

Run With My Chopper

B.G.

You know 'bout me and my chopper, nigga
Watch this

Nigga, I'm dressed in my T, Girbauds, and Reeboks
Gotta settle beef for a nigga shot up my block
Get my clique, load them things up in the van
Don't matter - they in front the law we gon' blast
We creepin', sweepin' to catch these niggas slippin'
Every hood we think they be in we dippin'
Even through people, all through people yard
Believe me - tonight they goin' to (??)
We ridin' all night, finally got lucky
We saw 'em chillin' back, turned on the block hustlin'
Hit the lights, park, jumped out, walked
Crept down on 'em, let them AK's bark
One of them niggas broke out, I broke out behind him
Went down the alley, went under the house, I went behind him
Caught him, then I ch-chopped him up
In the process my Reeboks got fucked up

(Hook [B.G.])

I'm runnin' with my chopper
I'm 'bout to set it off with my chopper
Knock a head off with my chopper
And bang at the law with my chopper
Look,
I'm runnin' with my chopper
I'm 'bout to set it off with my chopper
Knock a head off with my chopper
Then bang at the law with my chopper

Evenin' got dark - you know it's 'bout to be some G shit
Twelve o'clock done hit - it's midnight madness
Sun down, moon out - you know them snakes comin'
Guerrillas on they way with them hundred-round drummins
Better get to runnin' - I'm killin' by the dozen
Bitch, you're up - you get eternal bleedin' from the stomach
I'm buckin', I'm bustin', I'm bringin' trouble on your block
I ain't fearin' nothin' - you're in front me, you get chopped
I'm hot, dog - keep that glock and it's cocked, dog
First time you're caught off your game, you drop, dog
I'm true to the game - ho, play for keeps
Pull up with the passenger drivin' way in the back seat
I don't give a fuck, never did, been real
Since I was young been seein' cats get killed
When it get dark better be able to run quick
'Cause after that, that chopper gonna talk shit

(Hook [B.G.])

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If you don't know, I'm the B.G., all about beefin'
Catch ya bobbin' your head at the d.j. and leave you leakin'
I'm on a buck, fuck on the up, then squeeze it
(???), nigga - look, L.T. family grievin'
I'm on a mission to leave they family grievin'
Cut my dog life short, now I gotta teach 'em
I'ma (?) and send work to (??)
Keep niggas bust up goin' through his morgue
I'ma fool - Baby handed me my first tool
Told me if I feel played do what I gotta do
Nowadays I don't play with that K in my hand
You don't know from last album, I'ma made man
Uptown where I'm from - V.L. my stumpin' ground
Get outta line, I empty a drum at ya, clown
I'm a dog, dog - I'm tellin' ya I'm raw, dog
Like Pac: ya ain't in my clique, fuck all y'all

(Hook [B.G.])

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I'm 'bout to set it off with my chopper
Knock a head off with my chopper
Bang at the law with my chopper
Look (look),
I'm runnin' with my chopper
I'm 'bout to set it off with my chopper
Knock a head off with my chopper
And bang at the law with my chopper

Runnin' with my chopper (Runnin' with my chopper)
I'm 'bout to set it off with my chopper (Set it off with my chopper)
Knock a head off with my chopper (Knock a head off with my chopper)
Bang at the law with my chopper (Bang at the law with my chopper)
I'm runnin' with my chopper (Runnin' with my chopper)
I'm 'bout to set it off with my chopper (Set it off with my chopper)
Knock a head off with my chopper (Knock a head off)
Bang at the law with my chopper (Bang, bang at the law, nigga, huh?)
Ohhh, nigga, what you know 'bout that chopper?
Fuck
Ya heard - checkmate with that chopper!
Nigga, checkmate with that chopper