

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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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)