

NLE Choppa, DOPE (feat. Fivio Foreign)

12.04.2023r.

Utwór 'Dope' to nowość od NLE Choppa. W utworze gościnnie udzielił się Fivio Foreign

Ayy, MADENKA I think that's the one, you know?

Yeah

Nah, nah, nah, nah

Nah, nah, nah

Dope, money, green, nah, nah, nah, nah

Cold money, clean it, nah, nah, nah

Niggas'll kill you for what you believe in

I bought a new .40 for no reason

It's gettin' cold, so it's comin' to season

He caught a body, he comin' through, cheesin'

We ain't with none of the cryin' and grievin'

You know that my shooters is dyin' to see them

Niggas can't find him, he hidin', we seekin'

He in the city, he dyin' this weekend

I take a Percocet, it keep me calm

None of them niggas is doin' me harm

None of my bitches is doin' me wrong

I keep a smile, I ain't losin' my charm

I know the feds listenin' to this music

So I never say what I do in these songs

He send the addy, we pull up, he gone

Up close, so I ain't shootin' from long (Baow)

Dope, money, greed, nah, nah, nah, nah

Cold money, clean it, nah, nah, nah

Ayy, duffel-bag for the money, what the business is?

All across the world, servin' different citizens

I'ma make shit stretch 'til the end of end

Hit my knees every night, but I'ma sin again

Sorry Lord, can't say I don't know better (I don't know better)

Big stepper, 'til my toes start hurtin' ('Til my toes start hurtin')

Get him killed, then write him a murder letter

Few subliminals in my verses

Big chain on my neck, finna break my neck

Need a brace for my neck, mm-hmm

Ho brain with the best, I ain't feelin' her sex

So her best friend next, mm-hmm (They do it)

Call collects to charter jets

Then Billboard charts happen next (We gone)

Gotta big flex on my ex

Hold it over her head, 'til she meet her death (Ho hurtin')

Declined my calls and missed my text

I know them hoes regret (Them hoes sick)

I'm numb on a ho', I ain't feelin' 'em

He could be with the kid, we gon' kill 'em (We gon' get that nigga)

Get the drop, then you know I'm a sinner (Brrt)

No tags on the whip, no rentals

Ayy, hop out, let me see them feet work, nigga

We ain't finna shoot out no window

Dope, money, greed, nah, nah, nah, nah

Cold money, clean it, nah, nah, nah

Dope, money, greed, nah, nah, nah, nah

Cold money, clean it, nah, nah, nah

Dope

Money

Green, nah, nah, nah

Mm, nah, nah
Nah, nah, mm, nah, nah
Dope, mm, nah, money, green, nah, nah