

# NLE Choppa, Picture Me Grapin

Yeah, turn me up a lil' bit more  
Just a lil' bit more  
What he say, picture me Grapin'?  
Ayy, we movin', ayy  
Ayy, ayy  
Oh, they done fucked up with this right here  
NLE the Top Shotta  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
I got the bomb like Al-Qaeda for real, nigga (NLE the Top Shotta, nigga)

Picture me rollin' (Yeah)  
Fat Cackwood smokin', couple bitches in motion  
We ain't causin' commotion, but I be braggin' and boastin'  
I put the most in, I get the most out, no doubt  
I brought the Glock in and took my show out, I sold out  
We break them poles out for your show out, then roll out  
I got him hit and then I rapped about it, think he know now  
Put a duffle bag up on his head, my nigga cash out  
I get the cheese in large amounts, they callin' me the cash cow  
We get the P's, we get the pints, and then we tax 'em, Uncle Sam  
Give him teddy bears and t-shirts, my dawg put him down  
Told that nigga get from 'round me, I don't trust him, so it's fuck him  
Brand new chopper, suppressed the muzzle, it— when I bust 'em  
We slide on 'em, hit the brother, then we double back with different cutters  
They know it's real, they know it's drama, so they call they mamas (Ayy)

I live the life of a top shotta until the day I die  
Yeah, you know I'm a thug, nigga, but I'ma still cry  
We ain't doin' no drive-bys, I look him in his eye  
Stand over with this fire and I'ma watch that nigga die  
Niggas know how we comin'-comin', we slammin' like we Drummond  
Niggas pull up, we dumpin'-dumpin', we shoot and it ain't nothin'  
We leavin' them niggas slumpin'-slumpin', see my gun, they runnin'  
A hundred rounds, keep 'em comin', comin', murder on my conscience

I got this pistol in my pants and I'm posted where I wanna be  
I made my own label, I can't see no nigga signin' me  
I got too much to lose, I'm takin' you, you think you takin' me  
I never been a fool, I watch your moves, you think you snakin' me (I'm watchin')  
Real killer, all my niggas feel safe with me  
Even though they really supposed to be securin' me  
I told Big Sean that I don't really need security, but that's my nigga  
But ain't nan' nigga put fear in me  
I sincerely wrote a note, but they ain't hearin' me (They ain't hearin' me, cuh)  
I give a junkie line of coke to go on killing sprees (They ain't hearin' me, cuh)  
I told the bitch to get the drop while she was on her knees  
She asked me what's in it for her, I said, "I got a treat," I skeeted  
Yeah, I left it on her face and I told her, "That's the only thing you gettin' from me, babe"  
I live the life of a boss player until the day I die (Until the day I die)  
Couple bitches they feelin' on me, they sayin' that I'm fly (They sayin' that I'm fly)  
Feel like 2Pac, I got two bitches, they fuckin' in the spot  
Her ass fat, I'm grabbin', grippin', I'ma squeeze it 'til it pop  
You know I get around, I get your pants down, and then I rock  
Hood nigga, I'ma pull my pants down, keep on my socks  
Jamaican nigga, she be feelin' on my hair, she like my locs  
I put her head on my cock, I told her, "Suck it, don't stop"  
Ayy, you can call me Tommy, I got the drank up in my belly  
We slid on 'em, got to poppin', know you got the message  
We ain't 'bout the talkin', bitch, we 'bout the sparkin'  
Pull up on him then we caution tape and white chalk him  
I got a child, but my BM really be on bullshit  
I'm askin' God why I got these problems on this pulpit  
Heard another diss today, I put him on my shooter list

Suited up, I'm all-black, I'm ready to go do a man  
Shoot a man, gun in hand  
Have him runnin' like the running man  
Where you runnin' when I'm sprayin'?  
A couple bands wrapped in rubber bands  
Put it all up on your head  
Bands make 'em dance when them choppers start playin'  
You sayin' what you sayin', but I'm sayin' what I'm sayin'  
And my nigga off the Xans, he'll blam on your man (Brr)

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A hundred rounds, keep 'em comin', comin', murder on my conscience

Yeah, picture me rollin'  
We bend the curve when we creepin', when we step  
Picture me Grapin'  
Man, them choppers move them right to left  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Picture me rollin'  
NLE the Top Shotta, got the bombs like Al-Qaeda  
Picture me Grapin' (Brr)