

NLE Choppa, Body Catchers

(Banger, banger)

Ayy

And we came from nothing

No-no, no-no-no

Ayy, grrr

Yeah-yeah, yeah, oh

(DJ on the beat so it's a banger)

Told my momma we straight, put the food on her plate (We straight)

So you know that a young nigga pavin' the way (I'm pavin' the way)

He ain't talkin' 'bout money, he talkin' bout nothin'

You know that a nigga on the paper chase (Fuck 'em)

I was stickin' up niggas I needed that cash

My mama had told me to change my ways (Grrrr)

That shit was so crazy, my mind was racin' (Ayy, ayy)

I hit my knees every night and prayed for better days

Goin' bad broke man, a nigga like "Uh-uh" (Uh-uh)

Glock on my lap but the choppa in the trunk (The trunk)

Drippin' nowadays, I was ridin' on a bunk (A bunk)

Interrogation room, I was actin' like a dumb-dumb (A dumb-dumb)

I don't know shit, I can't tell you nothin' (I don't know shit)

Bitch, I came up off robbin' and hustlin'

I got them bodies but I can't discuss it (I can't discuss it)

And if I see a opp, I'ma kill him in public (I'ma kill 'em)

We are the body catchers (The body catchers, the body catchers)

Yeah

I'ma leave a fuck nigga layin' on a stretcher (On a stretcher, on a stretcher)

Yeah, yeah

First row, I was just in the nosebleed, niggas said that they know me (The fuck?)

If a nigga say that I'm a whole bitch, he gon' have to come show me (Confession)

Got twin Glocks like Zack and Cody (Grrr, grrr, grrr, grrr)

Make 'em lean like Codeine (Grrr, grrr)

I was thirteen, sellin' all the dope fiends, had to get it by any means (Trap, trap)

I'ma speak my mind but I think about murder

Flip a opposition like a nigga was a burger (Yeah, yeah)

How the fuck you a street nigga? Rats in your circle (Yeah, yeah)

If a nigga tell what I did, I'ma have to murk 'em

I'ma decorate a nigga casket

How you a shooter, you ain't got no badges? (No badges)

Momma cryin' on the scene, tragic

My bullets are present, they'll leave you in the past, yeah

(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Told my momma we straight, put the food on her plate (Ayy)

So you know that a young nigga pavin' the way (Yeah, ayy)

He ain't talkin' 'bout money, he talkin' bout nothin'

You know that a nigga on the paper chase (Paper chase)

I was stickin' up niggas I needed that cash

My mama had told me to change my ways (To change my ways)

That shit was so crazy, my mind was racin' (To change my ways)

I hit my knees every night and prayed for better days (Better days)

Goin' bad broke man, a nigga like "Uh-uh" (Uh-uh)

Glock on my lap but the choppa in the trunk (The trunk)

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I got them bodies but I can't discuss it (I can't discuss it)

And if I see a opp, I'ma kill him in public (I'ma kill 'em)

We are the body catchers (Grrr, the body catchers)

Yeah (Yeah)

I'ma leave (I'ma leave), a fuck nigga layin' on a stretcher
(Grrr, on a stretcher, on a stretcher)

The body catchers, the body catchers
On a stretcher, on a stretcher, yeah