

New Opps

Fat Nick

Every day I wake, I think I make a new opp
I'ma keep on countin' up I made a mil on the block
Yeah, this Patek really icy froze the crack in my pot
And this choppa brand new, so it's coming in hot
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I just took his bitch and send her right back
Choppa hold a titty, push his face back
I got big diamonds and they sparkle with my mouth, damn
You a real rat, you gon' tatttle when that Mac strapped
All we do is trap, play with pistols, go and murk sum
This some big gas, pussy boy, no, you don't want none
Free for all my opps, coz my shooters wanna blow some
Baby, this ballencie, hell no I do not wear and ones
I just spend a bag but imma get it back
My migo told a plug: "We need a hundred packs"
Say "you gon' shoot", but where your hammers at?"
But the bullet's faces boy, I think I can

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