

# NLE Choppa, MEM

(FreshDuzIt)

You hear me?

DJ Booker

Yeah man, DJ Booker, real talk

Ayy, yeah, yeah

I walk in the trap, bitch get on the floor  
Bitch you know why I came, just give me the dope  
He thought it was a joke, now he on the floor  
Tied up with this Glock and you know I'ma blow  
Ay, kidnap him then he give a headed  
Bullets come down from the top like confetti  
I'ma take his gun if he try to sell it  
Should've rent a UPS 'cause the pack get heavy  
Get hit with this fire, bitch I bet you gon' holler  
Don't fuck with the snakes, but it's some on my collar  
And if he want a problem, bullets hit his partner  
Catchin' plays in the field, Polamalu  
Nigga he ain't dumb, he ain't take nothin' from me  
Wish a fuck nigga would take my money  
Exotic my runts, this shit is not crummy  
He tried to ride my wave, you know that I sonned him  
They like "what is you smokin'?"  
Lil' bitch it's the rapper weed  
I keep watching my back 'cause I know niggas after me  
If I dump the whole clip I know Dreek gon' shoot after me  
Bitch it's murder for hire, you can't join the faculty  
Bitch, I'm clutchin' my Glock while I eat at the Applebee's  
Bitch I'm high as the sky, I'm up here with the factories  
Bitch I do my own dirt, you ain't gotta look after me  
Bitch I'm handin' out shots like I'm making a daiquiri  
"NLE ain't got no money"  
Ha, ha, ha, lil' bitch you funny  
"NLE ain't out here gunning"  
I'll get a nigga wrapped up like a mummy  
I did it again, repeated offender  
If he acting fruity, put him in a blender  
If a nigga want smoke, we gon' make him surrender  
He was breaking the rules, my niggas suspend him

Get him out of here  
Get him out of here  
He breaking the rules, my niggas suspend him  
They don't get no pity, they get hit with the 7.62's  
We keep straps like suspenders, no cap  
Came in this bitch with the Glock  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Bring it back in, I'ma come a lil' different this time  
Always gotta keep me two nines  
Glock 19 put a hit through your spine  
Get a nigga whacked, then put him in a rhyme  
Jiffy cornbread, think she want some jiffy cornbread dick  
I put it in and makes her saying that he plotting on a jit  
It's bodies with this shit  
Get wet like toilet, potties in this bitch  
Bin Laden with this stick  
My niggas sendin' shots up in this bitch  
Yo' niggas gettin' hit  
You know I love my Glock, my favorite stick  
We always in some shit, no cap  
I just hotboxed the drop-top  
Threw away a hot Glock  
Put the dope up in my sock, the police tried to search my crotch

Bitch I thank my sister every day because she gave the drops  
Put that boy up in that grease and fry 'em like a tater tot  
Cause I'm really that nigga, they know I'ma stepper  
And I keep me a gun, they say I'm a rebel  
Bitch, my bullets got bass we ain't worried 'bout no treble  
Boy who is you talkin, to? You better settle  
Bitch I'm a volcano, 'cause I'm finna melt him  
Put him on a leash 'cause my bullets gon' pet him  
And my shooter brainwashed, he kill if I tell him

Kill if I tell him  
Hunnid round drum for a fuck nigga, lay down  
NLE the Top Shotta  
Got a whole motherfuckin' K round and the Drac' sound  
Love the way the Drac' sound  
Make a nigga lay down  
Fuck is you talkin' 'bout  
I really just ran that