

# Choppin Up That Paper

Do Or Die

Choppin up that paper (with you) I do it for you  
You know you got me lovin you  
Choppin up that paper (with you) I do  
You got me love-in youuuuuuu

Now first you gotta pimp wit me, but now you livin in that high-class luxury  
No matter me, I'm a trustin G  
Says shell never see , shell never tweak, now do you really really wanna ride  
e  
Wit me?  
Now happy here and there aint now love lost, fitty cars with these bumps  
But you others always want some and tell me true or false  
I know you got tight game, but your game been peeped too  
Monkey see , monkey will do, feel me and I'll feel you  
We can ride in the backseat drunk type all night  
Sun up til the moonlight, true dat (true dat), baby but you knew dat  
First you gotta understand (uh-huh) we makin pennys out of dollars  
And boys out of grown men, from Chi to Texas to Los Angeles smokin canibus  
Puffin phillys after phillys I got my homies in Atlanta on a burner actin  
Silly  
But lets pause back gettin back and when we call fax,  
I know you cant see it, but I'm all that  
You got the video of me and Twista ridin in the Benz/Lac  
But tell me can you fade back?  
Still ridin in the c-a-d-i double L, double a-c always

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Women love my philosophy, for spittin somethin in the poetry  
Point the finger if you know its me, so flow when the lights on  
Hittin notes in the mac song you can see me cause the mask gone  
Dead wrong, if you think that I, am on the paper chase cause you seent that  
I  
Kick it on the Sundays at a party watchin bodies sippin Hene spread your love  
And show love and not pro-long  
And for a minute I can get wit when I gone tax on your hips and thighs lips  
And I  
Seems better when we put her down in my dime hat, layin cool and G stacks  
But remember when we packed, Tennessee dont need that  
But we back, nice hoe put her down exposed to, how many hoes you can go  
Through  
I aint hatin cause she told you see I'm a boss player who can sit back and  
Floss player, dime hat and a raw scale do you really wanna ride on the side  
And chop it up later, you can sit back and ride wit me, take a puff, get high  
h  
Wit me  
Still ridin in the c-a-d-i double L double a-c always

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Now identify who it was that labeled me, systematic its a habit, situation

When I'm such a real, bitch, a oozie, by jacouzie, puff a blunt I did,  
So why you actin we gettin crunk and did,  
Run around givin G shot, party til the beat stop, divin in the pool and the  
Rules, oh they all dead, choppin up the paper so we all rich, and take a puff  
To the head til we all sick, but in the meanwhile, Chrystille, now you lady  
Wanna do it again  
To an end, in a couple  
Less than Jeeps then Bentleys, VIP and the whole 9  
We in the back of a caddy wit the cold rhyme, never slippin, just dippin  
Still ridin in the c-a-d-i double L , double a-c always

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(2x)