

NLE Choppa, Done

(Pipe that shit up, TnT)

Hmm

NLE Top-, hmm, bombs like Al-Qaeda

(Yung Lan on the track)

Woah, woah, hmm

Haha, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, hmm-hmm

Yeah-yeah, brrr

Ayy, done with the pills, I threw away the Roxys (I threw away the Roxys)

Done with the bullshit, I don't need nobody (I don't need nobody)

I might just post up with a full clip right in front the projects

(Right in front the projects)

I seen a murder 'fore it happen, I'm a murder prophet (I'm a murder prophet)

I'm sittin' chillin', smokin', makin' a killin'

Tryna make sure that they listen, but I don't think that they hearin', eyes tearin'

I'm not God-fearing, I just hope that God steering (I just hope that God steering)

Devil interfering, but this glizzy in Amiri's (But this glizzy in the mirrors)

They won't kill me, they won't drill me, won't peel me (They won't peel me)

Sincerely, from a nigga with no pity (With no pity), no biggie

Killers killin' without it with me, no Mickey

It ain't no mouses that's runnin' with me

They say Bryson trippin'

Say he changin', he actin' different

Know it's really fiction, so I'm changin' my chapter with you

Might get in my feelings, reminiscin' 'bout past dealings (Past dealings)

Meditating, infatuated with peace and real healin' (Real healin')

Drug dealin', real killin' we already witnessed it (We already witnessed it)

New deal for a few mill they askin' how I'm feelin' (They askin' how I'm feelin')

Don't feel real, a couple M's, she lovin' how I live (She lovin' how I live)

This shit unreal, these hoes they fuckin' on me just for thrill

I wish that I could get some time back (Some time back)

Man I gotta rewind that (I gotta rewind that)

Lotta shit, it set me back, it knocked me out the wrong path (Out the wrong path)

Thuggin' check my rough draft, give your ass a blood bath (A blood bath)

We don't even play fair, you come here you lay here

Hardworkin' young nigga, they don't understand I'm tired though

(They don't understand I'm tired)

Bro like what you tired for? You 'posed to be alive bro

Lotta shit done came to light, I was lookin' through blindfolds

Livin' in the lies, like we trapped up in a cycle

Tryna be rich like them white folks, my third eye woke (My third eye woke)

Think I want a white Ghost, matte black, or painted purple (Yeah, yeah)

Green and blue cheese, Geico

Blue Mike and Ikes ho' (Blue Mike and Ikes ho')

Off-White in the sunlight, can't forget the Nikes though

Livin' on a tight rope, I'm balancin' survival

Through the concrete, grew a bright rose, I'm on the right road

Potholes we dodge those, in foreign whip not Tahoes

I'm in the 'Rari, 'Rari, go

Calamari for the dish, while she give deepthroat, let me know

'Rari, 'Rari, go

In the car with this choppa, and it came with a scope

They like, "This that boy from Shotta Flow"

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