

Murda Talk

NLE Choppa

Th-th-th-think we found a loophole
A hunnid shottas, two oppas, I bet these Glock I pop 'em (I bet I do)
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Ayy, I think lil' homie scared, fool, he say, "I'm ready, fool" (Read y, fool)

So I gave him that lil' dirty tool, he say he finish dude (He got the Glock, nigga)

Say he caught him slippin', got the clip and knocked him out his shoes (Grrt, sayin')

Mama's cryin', niggas dyin', pussy, that's what shottas do, (Ayy, shottas)

Creep on your block, real slow (Slow), tint on my window (Window)
Mask on, gloves on (Gloves, hey), you know the clip extendo (Extendo)
Don't let down the window (Ayy), open up the door and chase his ass (The fuck you doin'?)

Put two up in his back and then I walk 'em down and face his ass (Grrt, grrt, grrt)

Said he wants some smoke (Yeah), well, you know I had to lace his ass (Yeah, yeah)

Opposition ho gave me throat while she was shakin' ass (What? What? Yeah)

My pops said, "Don't give him that Glock 'cause you know he gon' fuck in' cry" (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

If a nigga catch me in a jam, you know I let it ride (Skrrt, grrt)

It's my life or yours, pussy nigga, I'm gon' let me decide

We shoot first, we don't shoot back (Nope), so you niggas better duck and hide (Grrt, grrt)

I got the Drac' in trench coats (Ayy), send shots up through the window (Ayy)

I got a Glock, a Gen4 (Ayy), we pop his top and then we go (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

Traffickin' birds like Nino (Ayy), we leave him lost like Nemo (Ayy)

All-black attire, emo (Ayy), short time to live like chemo (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

If the number's right, your nigga kill you (Ooh), call it bingo (I bet he did it)

You better watch your lingo (Brrt), my niggas slide for Gino (Brrt, I made him do it)

I need to slow down on them thirties (Hey), 'cause I'm keep throwin' up (I'm throwin' up)

I threw back two of them bitches (Bah), so it gave me bubble guts (Ayy)

I got my pistol with me (Ayy), got the semi with me (Brrt)

Ridin' in the hemi (Yeah, yeah)

I was thuggin' hard in juvenile (Ayy), I had the rules bendar' (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

They like, "Damn, you left the clip empty? (What?) Yeah, I left that clip empty (Stupid)

Yeah, I'm killer so come tempt me (Duh), Memphis shooter like the Grizzlies (Go)

Shoot his baby mama in his chest (Grrt, grrt), damn near knocked the titty (Uh)

I'm off a couple fuckin' Percocets (Ooh), I feel my body lifted (Ayy)
Why the fuck that boy, he got a vest? (Ayy) We pop his top and dip it (Ayy)

Drive-by in a Honda Civic so they know lil' Choppa did it (Ayy, brrt)
Hop out, boys on the block (Get up), niggas ran like they seen the Nacs (Brrt, yeah, ah, yeah)

Hit him in his thigh (Boom), hit him in his back, make him drop

Oh, he still alive? Let me finish that, pop his top (What)

I don't fantasize them bodies in my mind (Huh, huh) and I can't stop (Huh, huh)

Uh, nigga know I keep a Glock, yeah (Huh, huh, ayy)

Nigga (Ayy), fuck, how we gon' buck, nigga, fuck, nigga (Ayy)

Brrt (Ayy), nigga, fuck nigga (We takin' trees), bust, nigga, brrt (Ayy)

You know we bust triggers (Ayy), fuck, nigga

(Brrt, brrt-brrt, brrt, brrt-brrt, brrt-brrt-brrt)