

NLE Choppa, MEM

(FreshDuzIt)

You hear me?

DJ Booker

Yeah man, DJ Booker, real talk

Ayy, yeah, yeah

I walk in the trap, bitch get on the floor
Bitch you know why I came, just give me the dope
He thought it was a joke, now he on the floor
Tied up with this Glock and you know I'ma blow
Ay, kidnap him then he give a headed
Bullets come down from the top like confetti
I'ma take his gun if he try to sell it
Should've rent a UPS 'cause the pack get heavy
Get hit with this fire, bitch I bet you gon' holler
Don't fuck with the snakes, but it's some on my collar
And if he want a problem, bullets hit his partner
Catchin' plays in the field, Polamalu
Nigga he ain't dumb, he ain't take nothin' from me
Wish a fuck nigga would take my money
Exotic my runts, this shit is not crummy
He tried to ride my wave, you know that I sonned him
They like "what is you smokin'?"
Lil' bitch it's the rapper weed
I keep watching my back 'cause I know niggas after me
If I dump the whole clip I know Dreek gon' shoot after me
Bitch it's murder for hire, you can't join the faculty
Bitch, I'm clutchin' my Glock while I eat at the Applebee's
Bitch I'm high as the sky, I'm up here with the factories
Bitch I do my own dirt, you ain't gotta look after me
Bitch I'm handin' out shots like I'm making a daiquiri
"NLE ain't got no money"
Ha, ha, ha, lil' bitch you funny
"NLE ain't out here gunning"
I'll get a nigga wrapped up like a mummy
I did it again, repeated offender
If he acting fruity, put him in a blender
If a nigga want smoke, we gon' make him surrender
He was breaking the rules, my niggas suspend him

Get him out of here
Get him out of here
He breaking the rules, my niggas suspend him
They don't get no pity, they get hit with the 7.62's
We keep straps like suspenders, no cap
Came in this bitch with the Glock
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Bring it back in, I'ma come a lil' different this time
Always gotta keep me two nines
Glock 19 put a hit through your spine
Get a nigga whacked, then put him in a rhyme
Jiffy cornbread, think she want some jiffy cornbread dick
I put it in and makes her saying that he plotting on a jit
It's bodies with this shit
Get wet like toilet, potties in this bitch
Bin Laden with this stick
My niggas sendin' shots up in this bitch
Yo' niggas gettin' hit
You know I love my Glock, my favorite stick
We always in some shit, no cap
I just hotboxed the drop-top
Threw away a hot Glock
Put the dope up in my sock, the police tried to search my crotch

Bitch I thank my sister every day because she gave the drops
Put that boy up in that grease and fry 'em like a tater tot
Cause I'm really that nigga, they know I'ma stepper
And I keep me a gun, they say I'm a rebel
Bitch, my bullets got bass we ain't worried 'bout no treble
Boy who is you talkin, to? You better settle
Bitch I'm a volcano, 'cause I'm finna melt him
Put him on a leash 'cause my bullets gon' pet him
And my shooter brainwashed, he kill if I tell him

Kill if I tell him
Hunnid round drum for a fuck nigga, lay down
NLE the Top Shotta
Got a whole motherfuckin' K round and the Drac' sound
Love the way the Drac' sound
Make a nigga lay down
Fuck is you talkin' 'bout
I really just ran that