

# NLE Choppa, Jiggin

Then I must be the most dangerous man on Earth  
Kannon with the hits, homie  
Fuck you talkin' 'bout?  
Couple million for a check, might have a party on a jet  
Don't put Brazilians up on deck, they keep on begging me for sex  
Her pussy pink, it's in the flesh, get away 'fore I get arrested

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Duffel at the Hilton but snuggled at the Weston  
Get up, did my dance, I heard shawty single, bestie  
I stepped up, then I dressed up and she undressed me  
Shut up 'bout yo' mans, romance meant to be messy  
Messed up, but she kept up, that shit impressed me

I call the shots, don't need no telephone or no microphone  
You call it quits, tell me who better Jones  
You or all my clones?  
Can you admit I'm fly just like a drone?  
In every time zone, I'm on yo' mind  
I left yo' mind blown, now yo' mind gone  
I'm 'bout to pull up, just give me a minute  
It took me a hour before I had spent it  
I'm all in the mentions of all the critics  
They want me get jiggy, so I'm finna kill it  
I'm rockin' like milly, I'm hotter than chili  
I got me a milli like I was from Philly  
Ayy, watch me get busy, I'm finna get dizzy

Hit it, flip it, whip it, dish it  
Kill it, hit it, everybody jiggin'  
Hit it, flip it, whip it, dish it (Ayy)  
Kill it, hit it, everybody jiggin'

Smoke, question mark, you don't want none (You don't want none)  
Brodie knocked him out the park, home run (Home run)  
Askin' me for my fire, go get your own gun (Go get your own gun)  
And I don't even tote none and I still won (And I still won)  
I don't want no dealings, I don't want no business  
With none of you women and none of you guys  
I'm one of the realest, I'm really real  
I'm real, can't even come disguise me  
Don't surprise me, don't like surprises  
Give me my prize when you recognize me  
Love all my brothers like I was a Isley  
Trustin' my mother, she always beside me  
Never behind me, hope she live past ninety  
Hope I can make it to nineteen without a crime scene  
Feel like I'm Einstein  
Lightbulb on my head 'cause that was a hell of a rhyme scheme  
My eyes gleam with bright beams  
And the light screams and night dreams  
And fuck Jeffrey Epstein (Fuck him)  
Cha, cha, cha, cha, cha, chop 'em up  
Got my da, da, da, da, got my dollars up  
It go like fa, fa, fa, fa, go get the doctor, bruh  
La, la, la, la, la, la, outta luck

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Hit it, flip it, whip it, dish it (Brr, we gon' hit that shit)  
Kill it, hit it, everybody jiggin' (We gon' hit that shit, we gon' flip that shit)  
Hit it, flip it, whip it, dish it (We gon' do that shit right)  
Kill it, hit it, everybody jiggin' (Ayy, ayy, ayy)  
NLE, the Top Shotta, I got the bombs like Al-Qaeda  
Get the doctor  
Get your money  
Top Shotta don dada