

NLE Choppa, Change My Ways

Aye, mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm (Damn)
Aye, mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm (Oh, no, no, no)
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Hop out on the block, turn into a sprinter
I'm not in my car, I'm in a rental
If that nigga want beef, take him to dinner
I love my Glock, got a lil' kick in ha

Nigga know what goin' on
We ain't talkin' on the phone
If he don't leave me 'lone, I'ma have to get him gone
Retarded with this Choppa like a nigga missin' chromosomes
After we drop his body, we gon' go and dump him off

Don't run from this ass whoopin'
And if you run, I grab my gun
Ay, shoot him in his back or some
I know he's dead, he's not shaken

Police call me, "Beat that case"
Before I eat, I say my grace
I see my Crips and shake up Grape
You know that I can't change my ways

I'm a creative thinker, blunt in my finger
Catch me a rapper, make him turn to a singer
Saw bitch in his eyes when a nigga had seen him
If the nigga had the pipe, I would've damn near cleaned him

In the trap, fool, with the sack, fool, sellin' dog food
Hit the backdoor 'cause the nigga seen the law intrudin'
Nigga had to shoot him because he a tall dude
I ain't finna fight no man, I'm a small dude

We was them niggas trappin' with them Ks
The difference between me and you, bitch, I'm paid
Bullet flew pass my face in a shootout, I'm brave
If he send a diss, then he gon' die today

Paid that bitch, just to give me the drop
I'ma trade him a Draco for another Glock
Little do he know that choppa dirty as a mop
And I need some new shoes 'cause I ran from the narcs

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Can't change my ways for a bitch, nigga
You told what you saw you a snitch, nigga
And where I'm from, keep a stick, nigga
And keep you a mask when you stick niggas
And keep you a glove when you blick niggas
I don't pop shit, I pop gun triggers
I'm the KKK 'cause I keep killin' niggas
I don't care where you at, we gon' finish niggas

Kill a nigga, then pop up at the wake
Slime in cut, he got popped by Grape
Face shot out the Drac, ain't no way he gon' make it
Tell his momma that I did it, better get your, baby

White boy the cut with the gun, slim shady
White boy with a bum in the cut, Tom Brady
I'm already on game, why this nigga tried and play me?
Hollow tip for a cop if that nigga try to taze me

Shit get spooky, nigga, no cap
This shit get real vicious, on God, we creepin' on these streets a hundred deep
We'll do that
We'll do that
Get that boy a blue bag
We'll do that
Hundred some shots, come do that