

NLE Choppa, Drawing Symbols

This shit called the truth (Oh)

Dubba-AA flex

Know what I'm sayin', no rap clout (Oh, oh)

Nigga really be goin' through some shit (Oh, oh)

Gotta let a motherfucker know, know what I'm sayin' (Oh, oh)

You don't know a nigga like we do (Oh, oh)

This shit called the truth (Oh, oh, yeah)

This is the sound (Oh, oh)

They say Choppa got a baby, he ain't nothin' but fifteen

The bitch lied to his face, she didn't take a Plan B

Nine months later, now the nigga Chop with his seed

He can't handle all his problems, so he smoke a lil' weed

Mentally he hurtin', every day he suffer from depression

They ask him what's wrong, but he can never express it

This shit way too personal, stop askin' him questions

This a true story that they got a nigga confessin'

Conflict with his parents, they keep kickin' him out

He walked to his friend's house, he had to sleep on the couch

His momma think he goin' crazy, tryna figure him out

Dad think he fucke dup and he said that he foul

Startin' to feel empty and he don't know what to do

He disrespectin' all the teachers, he a menace in school

Students thinkin' he a dummy 'cause he act like a fool

But they don't know a nigga life and what he goin' through

I'm bipolar and I got anger issues

I'm scared of the outcome so I don't tell the truth

Runnin' from my problems, I don't know what to do

So much pain in my raps, I confess in the booth

Why these niggas steady hatin', man, I don't have a clue

Dreek tellin' me to chill, but I'ma give him the blues

If he run up on me, I swear to God I'ma shoot

It's my life or his, you know which one I'ma choose

He might be goin' insane 'cause every night that he cry

Tears rollin' down his cheeks until he close his eyes

He told his momma he don't care if he dead or alive

Fatal thoughts of suicide, he wanna take his life

Lovin' basketball but he don't live it no more

Fighting' with his teammates, cussin' out the coach

Yeah, ussin' out the coach, uh, bitch, ayy

Heartbroken, he can't show no love

Love would get a nigga killed and it's hard to trust

I don't fuck with too many, they might set me up

One phone call, they can get a nigga wetter

Sometimes I really wanna die and don't give a fuck

Put your tool in the sky for your loved one

Snakes all in the grass, I had to mow 'em

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You know which one I'ma choose, ayy

You know which one I'ma choose, ayy

Ayy, and bitch, this here the truth

Ayy, this here the truth

You know which one I'ma choose, you know which one I'ma choose
In this life that I'm winning' and young nigga can't lose, yeah
Bitch, you know which one I'ma choose
You know which one I'ma choose
This is the Sound