

NLE Choppa, AUNTIE LIVING ROOM

Mmm, yah, yah, yah

Ayy, look we in auntie living room with this shit (we love you, Perc)

For real (turn up)

Back to the basics, yah, mhm

Like training wheels, mhm, yah, yah

Back to the basics, yah, mhm, come on

Like training wheels, mhm, yah, yah

Back to the basics, yah, mhm

Ayy, ayy, brtt

A whole lot of switches and Dracs (on God)

Pull on this street, you ain't makin' it out

Nigga, you know how we play? (Know how we play?)

Makin' that bed, he gon' lay in that bed

No resurrecting from the dead, uh (nah)

Fresh as hell if the feds lookin'

Fresh as hell if the feds watchin'

Twenty on his head, good profit

What that is? That's another body, uh

Pray to the Lord that we get that lil' boy

I repented, and penned (come on), and he penned some more (ah-hah)

Sent a lot of costs, and took a lot of losses

But that shit made me a boss, so yeah

Heard what he said? We leavin' him on read (brtt)

Mechanical choppa, a whole lot of lead (brtt, brtt)

Ride for my dawg like a ped, oh yeah

Children are cryin', people are dyin'

Children are cryin', people are dyin'

They dyin' in these streets, they got no place to sleep

Children are cryin', people are dyin'

Ayy, ayy (let's do it, brtt)

Rock out with this stick, know I'm keepin' my metal (keepin' my metal)

7.62, out of the devil (out of the devil)

Gun in this car got a hunnid or better (hunnid or better)

Choosing the Glock and neglectin' baretta's (neglectin' baretta's)

How you gon' step to a stepper, we robbin' the robbers and killin' the killers, etcetera? (Bang)

Put my shooter on the pedestal (come on)

Hollow tip, eat them like an edible, edible (come on, come on), uh

Same gun that I kill bro with (brtt)

Step on niggas like dog shit (brtt)

I'on't need me a condom, got a raw bitch (raw bitch)

Fuck the police, we ain't saw shit (we ain't saw shit)

I was just laid back chillin', they made me a villain

I put you niggas in position (mhm)

Said, "I couldn't come back to the hood"

In my auntie's living room chillin', makin' millions

Rolls truck, half a ticket, parked outside in the trenches, nigga, no fiction

Post it up, shirt off with a glizzy

This the life that we dreamed as children

He said, what? (Ah), dead crickets (yeah)

Pasted in lead, nigga, we can't kick it (nah)

Blood on my hands, finger lickin' KFC chicken

We whippin' birds in the kitchen

Children are cryin' (they cry for real), people are dyin' (nigga die for real)

Children are cryin' (their mama too), people are dyin' (die for real)

They dyin' in these streets (they dyin' in these streets)

They got no place to sleep (they got no place to sleep)

Children are cryin' (they cry for real), people are dyin' (I said they die for real)

No button on hip, this a built-in switch (brtt, brtt)

At a nigga door like ding dong ditch (come here)

Twin Glockes on me, Lilo and Stitch (for real)

He ain't my homie, I'd Melly that bitch (hah)

That's like how life goes, you live and you die (die)

Smile or cry, win, lose, or tie (tie)

I'm the same guy, all white

Hit it right on the nose, nigga, play a fly
Ayy, look man, just free Teevo too
We back on y'all nigga ass, man
Just gave him a honey bun like a fat kid
You know what it is
Ha, ha, ha, yeah
Children are cryin', people are dyin'
Children are cryin', people are dyin'
They dyin' in these streets, they got no place to sleep
Children are cryin', people are dyin'