

# NLE Choppa, Depression

Ayy, mmm

My eyes closed, I don't wanna see  
My mind gone, I can't sleep  
I ain't got no appetite, I can't even eat  
It's kinda hard being me  
My eyes closed, I can't see  
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D-E-P-R-E-S-S-I-O-N

A real street nigga, but I got depression  
A lot of things really left my feelings hurtin'  
Just wanna please everybody, I'm not perfect  
I tried to do right and be your stepping stone  
But you ain't do right, you even did me wrong  
And I don't know which world that I'm standing on  
I just wanna be left in the room with microphones  
My dad held me on the couch when Mike was on  
Your feelings get hurt and then you get your typing on  
I miss my nigga you just know he got indicted, oh  
I just wanna see all my dawgs comin' home  
I'ma kill 'em, I'ma kill 'em, I'ma kill 'em  
And I'ma get three motherfuckin' rid of  
They say Lil Choppa, he be jiggin' in his riddim  
They say Lil Choppa, he be shootin' at his victims  
A lot of niggas tried to play and they got bodied  
And if I ever did you wrong, bitch, I'm sorry  
I pop the Percocets, I don't fuck with the molly  
I killed him, but I keep on shooting at his body

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They gon' hate me 'til I die, I gotta live with that  
I gave that bitch my fuckin' heart, I want my feelings back  
I always keep this shit one hundred, bae, how real is that?  
I know this shit get tangled up because our strings attached, mmm-mmm  
And I been just thinkin'  
About the best times of my life  
The best times of my life  
Best times of my life  
Think about the, think about it  
The best times of my life  
The best times of my life  
I just wanna go and see the light  
I could just look inside your eyes  
And tell that you tryna kill my vibe  
I don't fuck with you, you're a lie  
Knew it was a hit and deny  
All my niggas shoot, not the sky  
We be aimin' at you, we don't cry  
We ain't stoppin' violence 'til you die  
Lord knows, on Jesus Christ

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