

# NLE Choppa, Molly

(CashMoneyAP)

(Chapo)

CashMoney, CashMoney, yeah, yeah, yeah

Long days up on the block, a nigga got a suntan  
I'm looking back upon my past, a nigga came from nothin'  
These niggas say they wanna blast me, but that Glocky on me  
You run up on me, kill your bitch ass then I'll shoot your homie  
The way I'm feelin', I've been feelin' like a star  
Need to slow down on the drugs, keep poppin' these bars  
I got about four cars up in the garage  
And I can't even drive, but them bitches push start (Ayy)  
Pushin' straight, backpack, choppa bullets, rat-ta-tat  
Bad yellow bitch eatin' dick like a rap snack  
Her pussy on fat-fat, you know I'ma hit that  
She said she never had a orgasm, I'ma fix that  
Bitch, I'm married to the game, I would never get a prenup  
My bitch, she playing with my balls, call her Serena  
I be beating the pussy up just like Ike did Tina  
She turned my dick white 'cause that bitch was a creamer  
She off of X pills, Perkys, Roxys, and the Molly  
And I like the way she move her body  
She gave me head in the backseat of the Maserati  
Baby ride me  
She like the way I ride the beat  
Ride me  
Baby, get on top of me, yeah  
You was at the school and I was at the bank  
I be smoking opps and you be smoking dank  
And, bitch, I keep a gun, bitch, you keep a shank  
And you know that I'm a shooter, that's how I got my name  
I got way too many bitches, mane, it's looking like a pageant  
She can't speak no English, but that bitch, she call me daddy  
Just like a plane, if I see the oppositions, then I'm crashing  
This chopper sang, make him dance like that nigga Michael Jackson  
Ayy, I'm a glizzy toter, like a notebook, I'ma fold her  
She was slurpin' on my dick like she drinking on some soda  
That bitch, she love giving brain, yeah, you know that I control her  
She got a big ol' onion booty, so I told her bend it over  
When I hit her from the back, had that bitch screaming Crip  
'Cause when I get done she gon' walk with a limp  
Lotta niggas came with me like the slaves on the ship  
And my trap going dumb, doing acrobatic flips (Ayy, uh)  
I got this Glocky up in my pocket and I'ma pop it  
She popping Molly, she off a Molly, she give me noggin  
I'm off a Roxy, I'm codeine bopping, I'm codeine bopping  
The coldest nigga in the game so you know I'm never stopping  
She drinking Hennessy  
She popping Xannies  
She always on her knees  
That's why her nigga can't stand me, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah

Uh-huh

Uh-huh (Yeah, yeah)