

# NLE Choppa, City Lights

(Pipe that shit up, TnT)  
Uh, uh, uh, uh  
Uh, uh, woah, woah, woah, woah  
Woah, woah, oh, oh, oh  
Uh, uh, uh, uh

I see the city lights while I'm city rollin' (City rollin')  
Smell the murder in the air while I'm still patrollin' (Still patrollin')  
Got police tryna pull me over, pull me over, pull me over  
Not scared to come outside  
Even though they'll follow me, yeah (Follow me)  
'Cause I know I'm steppin' night and day  
It ain't no mercy when we squirtin' on them niggas  
Do 'em dirty if we don't leave them hurtin'  
We gon' leave them niggas in hurst (Brrt, brrt, brrt)

Put a nigga in a bag, I told bro: "I wanna burk him"  
Cold word for a murkin', no one thinkin' that's for certain  
We gon' kill like we purgin', make sure niggas don't see nurses  
We gon' get up on that, creep up slow get up close, boom, boom (Boom, boom, boom, boom)  
Shoot the wake up, in the freedom of day, we gon' hit the tomb (Brrt)  
Sweep the streets like a broom, your family gon' get it too (Gon' get it too)  
If we get you, your loved ones still won't make it through  
I sent it out like Booshie-boo, walk down on you in Gucci shoes  
Niggas said they bulletproof, I'm kill proof, come make a move  
Rules on the vibe, I bite it, want them bad, I buy a body  
Want deep in this wide body, won't go home until I have me  
Steel slide if it's sunny, a little shine won't stop  
Nothing throwin' you no mask, tighten up this hoodie  
I'm gon' drop some, no sales when the cops come this bag  
Gon' catch all of them  
Draw him on the chopper, let him out, go fuck the outcome (Brrt, brrt, brrt)

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Shoot up the car, we ain't made windows, we ain't shootin' through the door Flatline your man, stop  
Sent you up there with my homie, you said you was smokin' on  
Even in the afterlife, I hope he beats you in the coma (Beats you in the coma)  
Smell that aroma of blood on the corner  
Teddy bears and flower memorial, pissed on him, gotta get it in  
I talk to God the other day but I'm Sin again (I'm Sin again)  
Heavily father have some grace for opposition (Opposition)  
Cause I know the way I'm thinkin' you don't like that (Like that)  
Stand up and put a hundred in 'em, yeah, I'm like that  
Can't get your brother life back  
Keep fightin' but can't fight back

What's on your mind when the reaper come and get you?  
Kiss and hug your mama tonight she gon' miss you  
Put up them knives, a couple of 7-6-2's  
Open the door and chase him down, while we see you

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'Come and get you?  
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