

Chosen

Trippie Redd

Yeah, why would you say that?
I knew that lil' bitch from way back
Like a gamer, lil' bitch, I'ma play that
If she come to the crib, I'ma slay that
Yeah, she gon' obey that
Told her clean up her act, where the maids at?
I been sippin' on act, smokin' straight gas
Ugh, blowin' this dough
Fuckin' this bitch and I'm takin' her soul
Diamonds around my neck, I glisten in gold
They just mad 'cause I was chosen

Because I was chosen
Because I was chosen
I'ma ball out like D. Rose and
Fuckin' this bitch and she clothes-less
Yeah, I'ma go give 'em my all best
Gettin' this money, stay focused
Movin' around, I'm in motion

Yeah, these pussy niggas bogus
Big chopper, do no reloading
Shootin' these niggas like, "Oh shit"
Damn, I'ma up the fire, fire, fire
Shirt all red, tie dye, dye, dye
Pussy nigga, you dead, you gon' die, die, die
Runnin' from the feds, homi-cide, cide, cide
Yeah, mama gon' cry, cry, cry
Get them tears out ya eye, eye, eyes
Shoot the pussy like a mother fuckin' pri-pri-prize, you pussy

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Fuckin' this bitch and she clothes-less, yeah

Had to dirty up my Sprite
Fuckin' this bitch all night
Two million dollars on some motherfuckin' ice
Shawty just left, but I'm still real right
Yeah, told that lil' bitch bye-bye
I'ma still enjoy my night
I'ma still enjoy my high
Yeah, I got ice like a freezer
Little baby, I need her

I do not need her, but lil' baby a keeper
I got cheese like a pizza, no Little Ceasars
I'm too big, ain't no meter
Smoking dope, Wiz Khalifa
Keep me a nina, your bitch fast like a cheetah
I'm with all of the slimes and bitches we beat up

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