

NLE Choppa, WILL NOT LOSE

Cross that line, we bend the rules
Yeah (Wrong or right, we gotta choose)
Know what I'm sayin'? (Wrong or right, it's up to you)
Ayy, them boys, they counted me out (We ain't got nothing to lose)
They left me for dead (But we got something to prove)
In my darkest moments, I ain't see the sunshine
Cross that line, we bend the rules
Wrong or right, we gotta choose
But it's all good, they can't kill me
They can't hurt me (Wrong or right, it's up to you)
We ain't got nothing to lose
They can't bend for break me (But we got something to prove)
Brr

Ayy, fill that car up, make sure pressure in it
A hundred, two hundred, three hundred shots are better with me, yeah (Better with me)
Them niggas fucked, but I was celibate (But I was celibate)
I hung my jersey up, I'm back out of retirement (Out of retirement)
Electric Slide on 'em (Brr)
Chopped Charger and two steppers when we ride on 'em (Ayy, when we ride on 'em)
I survived, homie, flat lines, I'm allergic to it, I run from it, yeah (Run from it)
We take a loss and then we shake back (Shake back)
They took one and couldn't take that (Take that)
I know them niggas hate that, for real (I know you hate that, nigga)
The real Reaper in the flesh, nigga, I'm above death
I got somethin' to prove, leave his head hangin' off his neck (Brr, brr)

Cross that line, we bend the rules
Wrong or right, we gotta choose
I (Wrong or right, it's up to you)
Will (We ain't got nothing to lose)
Not (But we got something to prove)
Lose, hm, hm
Cross that line, we bend the rules
Wrong or right, we gotta choose
I (Wrong or right, it's up to you)
Will (We ain't got nothing to lose)
Not (But we got something to prove)
Lose

Hardbody

Ain't nothin' that can break me, bitch, God got me (God got me)
Anything that happened to me, I did probably (Did probably)
Corn of my enemy, I know he heard 'bout me (Know you heard 'bout me)
Send another my way, it's gon' be another body (It's gon' be another body)
Nothin' to lose, but my life, can't let nobody take me (Can't take me out)
As long as I can take a deep breath, forever grateful
As long as Ma can call my phone and check up her baby (Then we all straight)
I'ma be all good, don't worry 'bout my safety (Don't worry 'bout me)
To kill me, you gon' need more than a gun and a bullet (Brr, brr, brr)
The whole Heaven gotta be backin' you when you pull it (Brr, brr, brr)
Gotta be a pro behind that trigger, not a rookie (Not no rookie)
The Devil himself gotta do it, it can't be no pussy (No pussy, nigga)

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I (Wrong or right, it's up to you)
Will (We ain't got nothing to lose)
Not (But we got something to prove)
Lose, hm, hm
Cross that line, we bend the rules
Wrong or right, we gotta choose
I (Wrong or right, it's up to you)
Will (We ain't got nothing to lose)

Not (But we got something to prove)
Lose

They ain't got too much to say (Too much to say)
And every dog has his day (And every dog his day)
When it's mine, I'ma be okay (I'ma be all good)
This just the price we gotta pray
Check one and we stretch somethin' on a walk up (Brr)
To my dead homies representin' all of us (Long live Geno)
Know them niggas hatin' on me, but tell 'em all love (It's all good)
At that next stone, jump ships, nah, nah, nah

Cross that line, we bend the rules
Wrong or right, we gotta choose (Nah)
Wrong or right, it's up to you (Nah, nah, nah, nah)
We ain't got nothing to lose
But we got something to prove (Will not lose, no)
Cross that line, we bend the rules
Wrong or right, we gotta choose
Wrong or right, it's up to you
Will (We ain't got nothing to lose)
Not (But we got something to prove)
Lose