

NLE Choppa, Problems

Five-Five-Six, hit a nigga broad day
Shoot him in the leg and I took off his face
We ain't doing no playing, we totin' these Drac's
I catch him up in traffic, boost the murder rate
Murder on my mind, I coming like Melly
I pop me a perc and it's sitting in my belly
I went on a mission, you know I was ready
I hang out the window, shoot shit like Mageddon
I might shoot to Chicago and link up with Tay
I hit up the plug, I need me a play
I used to be broke, I made me a way
And free all my niggas, they fighting the cases
They locked in the cage, you know that they with it
They know I'm from Memphis, they know that we killin'
When these bullets hit, you know it's no healin'
Cause I aim at your noggin, I'm knockin' your fitted

When you talking to me, come correct
Shoot through your neck, you don't need a vest
We totin' them Drac's, put up your TEC
And just like a pussy, I leave him wet
Hide your momma, hide your son
You know I'm a savage when I got a gun
We killin' for real, we do it for fun
You could call me Osama, I keep me a bomb

[TaySav & NLE Choppa:]

Back in the party, my Glock out
F&N make niggas clock out
I'm on the block with the rocks out
Call Choppa, tell his ass pop out
Make all the guys bring all the mops out
AR-15 with the stock out
I been going too hard, I can't stop now
Nigga Patek bust down, like a thot now
They know I'm a bug, might rob the plug
Feed him some slugs, came from the slums
Make your bitch suck on my dick like a thumb
Flexin' too hard, man you niggas some bums
Don't love these bitches, cause bitches is dumb
Just wanna fuck, when I hit 'em, I'm done
Being broke, it made me pick up gun
Ask one of the guys and gave it like "huh"
Ain't ask no questions, he gave me a seven
Asked for some work and he gave me a seven
Slid on the opps 'cause I knew I was ready
Shoot at his brain 'til it turns to spaghetti
Ain't got no dollar, you niggas is petty
Caught my first body, I hopped out a Chevy
Them slugs hit your chest and your body get heavy
I pop out with choppers, so nigga don't test me
Aye, this nigga think he a problem
I make a phone call to Choppa
We gon' run down on his partners
He made a phone call to me, so I pulled in a hurry
He tried to run off, get hit with the 30
You knowin' that I'm poppin' niggas like perky's
Them bullets heat a nigga just like a turkey