

## Choppa Melodies

SoFaygo

Yeah (Go, go)  
Yeah, yeah  
I'm gonna kill it then go lay down  
You ain't the gang, you can't hang 'round  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
Won't play with a ho, won't play with a clown  
We hittin' that lick, we drawin' it down  
We missed you Faygo  
Mom, Polack's making beats again  
Yeah, yeah (Go, go)

I'm finna kill it then go lay down  
You ain't the gang you can't hang 'round  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
Won't play with a ho, won't play with a clown  
We hittin' that lick, we drawin' it down  
I'm hittin' your bae, yeah, I'm bustin' down  
Can't hear what you say, I'm high right now  
Don't hear what you pay, you not my round  
We know where you stay, we comin' down  
I'm tryna be in LA with all that loud  
And we not the same, so know that now  
I'm tryna make my mama proud  
Choppa gon' kick, like, boy, sit down  
Shawty, they say you a lame and I don't doubt that  
I be up, I can't rest  
Come and get your man 'cause I was fuckin' on a waitress  
I'ma do you bad, but I'm a slime and I can't change that  
Yeah, he sayin' "Slatt" but I know he ain't really sayin' it  
Go, yeah, go  
Ya know what I'm sayin', you know what I mean  
I'll never change, I put that on me  
You know my city gon' stay with me  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
You not my bro, not my homie  
You want me to stop, then come kill me  
If you want a verse, then pay for the fee  
Hit my DM and I got it for cheap  
Swear to God that shit best not be weak  
Or I'ma pass all that shit to the fiends  
Niggas mad 'cause I'm givin' him hell  
And you know I'm GG5L  
Sayin' you love me, I can't really tell  
And your name is not ringing a bell  
Baby girl, I kinda see why you're mad  
Thought she had me, I ain't going out bad  
Talking cash, I'ma go get that  
Walked in, she got whiplash  
I hit and she got enough cash  
And her nigga, yeah, he big mad  
Oh, he mad, well go fix that  
'Fore my toolie go blatt-blatt-blatt  
Yeah, go, yeah, go, yeah, go  
Oh, he mad he can't get that

Niggas lame and that shit sad  
Yeah, go, yeah, go, yeah, go  
Drip this and, yeah, drip that  
Nigga know he ain't got enough swag  
Nigga know he's not like that  
All of my niggas be throwin' flags  
All of my niggas be totin' guns  
So you know we ain't playin' dead  
Tell a lil' ho to get back-back  
Fuck that lil' ho and get her shit dragged  
Know my little shawty not playin' like that  
My nigga play then he get smacked  
And you know Faygo not for none  
He got a gun but won't blow none  
Playin' with me, you must be drunk  
Marching band, chopper sounding like drums  
Why do these bitches think I'm dumb?  
You singing that song and I know how it's sung  
Good girl, I can't name one  
Heart breakin', I'm so numb  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Smokin that gas, it's in my lungs  
I swear that this rap shit so fun  
Yeah, go, yeah, go, yeah, go  
A fuck nigga play then I get dumb  
And do not play with my day ones  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

We missed you Faygo