

NLE Choppa, BLOCC IS HOT

Out of me store, hurry up and buy
Uh, hahaha
Choppa, nigga, hell nah
Baby Mexico shit, nigga, you hear me?
NLE, top shottas, nigga, you hear me? yeah
ATLJacob, ATLJacob
Yeah, bitch, bitch, bitch
Bitch, bitch, bitch
Grr, bitch, bitch, grr, grr
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Just like a landlord nigga, I'll pull up where you're stayin'
Send some shots right through that house, in the same place you layin'
It ain't shit to put a bag up on your head, I'll pay it
You keep on dissin' on my name, but I'ma make that niggas say less
We ride four deep, cruisin' in a brand new coupe today
Draco in the backseat, when we see that nigga, boost the murder rate
Pussy bitch, I love beef, put it on my plate and stuff it in my face

Ah, the block is hot, it's on fire
Ah, I'm with the shit just like a diaper
Ah, I'ma light 'em up just like a lighter
Ah, I got a lot of guns, I'm not a fighter
Ah, just like a hunter, keep a rifle

I might pull up in your neighborhood, get to shakin', ain't no hesitation
Off the lean, so a nigga movin' like I'm in the Matrix
Put a nigga in a casket, have him dressin' out in Stacy's
Now he six feet deep, put him on vacation
Bitch, I'm boppin' on the scene with my Glock up on my hip
I saw my opposition lackin', so I dumped the whole clip
Them RIP bullets hit him, through his body, they gon' rip
My Blood niggas screamin' "Slatt", but my Hoovers screamin' "Crip"

Yeah, my block real hot (You need to cool down)
Blow my niggas kickin' doors down (Thought you knew now)
We got the choppers and the Glocks (We gonna shoot now)
And when that nigga in the back (He won't make a sound)

A savage what they call me, but really, I'm a devil
I pop a Perc and get jiggy, I'm on another level
His bitch diggin' me just like a motherfuckin' shovel
I'm a lion, a tiger, a shooter, and a rebel
Nigga dissin' on my name, so I'ma put him on the news
.556s, .223s, and then .762s
When that Draco hit a nigga, it's gon' knock him out his shoes
I cropped that nigga out the picture when he got here with this tool
We throwin' signs in the club, nigga, what you wanna do?
My nigga got the fuckin' Glock, but I got the deuce-deuce
I dare a nigga throw a diss, I swear to God we raise the roof
I ain't talkin' 'bout no dice when I say I'm 'bout to shoot
We connected with the Mafia, we cook it like tilapia
I got some trulers in the cut, but I'm bangin' with the Shottas
I'ma kindnap a nigga, torture him, and make him holler
Just like a Tic-Tac, when I see him, swear to God that I'ma pop him

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