NLE Choppa, Birdboy

Ayy, huh, yeah
(I don't even think y'all niggas ready)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
SGULL
(They not ready, bruh, Tay, they ready?)
Yeah, yeah
(Tay said "No")
What? Yeah
(Huh, huh)

Bullets hit a nigga up, like I'm playin' Pac-Man Choppa got a kick back, leave him on a kick stand Nigga call me doo-doo, yeah, I'm the shit, man Nigga talkin' shit, so I fired on his bitch ass Glock freeze him up, yeah Call that freeze tag Chopper leave him stuck, yeah That's a glitch, man If a nigga play, I'ma hit him broad day with the K Make a nigga go, "Ah", yeah Do the race, call it Tay-K, yeah Fuckin' on another nigga bae, yeah Make a nigga shake, earthquake, yeah Nigga, I'm real, you fake, yeah I be totin' them glizzies, we love totin' guns I do it for real, you do it for fun When an opp see me, you know they gon' run I hang out the window, shoot shit like LeBron You know that I hit 'em, I had to get 'em They thought I was bowlin', I had to split 'em 7.62, cut him down the middle Cookin' him up like a fuckin' McGriddle Saw me in the game And you know that I'ma score, bitch Pull up with the gang, twist your finger, make it bang To be honest, I'm an animal, I can't be tamed Bullets fallin' out the sky, let that bitch rain 2-3 shots, take him out with a bang Back in the summer, I didn't have a name Now she suck on my dick while my balls be hangin' Damn, lil Choppa, she say that you slangin' Hit from the back, have her changin' language

Huh, huh? [*ringer*] What the fuck? Bitch, stop calling my phone!

I hit her one time then I leave her alone I know I'm not right, 'cause I'm doin' her wrong Just like a dog, I just wanna bone We makin' 'em serve, we serve in a cone I'm a real nigga, you cannot clone I'm cold with this shit like my first name was stone I'm still a menace (Huh?), wait (What the fuck?) I am a devil, whole other level I'm clutchin' my metal, cook him like a vegetable She eatin' my dick like that bitch is an edible I'm clutchin' my metal, cook him like a vegetable She eatin' my dick like that bitch is an edible I'm clutchin' my metal, cook him like a vegetable She eatin' my dick like that bitch is an edible Back in 8th grade, I was lame, I was boostin' Now I'm up in high school gettin' head from my tutor Used to be a fighter, graduated to a shooter Shoot him in the head, I'm tryna knock out his noodles I'm a big dog, little nigga, you a poodle I sell a bitch a dream like my name Young Ruler Pop off, like I'm Martin Luther Bullets bless him, that's a hallelujah

Hrrrrr Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop (They shootin') Slatt, slatt (Choppa)