

NLE Choppa, L.A. Leakers - Freestyle 127

Say nigga, I'm still trippin', still grippin'
Purple rag on me, still crippin'
Last nigga play, he ain't still livin'
Really witty, you can ask the city
You don't see Chop unless he got a glizzy
Hold fifty, get the whole clip when it start spittin'
Soul liftin', he was so gifted
Put him in a box with a bow ribbon
Roll them up in GG folds nigga
Bro poured up a four nigga
Ride around with a four-nickel
Four sticks and four rentals
All four people, now his folks miss him
Fourty to his mouth, cougar kiss him
Put my dogs on him, go and sic 'em
Suspect, never been a victim
Old head on my left smokin' 'dro
While my nigga on the right smoked your bro
I ain't going back and forth
We don't do ride around, I never even made a post
We gon' leave 'em on the ground laying flat
While the ambulance check for his pulse
Jump in that water, gon' need a float
Shots hit his throat, let him drive the boat
Ain't been in your bitch in a minute
But when I'm back in she gon' feel it
I make her backbend like a gymnast
I bust like a MAC-10 when she grip it
Get my nut then I'm socially distanced
Ifs, ands or buts, none of them bitches
If she bad as fuck I still ain't simpin'
All she get is hard dick 'til I'm shrimpin'
Really a dog, let me off the leash
Bangin' the C, but I'm really a P
Take the L out of play, you get pay
Take the R out of free, you get fee
My top bitch made a mil in a week
She don't sell pussy, she just get on OnlyFans
And show pictures of her feet
I got a bad bitch out the D
I got a hood bitch out the Chi'
One of 'em stay off Royal Oak
One of 'em live off King Drive
One of 'em like to bump Ginuwine
Other one bumpin' Von when she ride me
Detroit bitch like to wear [?]
My Chiraq bitch keep a number nine
I got some real niggas doin' time
Some of 'em ain't even did the crime
Was at the wrong place at the wrong time
Shots start flyin', niggas start dyin'
Mommies start cryin', I ain't even lyin'
You ain't never had to stand in line
Just to wash your dick in front a couple of guys
Ay, ay
We finessin' here, we sellin' him salt
Gave him Robitussin, thought it was raw
Oregano in a cookie bag he bought
When he rolled it up he ain't even cough
Sixth grade I was gettin' it off
Fake drugs, had deals on the wheels
Hoppin' out the school bus with it on me
Couple years later found the real plug
Can't even lie, I felt like Tony

Play with my money, we creep 'til the morning
As soon as it's sunny we still gon' be gunnin'
You know how we comin', last nigga started runnin'
Hollow tips ripped through his back
'Til it came out his stomach
On God, hold up
Think I'm lyin', I could pull it out and show the rod
Jumpin' in this water, you gon' drown up in this pond
Come around the gang, you need more than some heart
Everybody with me got more bodies than a morgue
LA Leakers, bitch, and you just know the story