

NLE Choppa, No Love

Grrah (Yeah, Jay on the beat so you know it's a banger, nigga), gang
Ayy (Ayy), fuck wrong with a nigga, ayy
Gang (Gang, gang)
Ayy (Ayy, ayy)

Man, I just be doggin' these hoes (Doggin' these hoes)
I don't got no love for these bitches (Hol' up)
Whole city mad, 'cause I did it
I don't get no love from my lil' city (No more)
Chargin' the fifty, [?] they tried to book me
And you gon' die if you reach out this pendent
R.I.P bullets comin' out this glizzy (Brrt, brrt, brrt, brrt)
Another gone, that's another killin'
I'm on demon time, [?] coulda ride
Run a homicide, up in my city (Okay)
Yeah, his brother died, fuck them other guys
I done dropped a bag on them lil' bitches
I done got 'em mad, I got 'em trippin' (They trippin')
I'm on niggas ass, stop playin' with me (Stop trippin')
They gon' make me mad, playin' with my siblings
Made me fuckin' crash out of this fifty

Made me fuckin' crash out of this glizzy (Brrt)
Put a nigga ass up in that blender (That's real)
Hit 'em with the switch, no, I'm with the shizz
Walk 'em down, make his ass surrender (For real)
He got stepper shit, tell 'em to send 'em (Ayy, send 'em)
I'ma do 'em bad, slicin' his dimple (Brrt)
Throw that right behind, that's my evil twin
I can't tell you what I did with that nigga (Grrah)
We tried drop us a opp (Drop us a opp)
So many shots at his top (Shots at his top)
Better stay in, we spinnin' the block (Brrt, brrt, brrt, brrt)
We got some cash, ain't y'all seen Glocks?
Glock at his face, we get the drop
Up the ol' way, we get the drop
Fuck up the game when I say we chop

Man, I just be doggin' these hoes
I don't got no love for these bitches
Whole city mad, 'cause I did it
I don't get no love from my lil' city
Chargin' the fifty, [?] they tried to book me
And you gon' die if you reach out this pendent
R.I.P bullets comin' out this glizzy
Another gone, that's another killin'
I'm on demon time, [?] coulda ride
Run a homicide, up in my city
Yeah, his brother died, fuck them other guys
I done dropped a bag on them lil' bitches
I done got 'em mad, I got 'em trippin'
I'm on niggas ass, stop playin' with me (With top shottas)
They gon' make me mad, playin' with my siblings
Made me fuckin' crash out of this fifty (Ayy)

Make me fuckin' crash out with this glizzy (Grr)
Spazz out when shit get sticky (Sticky)
I don't need a nigga ridin' with me
Less the people in the car 'cause they be snitchin' (Snitch)
Try to slide on me, take that challenge (Take that challenge)
Guaranteed he won't climb that mountain (Climb that mountain)
Bullets wet him like a fountain, take him on a drown
They gon' have to lost and found him (Found)
Hunnid sticks and a few bad bitches in the loft, living life like Ross (Like Rick)

All them Honey Buns cool, but I got a meal ticket, come talk to a boss (Hot shit)
Few million on this and that, but a couple racks get a nigga knocked off (Hit a nigga)
Ball is life, cross him like hot sauce
Hit him with the stick, don't play golf (Don't play golf)
Intercepting when I caught it
Smith and Wesson, I ain't bought it (Ain't bought it)
Picked a felon with a .40 (Fourty)
You respecting since I shot it (Shotta)
Give me a opp and a beat, I'ma walk it
I don't really do the talkin'
Murder on my mental and it sit there often
Say somethin' and I'm sparkin'
Catch him in the car, shoot it up until I park it

Man, I just be doggin' these hoes (Doggin')
I don't got no love for these bitches (These bitches)
Whole city mad, 'cause I did it (I did it)
I don't get no love from my lil' city
Chargin' the fifty, [?] they tried to book me
And you gon' die if you reach out this pendent (Top shotta)
R.I.P bullets comin' out this glizzy
Another gone, that's another killin'
I'm on demon time, [?] coulda ride
Run a homicide, up in my city
Yeah, his brother died, fuck them other guys
I done dropped a bag on them lil' bitches
I done got 'em mad, I got 'em trippin'
I'm on niggas ass, stop playin' with me
They gon' make me mad, playin' with my siblings
Made me fuckin' crash out of this fifty (Brrt)