from the fuckin' Click

[D-Shot]
Now that I made the major leagues
Pushin' big ki's
Niggas from my block ain't tryin' to see me
I came up too fast for them punks hoes
Now them fools wants to kick in my door
Bringin' over the change if you think that you can fuck
with this
Bam, pops to the dome bitch
Motherfuckers hate to see a true nigga flamboast
Bringin' in more net than gross

[Hook]
They wants to kick in my spot
Boom get chopped
They wanna take me for what I got
Boom get chopped
They wants to strike through my block
Boom get chopped
But I'm up on they plot
Boom get chopped

[E-40]

Bitch, feelin' evil like Knieval lookin' for a wrench
Gotta a couple screws loose like the grinch
Problem child ain't got no problem with disposin'
Lose me temper, lose me cool but on the same token
He ain't gon' bust a grip, man that nigga E-40 fakin'
You failized I have ya whole family wear and taken
Paper hatin' haters get put in they place
Crevice achin' baggers get smacked in the face

[D-Shot]

Niggas from the other side of town be talkin' big shit
Actin' like they wanna fuck with my click
But the shit ain't changed fuck the rap game
Hillside nigga on a mission to proclaim
My motherfuckin' spot in society
Southside niggas just jealous, they doubt me
Punk niggas lookin' for a reason
Kick off a rucus to start the funk season

[Hook]

[D-Shot]

I fucks with ya, ya bitch
Nigga get rich, fool don't you know this the click
Be the hundred SL's what a nigga straight smash
One hundred thousand in cash

[E-40]

Follow the leader
Trip on how this thing gets deeper
The more I teach 'em the dumber I get
Dizzy-izzy, hey Shot these tardy niggas kill me
But what they don't know is I fly cerebral cortex like a
frisbee
Fuck 'em and feed 'em
Pistol whip they ass and bleed 'em
Stuck 'em and read 'em
Find out where they snooze and sleep 'em
You pearl tongues need to stop workin' for the cops
Rot-heads don't get no props, BEOTCH!

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