

# NLE Choppa, Narrow Road

Cook that shit up, Quay  
Oh, oh, oh-oh  
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh  
Top Shotta, Don Dada  
Got the bombs like Al-Qaeda  
NLE the Top Shotta, yeah

I just copped the Range Rover (A big body), with the Forgis (With some Forgiatos)  
Sippin' codeine (Codeine), feelin' like a dope fiend (A dope fiend)  
He said I'm not killer, that nigga don't know me (Brrt)  
My OG told me, "Put in work," when I was fourteen (When I was fourteen)  
Goin' down a narrow ro-o-o-oad (A narrow ro-oad)  
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Goin' down a narrow ro-o-o-oad (A narrow ro-ad)  
I'm goin' down a narrow ro-oad, ro-oad, ro-o-oad

They tell me, "Think smart," (Think smart), I know right from wrong (Oh)  
They tell me I'ma get life with this dirty chrome (Get life)  
Well, you would rather take a life before they take your own (The Don Dada)  
And bitch, I been through some shit, I came from a broken home  
I got a different mentality, bitch, it's kill or be killed (Kill or, yeah)  
I'd rather kill a rat before I write a statement and squeal (Yeah, yeah)  
It ain't no face up in my circle, real recognize real (Yeah, yeah)  
I kick that boy up out my cot and I did out, did my drills (Yeah)  
'Cause ayy, we are not the same (We are not the same)  
I got murder, murder, murder runnin' through my brain (It's runnin' through my brain)  
And bitch, I'm hard up inside, piranhas swim through my veins (Swim through my veins)  
Put your feelings on the toilet, watch it twirl down the drain (Uh-huh, uh)  
They askin' who I need, well, I don't need shit (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Only thing I need, it just got twenty-three, bitch (Grrt, grrt)  
Flyin' overseas got a young nigga seasick  
I was just posted in the street like some cement, yeah, yeah, yeah

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Road gettin' narrow (Nah), slimmer and slimmer (Slim)  
Pray to God that I forget, try my best not to remember (Ah)  
It's a cold, cold world and I was born in December  
I'm forever steppin' forward, you know I'm one of the members  
They try to tax us, SSI, then we start goin' and get 'em  
Really show me what it was, I prolly never forgive ya  
Start havin' what you ain't had and they'll look at ya different  
But it don't matter, I'm in my bag, it's gettin' bigger and bigger  
Now the Range Rover class Sport and stamps on my passport  
Never know what trippin', I got everything I asked for  
Youngin' out here robbin', I try to tell that nigga to mask up  
We get all the bags around the way, niggas can't gas us  
Ain't really got too much to say but fuck the task force  
Keep mindin' my business, hold my weight, and run my cash up  
Sometimes I just ride 'round with my stick inside my Lamb' truck  
Everywhere I go, somebody put me on their cameras

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A big body with some Forgiatos  
Codeine, a dope fiend  
Brrt  
When I was fourteen  
A narrow ro-o-ad, ayy  
A narrow ro-o-o-ad  
A narrow ro-o-ad, ayy  
Narrow ro-o-o-ad