

NLE Choppa, Side

CashMoneyAP

Ayy

I ain't gotta ask, I know my momma proud of me
Yeah, my nigga, we was thuggin', we was doing robberies
Yeah, ain't gotta ask if it's on me, it's on the side
Every time that a young nigga ride
Hundred shots up out this choppa, let them glide
I can't let them slide 'cause they fuck with my pride
I'm in the club with my glizzy and my blicky
Try not to hurt somebody, hey

'Cause I was stuck up in the storm when the rain came
We don't care where it's at, we do it broad day
I let the opps run the city, tryna maintain
Going down the wrong road gave me road rage
I had to tell him we ain't going for nothing, don't know what the squad on
A rich nigga like the lotto, sipping Muscato
I put a nigga on the news, I probably read about him
Her head super duper fire, make her head throttle
He said tell me the meaning of a thug
I rather be a gangster 'cause I can't show no love
Before I do my dirt, I mask it on with a glove
If he get up in my way, then I'ma hit him with a slug, yeah

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Hey, got my glizzy and my blicky, tryin' not to hurt somebody
No, no, no, no
Got them bombs like Al Qaeda