

NLE Choppa, Shotta Flow

I wish everything I touch would turn to gold
NLE, you heard me
Baby Mexico Choppa man, top shotta
Baby Mexico shotta
We finna talk our shit
Why not? Yeah
Yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I am a menace, keep me a rack just like tennis
I'm with the shit like I'm Dennis
I started this shit I'ma finish
Niggas be hatin', tryna blemish my image
Who want the smoke? .223 came with the scope
Extended clip long as a rope
We wipe his nose, just like he had him a cold
I knew that boy was a ho
Pull up with the gang, you know that we bangin'
What is your set, nigga? What is you claimin'?
I am a beast, you cannot tame it
Don't point the finger, this shit can get dangerous
These niggas hatin', these niggas plottin'
Ooh, he got money I'm runnin' his wallet
You say you a killer, lil' nigga stop it
In a shoot out your gun was droppin'
You really a fraud

You cannot stomp on his yard
My nigga they scammin', they swipin' them cards
I am so high that I'm talking' to stars
I'm gone off them jiggas, I'm poppin' them bars
Don't mind my pimpin', bitch, don't sweat me
Choppa got a kick, call that shit Jet Li
Sauce gang drip though, what is your recipe?
Don't get a F if a nigga try to testin' me
Whole lotta money, whole lotta guala
Hit the party fifty deep, nun' but my shotta
Nigga tried me so you know I had to pop him
So many bullets it confused the doctor
Whole lotta racks, whole lotta stacks
Fuck a headshot, I'ma shoot him in the back
3.5 rolled up in the cack
We don't smoke reggie, this shit called gas
I'm stucked up, like a blind man
I'm super hot, like a frying pan
He said that he gon' take some from me
Ayy, just know, he lyin' man
I'ma up from my hip then blow like a whistle
Your bitch suckin' dick like a Kool-Aid pickle
Two bullets in your chest, that's a nipple
And if a nigga run up I'ma pop him like a pimple
Get rich or die tryin', I'm feelin' like 50
Brand new choppa got double d titties
Niggas don't play me I don't get silly
Love all the beef like a southwest Philly, yeah

Yeah, love all the beef like a southwest deli, yeah
Ayy, bitch, love all the beef like a southwest deli

I might just OD, percs killin' me slowly
Feelin' like I'm Kobe, can't ner' nigga hol' me
If you wanna run up on me, shoot 'em like Ginobili
And I'm with the shit lil' homie, yeah, like I'm Toby, yeah
And I'm with the shit lil' homie, yeah, like I'm Toby, yeah

Bitch!

(Like I'm Toby, yeah)

Finna ad-lib, keep all that

(Like a school shooter, named Toby, yeah)

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Keep all that Tay, yeah

(Huh, huh)

(This shit straight drop, lil' nigga, no cut)

Ayy Tay, keep all that

(Straight drop, lil' nigga, no cut)

Keep all that, yeah, yeah

(Up from my hip, yeah)