

Camelot

NLE Choppa

Yeah
Fresh DuzIt
Yeah
Huh, huh, huh

I ain't gon' say too much when a nigga speakin' on that hot shit
Fuck the police, 'cause them bitches ain't gon' stop shit
Oppositions mad, if they play they gettin' popped quick
Flyest nigga in the game, yeah, I'm a cockpit
Posted on Camelot, wit' a hunnid some' shots
I be swimmin' wit' the sharks, lil' nigga, you a lobster
Bullets heat a nigga up, like he eatin' on some pasta
And shoutout to Kingston, I keep me some Rastas

My niggas trappin' out the bando, shoutout to the Migos
If a nigga knock wrong, shoot him through the peephole
The trap always open, bitch, we ain't never closed
We movin' them packs and we movin' them kilos
Step one, step two, do my dance in this bitch
Got a hunnid some' drums like a band in this bitch
Mane she keep on bitchin', all that naggin' and shit
Hoe shut the fuck up and jus' gag on this dick
I'm a side nigga, and I love when she swallow
If a nigga say something, hit him wit' a hollow
That glizzy, knock ya meat out ya taco
Flexin' on these bitches, they call me Johnny Bravo
School of hard knocks, let me take you to class
My bitch is real skinny but she got a lot of ass
I love counting money, I get a lot of cash
If you try to take it from me, his toe gon' have a tag

I ain't gon' say too much when a nigga speakin' on that hot shit
Fuck the police, 'cause them bitches ain't gon' stop shit
Oppositions mad, if they play they gettin' popped quick
Flyest nigga in the game, yeah (bitch), I'm a cockpit
Posted on Camelot, wit' a hunnid some' shots
I be swimmin' wit' the sharks, lil' nigga, you a lobster
Bullets heat a nigga up, like he eatin' on some pasta
And shoutout to Kingston, I keep me some Rastas

All up in the party, you know we keep them carbons
Bring a nigga chills like I work at Baskin-Robbins
I love Batman, but a young nigga robbin'
Firework show, 'cause my niggas get to sparklin'
I'm a hothead, I'll crash any second
He speakin' on who? Send his bitch ass to heaven
Extended clips, when we tote them MAC-11's
My niggas they be cripplin', they be screamin' out them 7's
Why you investigating me? 'Cause I don't know a thing
And I'ma always keep a solid, I ain't never sang
You know I'm Shotta Fam, always gotta rep the gang
He kept on dissin' so a nigga had to snatch his brain

Had to snatch his brain (Had to snatch that nigga brain)
I had to snatch his brain (Had to snatch that nigga brain)
I had to make it rain (Make that mothafucka' rain)
R. Kelly, let that fuckin' choppa sing, yeah (Make it sing)