

Shotta Flow 5

NLE Choppa

You know what the fuck going on
NLE muhfuckin' Choppa
The Top Shotta, you hear me?
I stand on top of shit
We doin' this shit (Go, get him, go)
Ay

I whip the pat like a container, I just copped me a Beamer (A Beam)
Used to ridin' steamers (Steam), I'm hot as jalapeños
Bitch, I'm sellin' out arenas (I'm sellin' out), they say he entertain us (Entertain)
Then if you try to tame us, I bet we leave you stained up (Ayy)
Whole lotta sticks in the house, it's a gun show (Brr, brr)
Bullets get him wet like a motherfuckin' poncho (Brr, brr)
I don't think none of y'all niggas want gun smoke
Don't second guess this shit, I'm gon' blow (Pussy)
Whole lotta shots when they come out the Drac'
Chop a nigga up, then put him in the lake (Brrt)
Shots, see a nigga, they call him a snake
Ayy, fuck all that, Trick, shoot 'em in the face
Send the hit and the fire, he was dead by six (By six)
Got shot seven times but the eighth shot missed
Nine shots in the clip, coulda swore that it was ten (Yeah, yeah)
Didn't fuck with 12, I was eleven again (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
I need me a trophy, the best to send
You niggas ain't straight, y'all lesbians
And fuck your dead homie, I say it again
If he come back to life, he dead again
Try to find me, he gon' fight for his life (Bitch)
Swing with what?, I'ma swim' with the pipe
(He's not cherishin' ya)
I take his life, straight jacket music, I belong in asylum
Felonies and felonies, they're what they keep on sellin' me (Yeah, yeah)
This recipe is deadly, see I be drippin' like relish me (Yeah, yeah)
Ayy, ayy, shoot him in the head, shoulda had on the hard hat
We finish the beef as soon as you start that (Ayy)
Bitch, I shoot first, why the fuck would I spark back?
If you really a thug, let me see where your heart at (Ayy)
If I say catch a body, lil' nigga, you catchin' it?
If I tell you run out, is you really finessin' it? (Ayy)
If I give you a brick are you gon' sell that shit? (Ayy)
If you get in a jam, are you gon' start tellin' shit?
Where is the smoke, 'cause bitch, I'm inhalin' it
Just like the army, we got some artillery
Can I free my dawgs, I'm being sincerely?
Another opp died, the nigga, like seriously?
Damn, another one? Nigga, we shot him, and then we killed his brother
Damn, we 'bout to go get the money
You say he don't like doing drills, I love 'em
If my brother don't like them, I don't
Somebody tell him he in trouble
I paid too much for my mothafuckin' guns for me to scuffle
Gotcha young nigga, I feel like Gucci
Fuck so hard, left blood all on the coochie
Money said, "Ooh," put my thumb in the booty
I be damned, this dumbass ho just pooped it
Who ain't with the murder, lil' nigga, I killed him

That night he died, that was my idea
Hope my niggas slide, make sure he won't live
But this a lil' secret, they keep it concealed
My metal a MAC and I bet I attack
It's a hunnid somethin' shots in this Gat' so get back
He thought I was lyin', that shit was a fact
Got shot in his spine but you watchin' his back

(You say he don't like doing drills, I love 'em)
Fuck you tal'm 'bout, haha
(Straight-straight jacket music, I belong in asylum)
Fuck they gon' do, fuck they thinkin', ayy
(You say he don't like doing drills, I love 'em)
You know what I'm sayin'?
(Straight-straight jacket music, I belong in asylum)
Uh, uh, lil' Top Shoota, uh, uh, lil' Top Shotta, bitch
Fuck you talkin' about