

NLE Choppa, Taliban

Pipe that shit up, TnT
Brr
Oh-oh, oh-oh
Niggas better not
Niggas better not pop out for real
Brr, ayy, ayy

Ayy, my brodie got a lick
He say he tryna bring 'bout forty back
Forty packs and forty racks
.40 Cal and a MAC
Box him up, Apple Jacks
Rat-a-tat, tat-a-tat
In the scat, caught him lackin'
Windows crackin', tires flat
I say "We ain't come here for nothin' nigga, we want it all"
Jewelry on, you know that I'm stuntin' nigga, we love to ball
Never duckin' opps, if I'm inside, I'm duckin' federals
Stopped takin' Percocets 'cause I don't wanna slip on Fentanyl

Ayy, pop him, drop him, I got 'bout twenty on god (Oh, ayy)
Ayy, spot him, watch him, look one more time, I'll spare
Ain't no trustin' us we bustin' stuff like we play for the Warriors
What you is nigga? What you bangin'? You say you did, then throw it up
Suck the gang she throwin' up, now she sayin' she don't know us (Ayy)
New hoes comin' through, we goin' up nigga, fuck her (Yeah)
Drugged up, my face mugged up, he say I'm tough tough
Move them killers, we don't say shit, we let them guns bust
Even though I had talent (Ayy), I was still out committing robberies
My past keep on following me, you know I acknowledge greed
Good deed, bad deed, we gon' do that shit if we in need
Bad bitch with both legs for me, I think she Cherokee
I be comin', with Taliban drugs
Paraphernalia and the contrabands
They say they can smell us, still let me board then I land
Better treat me like Osama in this bitch
But we ain't stabbin' bullets get to clappin' (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
Saw this nigga play, he gon' lay, ayy, ayy, ayy
This a hooligan she raisin' ayy, babe, babe, babe
Wraith, that's my taste, I ain't tryna drive no straight
Left a nut on her face, goodness sake, it look like a cake
Fast sip, slow smokin' dope, lean out the bottle
Fuckin' on a model, I DM'd her I ain't have to follow
Never trust a ho, I put my faith into these fuckin' hollows
Come here, barrel to the face blow his brains out him
He out of bounds, I had to foul him
Ref throw in the towel
The crowd goin' wild
Big man on the block Pau Gasol
And round to round, pound for pound, you can't last clown
You must've heard about that last nigga we bummed down

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But we ain't stabbin' bullets get to clappin' (Brr)
Nigga, we ain't stabbin' bullets in the classroom
We ain't totin' machetes
We'll send you to Heaven with a stabbin'
A stabbin', stabbin', stabbin' right in front of Reverend, brr
NLE, the Top Shotta
Ball out, ball out, ball out