

Dirty, Chopin Down The Block

[Intro]

[In a little kids voice]

Uncle Pimp and G

[G] What's up

Could you read us a hoodtime story please?

[G] Y'all all in the trap

Yep

[G] Ok, ok...Here we go

[Verse 1: Big Pimp]

Once upon a time not long ago, lived two cousins that was broke
With no money in their pocket, they result to sellin' dope
Movin' everythang from regular weed, crack-cocaine, and 'dro
Didn't want the MPD's to catch 'em so they kept it on the low
Bought another and another, broke bread with each other
Sell that butter in the hood and give the rest to their mother
Other brothers wanna flex, then that simp is gettin' fucked up
Call him Gangsta, oh and you may call me Silky Pimp Cutta
Hustle like a mother... gul hand filled with clusters
Alabama on my back, best believe I got the muscle
Crank the 'Lac we gotta roll, they stole the rims up off the Nova
Comin' back from Texas, undercovers tryin' to pull us over
Ridin' up the block doin' eighty-three (eighty-three)
I bet it was some motherfucker hatin' on me (hatin' on me)
Dave the Dope King, supplyin' all the flow
Went to court last week and snitched on all his folk

[Chorus x2: chops and splices with variations throughout the chorus]

Choppin' down the block bitch

Choppin' down the block bitch

Choppin' down the block bitch

Choppin' down the block bitch

[Verse 2: Mr. G-stacka]

Let me take you back to when the Pimp & Gangsta +Hit Da Flo+
You knew the South was finna blow when Pimp & Gangsta hit the do'
Nothin' but the southern slang, you hear it every time we spoke
Now niggaz hollerin' 'Here we is', throughout the east and west coast
Represent the Gump, let 'em know that Bama got flow
Put it on the map, make 'em adapt to all my country folk
Every city that we go, pack the club and rock the show
Get respect from Gangstas, Vice Lords, Bloods, and the Locs
In the hood they crown us both, kings over all the fakers
Niggaz know they can't fade us, that's way them niggaz hate us
Meanwhile we switched labels, now we with the Mob bitch
J Prince made it able, cause we spit that hard shit
Blackklown a hard clique, as bout as hard a clique can get
Now that we on top, don't no niggaz wanna start shit
The problems that I deal wit' ain't deep enough to have me stoppin'
Hop off in the Chevy, flip-floppin' down the block choppin'

[Chorus x2]