

NLE Choppa, Double Bacc

(CashMoneyAP)

Ayy, ayy

We took a finger off that bitch for all that typing and shit (All that typing and shit)
My baby mama trippin', you know she be toxic as shit (She be toxic as shit)
I see 'em hating in my comments, tell 'em get off my dick (Get off my dick)
And for them niggas did me dirty, come back, hit at your shit
You ran when your nigga got popped, why you ain't shoot back? (Why you ain't shoot back?)
I'm EBK for real, any nigga play get blew back (Get blew back)
They know this shit is serious, they tuckin' tails, we at they hat (We at they hat)
We could have got the other one, but my nigga ain't double back
Nigga, blatt

He callin' me off the bitch phone, he tryna see just where I'm at
I'm posted at the crib, I got the 308, it's in my bag
Go outside with this chopper, see a car, then I'ma air it
Bitch, I'm a baby Loc, I never show no fear 'cause I ain't scared
And I'ma have his mama somewhere crying, singing sad songs (Singing sad songs, song)
Put a price up on his head, his toe, I want a tag on it (I put a tag on it)
Me and Tevo might go kill a nigga, then go brag on it (Then go brag on it)
Up the prices, I'ma go and kill him, spend your last on it
Voicin' your opinion, but nobody's understanding you (Understanding you)
Standin' ten toes on my own like a man would do (Like a man would do)
When she pop a molly, she eat it up like a vegetable (Just like a vegetable)
Ride this dick like Harley, she all in, she grip my testicles (She grip my testicles)
Never say I'm sorry, I say what I meant, I tell the truth (I tell the truth)
NLE the army, got troops that gon' shoot, you front your move (Front your move)
My daughter on the way, but I told Blasian have my son, though
I'm shadowed by my past, I just want the sun to shine on me

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Ayy let me talk that rich talk, you know I pop my shit (Pop my shit, nigga)
Fuck the murder talk, let's talk about the shit I spit (The shit I spit)
Pay for a body and a Sprinter and I don't pay rent
And fuck them niggas shot it up, tell 'em come do it while I'm in it (Pussy)
Me and my niggas walkin' up, we walk 'em down how we livin' (Brrt, brrt, brrt)
Bitch you just gotta say it's up, we leave 'em drownin' in pity (Brrt, brrt, brrt)
We ain't toleratin' dissin', we gon' kill 'cross the city (Brrt, brrt, brrt)
And we ain't cappin' when we rappin', we gon' make sure they feel it
We ain't runnin' from no nigga 'less they one-time (Unless they one-time)
I leave my phone at the crib when it's crunch time (When it's crunch time)
Extended clip, long on it like a lunch line (Just like a lunch line)
It's fifty in this AR, nigga, we a drumline (Ayy, we a drumline)
Ayy, bitch, I'm blowin' exotic, but I ain't chillin' with Joe (I ain't chillin' with Joe)
Your Tiger King get took over and my lions turned poor (And my lions turned poor)
This chopper leave him unbalanced if he don't stick to the role (He don't stick to the role)
You know we kill 'em in silence, I swear nobody gon' know (Grrt, grrt, ayy)

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Woah, woah
Woah, woah
Woah, woah
NLE the Top Shotta, woah, woah