

# NLE Choppa, Problems

Five-Five-Six, hit a nigga broad day  
Shoot him in the leg and I took off his face  
We ain't doing no playing, we totin' these Drac's  
I catch him up in traffic, boost the murder rate  
Murder on my mind, I coming like Melly  
I pop me a perc and it's sitting in my belly  
I went on a mission, you know I was ready  
I hang out the window, shoot shit like Mageddon  
I might shoot to Chicago and link up with Tay  
I hit up the plug, I need me a play  
I used to be broke, I made me a way  
And free all my niggas, they fighting the cases  
They locked in the cage, you know that they with it  
They know I'm from Memphis, they know that we killin'  
When these bullets hit, you know it's no healin'  
Cause I aim at your noggin, I'm knockin' your fitted

When you talking to me, come correct  
Shoot through your neck, you don't need a vest  
We totin' them Drac's, put up your TEC  
And just like a pussy, I leave him wet  
Hide your momma, hide your son  
You know I'm a savage when I got a gun  
We killin' for real, we do it for fun  
You could call me Osama, I keep me a bomb

[TaySav & NLE Choppa:]

Back in the party, my Glock out  
F&N make niggas clock out  
I'm on the block with the rocks out  
Call Choppa, tell his ass pop out  
Make all the guys bring all the mops out  
AR-15 with the stock out  
I been going too hard, I can't stop now  
Nigga Patek bust down, like a thot now  
They know I'm a bug, might rob the plug  
Feed him some slugs, came from the slums  
Make your bitch suck on my dick like a thumb  
Flexin' too hard, man you niggas some bums  
Don't love these bitches, cause bitches is dumb  
Just wanna fuck, when I hit 'em, I'm done  
Being broke, it made me pick up gun  
Ask one of the guys and gave it like "huh"  
Ain't ask no questions, he gave me a seven  
Asked for some work and he gave me a seven  
Slid on the opps 'cause I knew I was ready  
Shoot at his brain 'til it turns to spaghetti  
Ain't got no dollar, you niggas is petty  
Caught my first body, I hopped out a Chevy  
Them slugs hit your chest and your body get heavy  
I pop out with choppers, so nigga don't test me  
Aye, this nigga think he a problem  
I make a phone call to Choppa  
We gon' run down on his partners  
He made a phone call to me, so I pulled in a hurry  
He tried to run off, get hit with the 30  
You knowin' that I'm poppin' niggas like perky's  
Them bullets heat a nigga just like a turkey