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

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