

# NLE Choppa, Shotta Flow 5

You know what the fuck going on  
NLE muhfuckin' Choppa  
The Top Shotta, you hear me?  
I stand on top of shit  
We doin' this shit (Go, get him, go)  
Ay

I whip the pat like a container, I just copped me a Beamer (A Beam)  
Used to ridin' steamers (Steam), I'm hot as jalapeños  
Bitch, I'm sellin' out arenas (I'm sellin' out), they say he entertain us (Entertain)  
Then if you try to tame us, I bet we leave you stained up (Ayy)  
Whole lotta sticks in the house, it's a gun show (Brr, brr)  
Bullets get him wet like a motherfuckin' poncho (Brr, brr)  
I don't think none of y'all niggas want gun smoke  
Don't second guess this shit, I'm gon' blow (Pussy)  
Whole lotta shots when they come out the Drac'  
Chop a nigga up, then put him in the lake (Brrt)  
Shots, see a nigga, they call him a snake  
Ayy, fuck all that, Trick, shoot 'em in the face  
Send the hit and the fire, he was dead by six (By six)  
Got shot seven times but the eighth shot missed  
Nine shots in the clip, coulda swore that it was ten (Yeah, yeah)  
Didn't fuck with 12, I was eleven again (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I need me a trophy, the best to send  
You niggas ain't straight, y'all lesbians  
And fuck your dead homie, I say it again  
If he come back to life, he dead again  
Try to find me, he gon' fight for his life (Bitch)  
Swing with what?, I'ma swim' with the pipe  
(He's not cherishin' ya)  
I take his life, straight jacket music, I belong in asylum  
Felonies and felonies, they're what they keep on sellin' me (Yeah, yeah)  
This recipe is deadly, see I be drippin' like relish me (Yeah, yeah)  
Ayy, ayy, shoot him in the head, shoulda had on the hard hat  
We finish the beef as soon as you start that (Ayy)  
Bitch, I shoot first, why the fuck would I spark back?  
If you really a thug, let me see where your heart at (Ayy)  
If I say catch a body, lil' nigga, you catchin' it?  
If I tell you run out, is you really finessin' it? (Ayy)  
If I give you a brick are you gon' sell that shit? (Ayy)  
If you get in a jam, are you gon' start tellin' shit?  
Where is the smoke, 'cause bitch, I'm inhalin' it  
Just like the army, we got some artillery  
Can I free my dawgs, I'm being sincerely?  
Another opp died, the nigga, like seriously?  
Damn, another one? Nigga, we shot him, and then we killed his brother  
Damn, we 'bout to go get the money  
You say he don't like doing drills, I love 'em  
If my brother don't like them, I don't  
Somebody tell him he in trouble  
I paid too much for my mothafuckin' guns for me to scuffle  
Gotcha young nigga, I feel like Gucci  
Fuck so hard, left blood all on the coochie  
Money said, "Ooh," put my thumb in the booty  
I be damned, this dumbass ho just pooped it  
Who ain't with the murder, lil' nigga, I killed him  
That night he died, that was my idea  
Hope my niggas slide, make sure he won't live  
But this a lil' secret, they keep it concealed  
My metal a MAC and I bet I attack  
It's a hunnid somethin' shots in this Gat' so get back  
He thought I was lyin', that shit was a fact  
Got shot in his spine but you watchin' his back

(You say he don't like doing drills, I love 'em)  
Fuck you tal'm 'bout, haha  
(Straight-straight jacket music, I belong in asylum)  
Fuck they gon' do, fuck they thinkin', ayy  
(You say he don't like doing drills, I love 'em)  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
(Straight-straight jacket music, I belong in asylum)  
Uh, uh, lil' Top Shoota, uh, uh, lil' Top Shotta, bitch  
Fuck you talkin' about

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