

# Who TF Up in My Trap

NLE Choppa

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh  
(Think we found a loophole)  
Mmm, uh, mmm, mmm

Fuck up in my trap  
Who the fuck up in my trap?  
Who the fuck up in my trap?  
Who the fuck up in my trap?  
Who the fuck is in my trap, man?  
Who the fuck? Ayy (Ayy)

Who the fuck outside my trap? Say he wanna cop a gram  
Bitch, you better cop a P, or an ounce, or a hail  
He said he ain't tryna cop, rob his ass, strip him down  
We gon' take his car, have him on the bus, the Greyhound  
You don't have to be accurate when you got a hundred rounds (Brrt, brrt, brrt, brrt)  
Bullets hit the back of his neck, put his face up in the ground

We got a hundred shots, I bet his body drop, I made him milly rock  
I'm servin' beef up in this bitch like Philly, sauce soon as we get the drop  
Put one up in the head before I do the dirt, ain't gotta cop  
Them choppa bullets rip the dread's bloods, leakin' on his locks  
We shot at shit, you know I'm General  
We don't care where you at, bitch, you know we finish you  
They say, "Lil' choppa bring what?" All them niggas know it's you  
So don't you hop up in my car, 'cause you know it's murder fool, yeah, yeah  
Catch me in the trap with two Dracos up in my lap (Ayy)  
And I got fiends runnin' out that want the crack like Bobby Brown (Ayy)  
I had a shootout, seen his body drop, I can't lie, that shit was really fun

I don't know about you thugs (Brrt), but I really love my guns (Brrt)  
You see this twenty-six? It got a switch and it can hold a drum  
Play a Glizzy automatic, yeah, you know it's red rum  
Tryna sell Choppa a strap? Ayy, he gon' take your gun  
He seen me out and tried to give me dabs, I slapped him with' my palm  
I blow exotic dope, exotic gas, you know it keep me calm (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
We never stoppin', crashin' out until we see the police come  
He seen me, got to shakin', so I know that nigga scared of us  
Left blood up on the scene, but I don't think the scene was red enough  
So we spinned again and dropped his partner while I used the same gun  
He ain't make it to the doctor, bitch, it's DOA up in this gun  
Did the drill, changed the barrel, ain't no case up on this gun  
I dropped the opp, I made him twirl, it's ballerinas with this gun

Who the fuck outside my trap? Say he wanna cop a gram  
Bitch, you better cop a P, or an ounce, or a hail  
He said he ain't tryna cop, rob his ass, strip him down  
We gon' take his car, have him on the bus, the Greyhound  
You don't have to be accurate when you got a hundred rounds (A whole hundred)  
Bullets hit the back of his neck, put his face up in the ground, yeah, yeah

Nigga, NLE the Top Shotta  
I bet I pop him, bet I send him to the doctor, bitch (Who the?)  
Huh, yeah, you know we on my shotta shit  
And it ain't no politics

Bruh, you get jumped quick (Who the fuck is? Who the fuck is?)  
Uh, ain't no cap  
(Who the fuck is? Who the fuck is?)  
(Fuck is, who the fuck is?)