

# Taliban

NLE Choppa

Pipe that shit up, TnT  
Brr  
Oh-oh, oh-oh  
Niggas better not  
Niggas better not pop out for real  
Brr, ayy, ayy

Ayy, my brodie got a lick  
He say he tryna bring 'bout forty back  
Forty packs and forty racks  
.40 Cal and a MAC  
Box him up, Apple Jacks  
Rat-a-tat, tat-a-tat  
In the scat, caught him lackin'  
Windows crackin', tires flat  
I say "We ain't come here for nothin' nigga, we want it all"  
Jewelry on, you know that I'm stuntin' nigga, we love to ball  
Never duckin' opps, if I'm inside, I'm duckin' federals  
Stopped takin' Percocets 'cause I don't wanna slip on Fentanyl

Ayy, pop him, drop him, I got 'bout twenty on god (Oh, ayy)  
Ayy, spot him, watch him, look one more time, I'll spare  
Ain't no trustin' us we bustin' stuff like we play for the Warriors  
What you is nigga? What you bangin'? You say you did, then throw it up  
Suck the gang she throwin' up, now she sayin' she don't know us (Ayy)  
New hoes comin' through, we goin' up nigga, fuck her (Yeah)  
Drugged up, my face mugged up, he say I'm tough tough  
Move them killers, we don't say shit, we let them guns bust  
Even though I had talent (Ayy), I was still out committing robberies  
My past keep on following me, you know I acknowledge greed  
Good deed, bad deed, we gon' do that shit if we in need  
Bad bitch with both legs for me, I think she Cherokee  
I be comin', with Taliban drugs  
Paraphernalia and the contrabands  
They say they can smell us, still let me board then I land  
Better treat me like Osama in this bitch  
But we ain't stabbin' bullets get to clappin' (Ayy, ayy, ayy)  
Saw this nigga play, he gon' lay, ayy, ayy, ayy  
This a hooligan she raisin' ayy, babe, babe, babe  
Wraith, that's my taste, I ain't tryna drive no straight  
Left a nut on her face, goodness sake, it look like a cake  
Fast sip, slow smokin' dope, lean out the bottle  
Fuckin' on a model, I DM'd her I ain't have to follow  
Never trust a ho, I put my faith into these fuckin' hollows  
Come here, barrel to the face blow his brains out him  
He out of bounds, I had to foul him  
Ref throw in the towel  
The crowd goin' wild  
Big man on the block Pau Gasol  
And round to round, pound for pound, you can't last clown  
You must've heard about that last nigga we bummed down

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See, I be comin', with Taliban drugs  
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They say they can smell us, still let me board then I land  
Better treat me like Osama in this bitch  
But we ain't stabbin' bullets get to clappin' (Brr)  
Nigga, we ain't stabbin' bullets in the classroom  
We ain't totin' machetes  
We'll send you to Heaven with a stabbin'  
A stabbin', stabbin', stabbin' right in front of Reverend, brr  
NLE, the Top Shotta  
Ball out, ball out, ball out