NLE Choppa, Shotta Flow 7 FINAL

The Top Shotta, bomb like Al-Qaeda
Finale, finito, uh
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I was missin' the action like Chrisean tooth (Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)
Back leg loose like a nigga had to poot
I'm a God in Memphis, who bigger than me? (Who bigger than me?)
Shit that they did, I did at sixteen (Sixteen)
He flexin' his money, we know that he broke (Know that he broke)
Dick in her mouth, NLE throat coat
He pressed by the girl that fuckin' the city
He tender (He tender), we call him Diddy (Let's go)
Choppa so big, knock the weight off Biggie (Brr, brr, brr)
I'm somethin' like pussy, this shit it get sticky
Got millionaire mode, I don't plan on glitchin'
I'm back, nigga, like I had an addiction
Dropped him, let's go (Ooh)
He couldn't take those, nah
Switches and Dracos, yeah
Shooters on payroll
Nigga don't want no smoke, they Snoop Dogg (Snoop Dogg)
We'll show up at your door like a U-Haul (U-Haul)
Lil' nigga, big pistol, stand tall (Stand tall)
Quick to pop a nigga ass like a Adderall (Adderall)
Shakin' the spot like a ass or somethin' (Ass or somethin')
Lil' bruh sped, he crash for nothin' (Crash for nothin')
Walk out the house with a mask and gun (Mask and gun)
Better hold yo' breath like a asthma pump
Move like the Pope, hundred some shots in the Ghost
Better think twice, don't approach (Brrt, brrt)
No regular Glocks, know that it came with a box
We steppin' like shoes and socks (Brrt, brrt)
One of the realest, how can you not mention?
We slid out the Civic, now Rolls-Royce whippin'
Suckin' and grippin', double jerk and twist it
She killin' my kids like abortion clinics
Take some from who? He lyin', man (He lyin')
Nigga don't feel like dyin', man (Like dyin')
Cook him like grease in a frying pan (He frying)
We done killed more niggas than the Klan, man (Oh, God)
KKK, got Ks on Ks
Wanna fuck Kim K and make Kanye watch
Ayy, ayy, bay-bay, in the club with the Drac'
Gen 5 Glock goin' down like it's Joc
Hundred shots in the whip, it was shot-o-clock
He can run from a nigga, but not from the Glock
Don't ask me if it's one up top
That's like askin' Floyd Mayweather, do he box
Walk down on his cat, nine lives, he cap (He cap)
Put his head on his lap, we dipped him, uh (We dipped that boy)
Make the choppa clap, make it sound like a rapper
I'ma hit this bitch with a rhythm, uh
My dawg, sick 'em, this shit critical
Suspect, nigga, we never been a victim
7.62 chase 'em, trip 'em
If I don't got 'em, Tevo will get 'em

Huh, huh, huh, whip 'em
Huh, huh, huh, trip 'em
Huh, huh, huh, come here
Ah, ah, let's go, let's go, let's go
I might just O–, fuck that (Ayy, fuck that)
Percs killin' slow–, fuck that (Say, "Fuck that")
If I see his ho fuckin' (Come here)

Last Shotta Flow
Fuck it, fuck it, fuck it, fuck it, fuck it, fuck it
Fuck it, fuck it, fuck it, fuck it, fuck it, fuck it
Fuck it, fuck it, fuck it
He flushin' (Fuck it)
Shit, we bustin'
Better blow that bitch if you clutchin'
Lil' bruh, he'll spin for nothin'
Gave his ass a Perc' 30, God