

NLE Choppa, Final Warning

Dun, dun, dun
NLE the Top Shotta got the bombs like Al-Qaeda
Damn E, this shit exclusive
Ayy, ayy

Never send a threat on the internet just to prove a point
That dissin', don't get into that, we leavin' that to the informants
Don't inform me about who informing, that's yo' final warning
7.62s sting like a Bumblebee, he start transforming
Send yo' homies on the drill, but they ain't never make it back
Shoot up the scat, we left it flat, he died on the impact
My shooter, he a gym rat, but never mentioned who he cracked
We put you on the news, and I bet his family viewed that

Slide by myself before I call a nigga
My fingernails dirty 'cause I'm still a gravedigger
And we ain't cappin', don't ask if we never pulled a trigger
And Goon steady putting Jimmy Glo up in his Swisher
Never been the one to save the day, I'm the one clutchin' on the Drac'
Make sure he don't get away, a opp the only thing I chase
In a full race the back of his neck, hit the ground to decay
Walk up to him, C Grape stood over, put one in his face
Murkin' what my soul say
I'm slidin' with this throwaway
My heater for a cold day, leave a nigga in disarray
Better stay up in the house like the nigga from That's So Raven
Catch that nigga walkin' out, we in the bushes, we been waiting

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Ayy, smilin' on my mugshot 'cause I know my bond money good
I ain't missed a heartbeat, I'm out the next day, it's understood
To the Broward County Police, lick my nuts and suck my wood
First day tray and nigga you start mugging, wish a nigga would
Doing donuts in the SRT, I crashed into a tree
Rolls truck the next week, money ain't been shit to me
Ridin' with a full clip, but the gas tank on E
Slidin' like a cruise ship, wet you up like a jet ski
Livin' to a hundred and three, that's the OG Grape in me
Auntie wanna pray for me, better pray for my enemies
Life had gave me lemons so I start clutchin' the lemon squeeze
Had a AR at 15, and two Glock, two 23's

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