

NLE Choppa, Perc 10

Ayy, hmm, mmhmm
Wonder how they looking at me now?
Now a nigga got the large amount
Yeah, I got my money up
Kio, Kio
Ayy, ayy

I'm just thinkin' what them bitches thinkin' of me now
When I was broke and bummy, bitches used to turn me down
And now they see me out in person, wanna burn me down
I tell 'em "Fuck 'em, it ain't shit that we can talk about"
Hey, hey now I got a foreign, I used to have a stolen car
Used to have jewelry from the mall, now I got a Audemars
I used to look up at myself and say "How the fuck I'ma eat tomorrow?"
Put the plate up on the table, that's what the fuck I be feastin' on
Y'all wasn't checkin' on a nigga when y'all knew I was broke
I stayed down, then I came up, I was losing my hope
I wanted me some money, bitch you know I picked up a pole
I started hitting licks, and if you flinch, I'm snatching his soul
Ayy, I don't know what state I'm in, I'm just recording
These rap niggas, they my son, they should've never begged abortions
I had to hang up on my nigga, 'cause he wasn't talkin' 'bout no money so you know it's not important
Ayy, and this the choppa house my nigga, ain't no Glocks allowed
I stick 'em up and then I bust it, I'ma gun 'em down
I put him six feet deep, I swear to God he won't make a sound
My diamonds Aquafina, come too close lil' nigga, you'll drown
Ayy, and we was shooting them clips, you would've thought I was a pornstar
Back in the Maybach, remember days in the police car
Teacher telling me that I'm a failure, I ain't gettin' out
Now for the kids at the school lookin' at me like a role model
My bottle empty, I told the plug we need some more drugs
Perc' 10, the Perc' 15, I'm on both of 'em
They see me sayin' real shit, my nigga sayin' talk to 'em
Leavin' bullet holes so big up in that nigga I can walk through 'em
Yeah I like them Gucci snakes, but I'll never cross my nigga
That bitch, she ugly up in person 'cause she using all them filters
They say "Lil Choppa got no filter, that young nigga, he so bitter"
Bitch I'm bitter, I was raised by the robbers and them killers
Ayy, I put my money in a shoebox, nigga fuck a bank
I pop my shit regardless, don't give a fuck what you think
And fuck a car, man I want me a fucking tank
You shooting with your eyes closed, but when I shoot, I don't fucking blink
If I see a nigga eye to eye, bitch you know I blackout
Black mask, black gat, tryin' to leave his back out
You was throwing stones at a motherfucking glasshouse
I was out in traffic, catch my man and it's a man down
Hey, hey, it's a man down, it's a man down
No drive-bys, when I see 'em, I'ma walk down
I catch 'em slippin', leave 'em missin' in the lost and found
And free my niggas, they be jailin' in the dog pound

Ayy, no, no
Free my niggas, they be jailin' in the dog pound
In the dog pound
Drroo, doo, doo
Ayy, my bottle empty, I told the plug we need some more drugs
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