

NLE Choppa, Chicago To Memphis

Nigga fuck
Fuck nigga, fuck nigga, fuck nigga
(Run that back, Playboi)

Raise the murder rate
Anytime a nigga play, we raise the murder rate
Broad day, let thirty shots off and we skrrt away
Park the car, don't drop off, I be front line when it pop off
When it's crunch time, make it hot sauce
Homicide gon' tape his block off
Let the Glock off, knock ya top off, aye
Watch 'em fly away
Tryna stay up out them streets, I had to fly away
Momma pray I'm too deep in the streets to stop, I can't
Really rich, I woke up, thought to buy that watch, I ain't
I bank at five banks
In my hood, I'm hall of fame
I'm on that nine rank
Changed the game up, showed my niggas how to play, I got away
Still ain't put that fye away, you wanna die, just try today
My mind right, I'm flying straight
I probably walk away
Plus I know you niggas hoes, just act tough and talk away
Eighteen, got sacked up and strapped up just off a play
And I ain't hiding, I'm in LA, I'm in that Lamb', I'm at valet

Aye, switch out the tags and the VIN 'cause I wanna spin again
Couple shots in the FN and the rest of 'em in his friend
Ain't enough money in this world that will make me cross a friend
Ain't enough loyalty in this world for you to comprehend
Freaky bitch, I beat her back until it bend and it break
Gave me head up in the 'Cat, I put the police on the chase
Came in her mouth, got away and still ain't ever hit the brakes
Asked her was she fine, she said her hair fucked up but she okay
I'm as cutthroat as it get and I'm 'bout grimy as a ho
Glizzy gotta match my fit or I ain't steppin' out the door
Thirty shots, it wasn't enough so I got fifty at the most
Scratch the serial up out this bitch, now both of y'all a ghost
Get my jewelry from flawless diamonds but my bitch go to Wafi
Might get a Urus on perfect timing just to say I bought it
Niggas weird, they slick dissin' on me and damn right, I caught it
A couple weeks later, we had his mama pickin' coffins
This that shit that have you goin' a hundred on the e-way
Stop the car, let me out, I left him layin' on the freeway
Got niggas shooting behind and after me like it's a relay
Blow his candles at his candle light, call it a murder bday
Fuck the score board, nigga, you can check the stat sheet
Run shit down like Sha'Carri in a track meet
Put 'em in the backseat, then kill 'em on the backstreet
Two shooters a tag team, his noodles on concrete

Nigga, business is what he standing on
Bullets hit his back, tell 'em show it off like it's Vlonc
Few things I don't play about money, and respect, and my jawns
You see me, might play around but I got bodies on my dome
Shot a nigga at fifteen, I never looked back since
Slam a dunk a opp, my arm in the rim like I'm Vince
Purple bandana, purple outfit, Purple Rain like I'm Prince
I'm a money-making nigga but I can't go out like Mitch

I bet them bullets change the subject
Why you stop sucking my dick, bitch? You seen I ain't nut yet
Niggas can talk all they want, I still ain't been touched yet
Brodie tell me chill, he know I kill, but nigga, fuck that

'Cause if ion get 'em, they got me
If ion fill 'em they bodied, put 33 in them Scottie, no Pippen
Them bullets hit 'em, inject him, we fill 'em like penicillin
We put niggas past the ceiling and the sky, giving God a visit
Murder, murder, kill it, kill it
Dirty thirty filled what's it in
For certain, I'm merking the person thinking that I ain't with it
Close the curtain, hospital visits, we flat
Lining them bitches, double back
Nine of them niggas hit up his spine, now he Crippin'