

# Camelot

## NLE Choppa

I ain't gon' say too much when a nigga speakin' on that hot shit  
Fuck the police, 'cause them bitches ain't gon' stop shit  
Oppositions mad, if they play they gettin' popped quick  
Flyest nigga in the game, yeah, I'm a cockpit  
Posted on Camelot, with a hunnid some' shots  
I be swimmin' with the sharks, lil nigga you a lobster  
Bullets hit a nigga up, like he eatin' on some pasta  
And shoutout to Kingston, I keep me some Rastas  
My niggas trappin' out the bando, shoutout to the Migos  
If a nigga knock wrong, shoot him through the peephole  
The trap always open, bitch we ain't never closed  
We movin' them packs and we movin' them kilos  
Step one, Step two, do my dance in this bitch  
Got a hunnid some' drums like a band in this bitch  
Mine she keep on bitchin', all that naggin' and shit  
Hoe shut the fuck up and jush gag on this dick  
I'm a side nigga, and I love when she swallow  
If a nigga say something, hit him with a hollow  
That glizzy, knock ya meat out ya taco  
Flexin' on ya bitch, they call me Johnny Bravo  
School of hard knocks, let me take you to class  
My bitch is real skinny but she got a lot of ass  
I love counting money, I get a lot of cash  
If you try to take it from me, his toe gon' have a tag  
I ain't gon' say too much when a nigga speakin' on that hot shit  
Fuck the police, 'cause them bitches ain't gon' stop shit  
Oppositions mad, if they play they gettin' popped quick  
Flyest nigga in the game, bitch, I'm a cockpit  
Posted on Camelot, wit' a hunnid some' shots  
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Bullets hit a nigga up, like he eatin' on some pasta  
And shoutout to Kingston, I keep me some Rastas  
All up in the party, you know we keep them carbons  
Bring a nigga chills like I work at Baskin-Robbins  
I love Batman, but a young nigga robbin'  
Firework show, 'cause my niggas get to sparklin'  
I'm a hot head, I'll crash any second  
He speakin' on who? Send his bitch ass to heaven  
Extended clips, when we tote them Mac-11's  
My niggas they be crippin', they be screamin' out them 7's  
Why you investigating me? 'Cause I don't know a thing  
And Imma always keep a solid 'cuase I'll never sand  
You know I'm Shotta Fam, I always rep the gang

He kept on dissin' so a nigga had to snatch his brain  
Had to snatch his brain (had to snatch that  
nigga brain)  
I had to snatch his brain (had to snatch that nigga brain)  
I had to make it rain (make that motha fucka rain)  
R. Kelly let that fuckin' choppa sing, yeah (make it sing)

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