

# NLE Choppa, Side

CashMoneyAP

Ayy

I ain't gotta ask, I know my momma proud of me  
Yeah, my nigga, we was thuggin', we was doing robberies  
Yeah, ain't gotta ask if it's on me, it's on the side  
Every time that a young nigga ride  
Hundred shots up out this choppa, let them glide  
I can't let them slide 'cause they fuck with my pride  
I'm in the club with my glizzy and my blicky  
Try not to hurt somebody, hey

'Cause I was stuck up in the storm when the rain came  
We don't care where it's at, we do it broad day  
I let the opps run the city, tryna maintain  
Going down the wrong road gave me road rage  
I had to tell him we ain't going for nothing, don't know what the squad on  
A rich nigga like the lotto, sipping Muscato  
I put a nigga on the news, I probably read about him  
Her head super duper fire, make her head throttle  
He said tell me the meaning of a thug  
I rather be a gangster 'cause I can't show no love  
Before I do my dirt, I mask it on with a glove  
If he get up in my way, then I'ma hit him with a slug, yeah

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Hey, got my glizzy and my blicky, tryin' not to hurt somebody  
No, no, no, no  
Got them bombs like Al Qaeda