

NLE Choppa, ChopBloc Part 2

I'm in the booth with a Glock.23

AR15

Choppa make a nigga scene

What you say Chop?

Yeah yeah, NLE shit, bitch

Yeah yeah yeah

Fuck it, bitch I'm thuggin

The Glock I'm tuckin

Up it, I knock your muffin

End of discussion

I don't do no fuckin cuffin

I fucked her cousin

She said that my dick is lovely

I think she love me

Hit him with a Drake, I ain't talkin bout Aubrey

You sayin you a killer

Lil nigga, you flagin

And just like the Pizza, I want me some topping

And if it's a problem, you know Imma solve it

Bust through your shit, bitch I'm ready to drill

And just like a ghost, I give you the chills

Bitch I'm deep in the water, they call me a seal

He was speakin on me, somehow he got killed

I'm like "who?"

I be goin coo

I might have to rob you

Pull up where that nigga work

Shoot him through the drive-through

And don't speak up on my name, nigga, I advise you

I'll put a bullet through yo head right between yo fuckin eyes, fool

I got a tool on me, handy mandy, that bitch dandy

Just like a squirrel, bitch I want me a nut, just call me Sandy

On Halloween I was robbin the kids for their candy

Now I grew up hittin licks, and these niggas they can't stand me

Drop top Chop, bitch I knock back tops

I broke a bitch spinal cord when I gave her back-shots

I put a nigga on Fox

Just if he talkin to the cops

"Choppa, how many bodies you got?"

-Bitch, I got a lot

I put the perc up in my Henny, so you know I'm gettin silly

I'll leave yo body in the old town road just like I'm Billy

And bitch, I'm Gucci'ed down now, a nigga used to shop at Tennis

And all these pamper ass hoes really out here feelin shitty, yeah yeah

That's how you feel

I'm on the block with the steel

I'm in the club and I'm runnin these hoes, this shit feel like is track and field

If you talkin bout this crippin shit homie, I been doin this shit for years

What's the price, homie? All this ice on me

This shit got me up on chills

Ridin through your city with your bitch, get my dick sucked

Bank account on Antetokounmpo, we gettin' big bucks

Big Ben chain, I ain't never get my shit tucked

I heard these niggas talkin smoke, well, bitch you know this shit up

Before I work it out with a bitch, I do a sit-up

.40 to his mouth, I gun hin down now he can't get up

I heard the opps talkin, I know how to close they lips up

This shit get personal, I put his momma in the pick-ups

.40 on my side, choppa on the left of me

Please don't judge me, all this weed and beef get the best of me

Heard you got a stock of bad bitches, but yo bitch chubby

I can be the ugliest nigga in the room, your bitch will still fuck me

I heard you got no cash, you on a low budget
You payin for that ass, you got a whole budget
You get into it with your hoe because your hoe buggin
I teach that bitch a little Pilates, how her toe touchin