

NLE Choppa, Who TF Up In My Trap

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
(Think we found a loophole)
Mmm, uh, mmm, mmm

Fuck up in my trap
Who the fuck up in my trap?
Who the fuck up in my trap?
Who the fuck up in my trap?
Who the fuck is in my trap, man?
Who the fuck? Ayy (Ayy)

Who the fuck outside my trap? Say he wanna cop a gram
Bitch, you better cop a P, or an ounce, or a hail
He said he ain't tryna cop, rob his ass, strip him down
We gon' take his car, have him on the bus, the Greyhound
You don't have to be accurate when you got a hundred rounds (Brrt, brrt, brrt, brrt)
Bullets hit the back of his neck, put his face up in the ground

We got a hundred shots, I bet his body drop, I made him milly rock
I'm servin' beef up in this bitch like Philly, sauce soon as we get the drop
Put one up in the head before I do the dirt, ain't gotta cop
Them choppa bullets rip the dread's bloods, leakin' on his locks
We shot at shit, you know I'm General
We don't care where you at, bitch, you know we finish you
They say, "Lil' choppa bring what?" All them niggas know it's you
So don't you hop up in my car, 'cause you know it's murder fool, yeah, yeah
Catch me in the trap with two Dracos up in my lap (Ayy)
And I got fiends runnin' out that want the crack like Bobby Brown (Ayy)
I had a shootout, seen his body drop, I can't lie, that shit was really fun

I don't know about you thugs (Brrt), but I really love my guns (Brrt)
You see this twenty-six? It got a switch and it can hold a drum
Play a Glizzy automatic, yeah, you know it's red rum
Tryna sell Choppa a strap? Ayy, he gon' take your gun
He seen me out and tried to give me dabs, I slapped him with' my palm
I blow exotic dope, exotic gas, you know it keep me calm (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
We never stoppin', crashin' out until we see the police come
He seen me, got to shakin', so I know that nigga scared of us
Left blood up on the scene, but I don't think the scene was red enough
So we spinned again and dropped his partner while I used the same gun
He ain't make it to the doctor, bitch, it's DOA up in this gun
Did the drill, changed the barrel, ain't no case up on this gun
I dropped the opp, I made him twirl, it's ballerinas with this gun

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He said he ain't tryna cop, rob his ass, strip him down
We gon' take his car, have him on the bus, the Greyhound
You don't have to be accurate when you got a hundred rounds (A whole hundred)
Bullets hit the back of his neck, put his face up in the ground, yeah, yeah

Nigga, NLE the Top Shotta
I bet I pop him, bet I send him to the doctor, bitch (Who the?)
Huh, yeah, you know we on my shotta shit
And it ain't no politics
Bruh, you get jumped quick (Who the fuck is? Who the fuck is?)
Uh, ain't no cap
(Who the fuck is? Who the fuck is?)
(Fuck is, who the fuck is?)