

# NLE Choppa, Birdboy

Ayy, huh, yeah  
(I don't even think y'all niggas ready)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
SGULL  
(They not ready, bruh, Tay, they ready?)  
Yeah, yeah  
(Tay said "No")  
What? Yeah  
(Huh, huh)

Bullets hit a nigga up, like I'm playin' Pac-Man  
Choppa got a kick back, leave him on a kick stand  
Nigga call me doo-doo, yeah, I'm the shit, man  
Nigga talkin' shit, so I fired on his bitch ass  
Glock freeze him up, yeah  
Call that freeze tag  
Chopper leave him stuck, yeah  
That's a glitch, man  
If a nigga play, I'ma hit him broad day with the K  
Make a nigga go, "Ah", yeah  
Do the race, call it Tay-K, yeah  
Fuckin' on another nigga bae, yeah  
Make a nigga shake, earthquake, yeah  
Nigga, I'm real, you fake, yeah  
I be totin' them glizzies, we love totin' guns  
I do it for real, you do it for fun  
When an opp see me, you know they gon' run  
I hang out the window, shoot shit like LeBron  
You know that I hit 'em, I had to get 'em  
They thought I was bowlin', I had to split 'em  
7.62, cut him down the middle  
Cookin' him up like a fuckin' McGriddle  
Saw me in the game  
And you know that I'ma score, bitch  
Pull up with the gang, twist your finger, make it bang  
To be honest, I'm an animal, I can't be tamed  
Bullets fallin' out the sky, let that bitch rain  
2-3 shots, take him out with a bang  
Back in the summer, I didn't have a name  
Now she suck on my dick while my balls be hangin'  
Damn, lil Choppa, she say that you slangin'  
Hit from the back, have her changin' language

Huh, huh?  
[\*ringer\*]  
What the fuck?  
Bitch, stop calling my phone!

I hit her one time then I leave her alone  
I know I'm not right, 'cause I'm doin' her wrong  
Just like a dog, I just wanna bone  
We makin' 'em serve, we serve in a cone  
I'm a real nigga, you cannot clone  
I'm cold with this shit like my first name was stone  
I'm still a menace (Huh?), wait (What the fuck?)  
I am a devil, whole other level  
I'm clutchin' my metal, cook him like a vegetable  
She eatin' my dick like that bitch is an edible  
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I'm clutchin' my metal, cook him like a vegetable  
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Back in 8th grade, I was lame, I was boostin'  
Now I'm up in high school gettin' head from my tutor

Used to be a fighter, graduated to a shooter  
Shoot him in the head, I'm tryna knock out his noodles  
I'm a big dog, little nigga, you a poodle  
I sell a bitch a dream like my name Young Ruler  
Pop off, like I'm Martin Luther  
Bullets bless him, that's a hallelujah

Hrrrrr  
Bop, bop, bop, bop, bop  
(They shootin')  
Slatt, slatt  
(Choppa)