

AIN'T GONNA ANSWER

NLE Choppa

Don't be worried 'bout what we be doing
What we doing making money
What they doing hating on us
If you want it take from me
What them other niggas do
I don't know cause I'on stunt
Mind my business on my momma
Fuck a nigga how I'm coming

Big booty bitch made her back her ass up
Shots out the switch made him bag ass man up
Say she yo' bitch she my private dancer
You can call her phone, but she ain't gon' answer

Go go go go
I'm known to turn a bitch up talking way pass the ceiling go
She fuck with me because these carrots like a rabbit silly hoe
My nigga pop' Percocets bike like a Willy hoe
From the city of Memphis we known for macing and Pimpin
But I'm hot boy I can't lie I got some wheezy up in me
You know that shit get greasy I'm in the streets like a meter
She telling me that she need me, but Lord know she a eater
Aye tell 'em drop his nuts he holding too much tension in his balls
Made 'em run a 4 flat but he was six feet tall
Like a high school hoe I'm tryna hit all y'all
Yea I seen 'em stumble, but I'm tryna make 'em phaw phaw
Shake it she was fully dressed now she naked
Back shots front shots make bitches shapeshift
Ready for the cumshot I told her to taste it
Bad bitches chase me I use to fuck basics
She asking for my raw dog hoe you get a latex
I'm ball deep in her mouth make a bitch say less
Swallow my nut or yo friend the replacement
Put her on her knees yea I call that good graces

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She said come here, she said get here
She said stop playing nigga, bring that dick here
Oo I got bitches waitin' to see me like a premiere
Oo and her mouth be full of semen, look like veneers
Oo don't be worried bout what I'm doing, doing be worried 'bout who I'm doin
g
Don't be worried bout who I flew in, all these Percocet I'm chewin'
All these birkin and these Louies, got her twerking that lil booty
She said throw that dick Lil Tunechi, she gon' catch it like a movie

I be X'ing bitches out, leave her at that nigga house
Never thought I'd leave my kids until I love 'em then I'm out
I be stretching bitches out, you be stressin' bitches out
I'm like Lionel Messi, kickin' messy bitches out
Girl, you workin' with some ass hat, smack it with my bad hand
Oo she got that fat cat, I give that cat a cat scan
From a hot boy to a mad men, that high water or hell deep
Call him NLE you can call me Machiavelli
Shirt off, Choppa on, Weezy baby, Babylon
I'm greedy baby, ramadan, I got my slimes with me, it's a slime-athon
Wake up with Balenciaga pajamas on with two bitches
Check my phone, new pictures, I check your ass like the new Twitter
Tunechi

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You can call her phone and I'll probably answer, nigga
Mula Baby