

NLE Choppa, Drip Creator

Zaytoven!

I'm the drip creator, ouuu

I'm the drip creator

Oh, yeahhhh, yeah

I'm tied with money, yeah

Ayy (Ayy)

Ayy

I'm tryna get money, don't care bout the fame
Fucked the first night and I don't know her name
I'm popping these percs to ease all this pain
Pickin' these bitches, I need me a cane
Broken down bad I need me a plate
Keep me a shooter like kids mess with clay
Chasing this bag and stay out the way
These niggas, they hate, just look at they face
Dripping too much got your main bitch looking
Soon as you look you know that she took it
Niggas throwing [?] like took it
Hall of fame shooters don't fuck with no rookies
Shooting my .20, but my dice is crooked
Niggas sneak dissing, they really some pussies
Bullets to his head, just like a hoodie
Running your pockets we need all your goodies
Kicked her out the spot, I gave her the boot
My nigga like block, they ready to shoot
Send a hit, and then we watch it go poof
Feds pick me up, and I don't gave a clue
Spending the flavors, sipping on liquors
Shocking the game, I don't need a taser

All orange like a Florida Gator
Look at my drip, I'm the drip creator
Drip creator, yeah I'm the drip creator
Ayy, I'm the drip creator
Ayy, I'm the drip creator
Drip creator, all orange like a Florida Gator

Ayy, uhh ahh
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, ayy

Going back in you thought I was finished
Since a youngin' been a menace like Dennis
Got me some racks, I ain't talkin' bout titties
....look like some titties
Free the fucking case, sexual harassment
Pull up and shoot like I'm Tyler Harris
Boy want some smoke? Yeah he got static
Bullets make him go "He-he, who who"
That's the Michael Jackson
Yeah, He-he, who who
That's the Michael Jackson
....choppa too smooth
....choppa too smooth
....choppa too smooth smooth yeah

I'm that nigga, ayy
I'm killer
I'm a realer
Earned my stripes like a zebra
Yeah, yeah, yeah