Unlord "Boom Get Chopped"

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{talking}
Im sick of it
Me to
Stop playin
This here is for the
Tan shade man with the braids
Stop playin with me
Im sick of it
Fake punk wanna be
Flip on this nine millmeter clip

{verse one: {yella boy}

Now you know this not some sunburst drinks Im so deaf then the def. comedy jam Open that clip, now clip up like Im firm Im a super duper rap rapper Steady makin snappers Hands clapper, nigga my chopper gotcha Im on the first floor emergency Bury me, mister Im sick, Im jump for joy But quickly, in my disguise to finish the j-o-b Ya see, Im back on track, can ya get with that? No, yous a hoe, yous a hoe mystikal! I pack ya up like there's nothin to be Down like a street, steady re-loadin my weapon Like a brass knuckle, and my soldiers I mean shoes I mentally retaliate, ya think ya slick You not gonna bounce, you not gonna bow Hoe you on my dick, but umm I like the way you scream yelllla! Cuz, you be sweatin so hard you need three or four towels I tried to shoot you in yo head, I wanted to see some

Bloody bread, somebody in the crowd said Girl, that boy dead fuck him! He was a cheerleader anyway You could never play it off hoe, you was really gay Cuz you could break yo self but you can't break me Cuz Im a real fuckin lyricst with u.n.l.v. With the flow umm, flower, you know what >from the floor up, with the dirt rapper
Im the dirty rap master, Im comin to chop ya!
With my knock you out style, that I practice
Like gymnastics, Im a fantastic static phonetic
Im out the attic, with the all black jacket
Bringin much racket, snatch ya fagot
Worse then that standin there I say
Hoe stop playin with me!
Cuz

Chorus:

We here stop him in his tracks
Show him that Im ruthless
Boom, get chopped!
We here to stop him in his tracks
Got to get my motherfuckin name
Boom get chopped!
{2x}

Verse two: { lil ya}

How could bitches fuck with
Million dollar niggas how ya figure?
Its all good for you to stroll through my hood
V.I. throw suspicious rocks at yo shit and
If they had ks they spray and leave you
Dead as a bitch! what type of nigga wants
To walk around here in braids
What happened to the chucks, levis and the fads
Swish blade in my pocket, when I see ya Im a cut yo
hair

No matter where, it's ugly you don't want to see
The capital y-a get into yo shit nigga dick sucker!
Whoa flippin motherfucker michael jackson pretendin
You read for vision go suck a dick nigga
Reach around the whole third hit that ass
Picture me and you in a two man cell
You washin niggas draws takin my
Dick leanin on the wall now mystikal you bitch you
Remember when you said you wasn't gonna bow
You disrespected the u

Chorus:{2x}

Third verse: {tec-9}

Criminal minded you been defined As the fakest motherfucker in the down south area I think your goin through a phaze What made ya, turn around and talk shit

Your rhymes and you personally doesnt't't fit Now wait a minute, remember that time You got on soul train You got the chance, and didn't even represent man You faked the funk, actin like a straight punk Check it out, they thought you was like us The motherfucker siked up Turned around, had a fuckin glitter glove Now, can you tell me what the nigga here Was thinkin of? Im here to stop you in yo tracks The shit you do, be wack Im fat Shits spittin I done all ready stacked Tellin me that the nation wide But you know, that I know, You don't want the whole nation to know Yous a hoe! fuck the piece treaty You started this, wheres my all black clothes and My all black beanie, I play it pinnately style Leavin ya gutless, leavin ya buttless We put together the bomb alarm Half this shit you can't touch this, You bests to stick to jumpin around Have the area first down, cuz Im the hound and You the clown, now wipe the sweet from my neck Cuz you aint nothin but a bitch

Chorus:{3x}

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