

Shotta Flow 2

NLE Choppa

Ayy, I'm finna go in there, you heard (Haha)
Yeah, yeah (Huh), yeah (Yeah), yeah (Huh)
Yeah (Yeah), yeah (Yeah), yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah (Yeah, yeah), yeah, huh, yeah (Yeah)
Everything's chrome in the future!
Yeah, yeah (Yeah)
I hop on the beat and you know I'ma kill it
My nigga loose screws, you know that they drillin'
I run up my money, I love this feeling
Remember them days a nigga was stealin'
Hopped in the game, I got it on lock
My niggas got dope, they trap out they socks
The police pull up, we run from the narcs
We always on go, you know we don't stop
Cherry on top when I aim with the beam
I'm burnin' her head, no Charlie Sheen
My hoes, they grown, don't fuck with the teens
My bitch, she bad, boujee, and mean
Yeah, fuck that, get back on the sub
If a nigga diss me, them shots get to bustin'
I ain't got time with all that fussin'
Soon as I see him, you know that he duckin'
Shoot up the spot and make him move out
Soon as he move, I find his house
Don't fuck with the rats, don't fuck with the mouse
If he snitch, put the gun in his mouth
He thought that we was playin'
'Til we pulled up with sticks, yeah (No cap)
Glizzy got a beam and it came with a dick, yeah (No homo)
Choppa got a scope and it came with some tits, yeah (Yeah)
Don't get fucked up out your life, we shoot us a flick, yeah (Yeah)
Whenever we aim, you know we attack
Shoot through his stomach, it come out his back
My niggas, they bangin' and ready to stab
Diss on the set, get put in a bag
We love the money, the drugs, the guns
I don't ever beat 'cause I'm countin' my funds
I'm always workin', I don't have fun
Before you diss me, know your pros and cons
Let's have a shoot out, I'm ready to die
Face to face, eye to eye
The last thing that he saw was the fire

Put him on a tee, now he up in the sky
My killers outside, they don't wanna be seen
They come in the show if you makin' a scene
Choppa R. Kelly, let that bitch sing
How the fuck I'ma miss when I got me a beam?
I'm done, sike
I pull up to shoot, you pull up to fight
Shoot him in his leg, he beg for his life
Put one in his head like he was on Skype
Kick down the door (Yeah), bitch, get on the floor (The floor)
Where is the bread? 'Cause we need all the dough
Give me the cash (The cash), I came for the bag (The bag)
If he do somethin' sheisty, put one in his ass (Rrrah)
Shot

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>