

Lil' Boosie f/ Yung Joc

"Make Em Mad"

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Intro: B.G.]

Waaaaaaannnnnnhhhh

Yeah, wazzamp (what it do)

It's the Chopper City Boyz (chop chop)

And we gon make the haters mad (make 'em mad)

Look

[Chorus: Gar]

Now if ya out here getting cash, poppin tags then gon
and make 'em mad (make

'em mad)

Make 'em mad (make 'em mad)

And if ya whippin something new with some big ol'
shoes when you be passin

dawg, then make 'em mad (make 'em mad)

[B.G.]

Make 'em mad my nigga, make 'em mad (make 'em
mad)

I come through in the jag switchin lanes throwin cash
(make 'em mad)

You know I make 'em mad, man I gotta make 'em mad
(make 'em mad)

Them Chopper City Boyz in the game got 'em mad (got
'em mad)

[Verse 1: VL Mike]

Yeah I pop collar, and I pop tags

I got that bentley thing, shorty be pushin a jag

Nigga I don't stunt with it, but I love to look good

Keep they mouth wide open when I come through the
hood

Yeah I see him watchin, I know he mad with me

But he know what's coming behind if he try to get me

I hit the club hard, then I hit the block

[Female] VL done copped somethin else, [VL Mike] girl
you know how I rock

[Gar]

Now when I pull up on the set, them doors go up on the
whip

Them big ol' loins hards sit up under three or four bricks
Now that's a 745, my diamonds blue as Cantrell
I'm bumpin everyday I'm hustlin and they say,
[Females] I can tell
[Gar] Hell I, gotta make 'em mad and show my ass
when I come through
I'm notorious like B.I. when it come to the hustle
And I'm serious like T.I. when I'm flexin my muscle
Bustas do what you could, boy I do what I want do

[Chorus]

[Intro: Sniper]

Snipe, snipe
Snipe, snipe
I say, I say

[Verse 2: Sniper]

Ain't no boys like them Chopper City Boyz 'cause them
Chopper City Boyz
don't play (Okay)
Soon as I crept up on the seen (clean), fellas lookin
jealous
Jay, Gizzle, Hakizzle, Gar, VL bruh, then Ziggy and Lil'
Steppa
Fresh out the crib shit you know what it is, I make 'em
move like Ludacris
Then soon as I pull up, big truck, I ruin it
I'm doing it, pursuing it, wrist blue as a crowd
Haters can lose it but I'm foolish ain't no cooling me
down
It's your whip, your chick, your money, your house

[Hakizzle]

You know it
I got it, I ain't scared to show it (yeah)
Whip sanction (uh)
Roll the carpet (that's right)
Chopper City tryna see a diamond market (believe it)
Ride in that jag expensive fare, we floss it (yeah)
Slide out that slipper, if I get it we tossing (Kizzle huh)
It's H-A-Kizzle, if the rain don't drizzle
And you know I be the sizzle, hot as a six shooter pistol

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: B.G.]

Look, I'm on top and they hate it, niggaz made 'cause I
made it
It's a award for real niggaz, I know I'm nominated
I'm sick of judges faces, constantly catching cases

I whip it in trial everytime, I ain't taking probation
I'm in another world (world), man I stay in that zone
(zone)
I done proved to the world (world), that I can hold my
own (own)
Now I'm back with my homies (back), and we ready for
war (war)
Yall ain't ready for Snipe, Mike, Kizzle, and Gar (Gar)
I'm in the backfield (field), playing the sideline (line)
In case I gotta catch a nigga from the blind side
I got more ice than you got songs in ya iPod (damn)
Triple black S-five-fifty that's how I ride
Oh you thought it was funny (funny), critics was full of
doubt (doubt)
You see how important Chopper City is to the south
(chop chop)
I caught Wayne or Baby I might put a glock in they
mouth
Stop being mad 'cause ya time on the clock done ran
out

[Chorus]

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