

NLE Choppa, Gamble With My Heart

(Pipe that shit up, TnT)
(DMac on the fuckin' track)
Oh-oh, NLE the Top Shotta
I got the bombs like Al-Qaeda
Woah, woah
Ayy, ayy, ayy

Sometimes I gamble with my heart, I'm takin' chances, where my love at?
Don't know where to start, it got me askin', "Where the drugs at?"
Suburban who? 'Cause I be posted with the Rugrats
Came up off of robbin', but my OG really sold crack
Billion views up, but I'll still go and kill somethin'
Take one of my dawgs and I'ma make sure all y'all feel one
Unexpected shootout, you ain't knowin' when that drill come
Come and shoot up who house? We gon' post up 'til you niggas come

And I ain't goin' in 'til the mornin'
I see a cop, I'm on it
We leave his mama mournin'
He send a threat, ignore it
The internet for corporate
We leave his body cold spread and then his breath aborted
Wanna go far, but I know bullshit be stoppin' you
Tell 'em keep goin' hard 'cause I know that's just what I would do
People who pushin' through they battles, I swear I'm proud of you
People who say they gon' be there for you ain't on side of you
Granny and mama happy her son havin' a baby
Movin' like a don, so them niggas steady hate me
Mama say I'm crazy 'cause I'm posted with the Drac', man
Tuck it in my pants, I can't let a nigga take me
Life gettin' better, but sometimes it's gettin' hard
People want beneficiaries, but they ain't play a part
Turn your back on me, we getting ready for war
Backseat with this Drac', we lettin' fire off in this car
Gambles and crosses and losses, we take those
If you ain't man enough, then my killers known to make those
Pesos, we get even, that's if you owe, bro
Game up in a chokehold, they tellin' me to let go

Lately, I been havin' stress all day
Too many problems we face
Gotta sit down and pray
Uh-uh, I swear to that it's gon' be okay

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Yeah
NLE the Top Shotta, got the bombs like Al-Qaeda
We'll post up 'til you niggas come