

Choppa (feat. A\$AP Rocky & Danny Brown)

Joey Fatts

Cocky and conceited, I got a bunch of reasons
Refused to be mistreated, I'll be damned if I repeat it
I be that Pretty Flacko, I tell her go retweet it
I ask her for her number, I fuck her, then delete it
Chilling in my drop, nigga beating down yo' block
Shakin' off the pigs and I leave it like my top
Bitch up on my cock, got my hand up on my Glock, uh
Money in my sock, nigga give me what you got
You could call me Mr. Retail, PL for my females
Bitches suck me down low, you niggas on the DL
I interrupt yo shit quick, yeah I'm on my Ezel
Dump 'em by the ocean you can find 'em with the seashells
Rolling, rolling, rolling, I ain't talking 'bout no pills
Cars stolen, stolen, make 'em tell about the wheels
Gettin' all this money give a fuck 'bout how you feel
Feelin' on this (?) Chopper, choppa hundred shots, knocking pictures off your wall
All these hoes on my balls like give me what you got
Straght drop in a pot, got the watch, throw it once
And it's hot, non-stop like give me what you got, what you got
Strapped up and weeded, beefin' I got my reasons
We creepin', better pray that you blessed when the snub sneazin'
My bitches, love eatin' so that's threesome when we meetin'
Yo bitch cheatin' wait 'til you leave and she swallow semen
I'm probably the realest breathin' under 25
I'm the finest, 2Pac Shakur if he didn't die
From the side where hammers is hereditary, Michael Vick with clips
Pull off the hip and send bullets to your secondary
Run the field like Barry, livin' legendary
Foreign cars vary, stickin' dick in business secretaries
Hoes give me they heart like it's the fourteenth of February
Played up from the start, I'm just fucking legal for you to marry
It's too much money in this world to worry 'bout a bitch
Unless she workin' the strip making my pockets flip
My kind of bitch, man she quick and slide off in a Jeep
I haven't trusted a bitch since T.L.C. creep

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>