

# Shotta Flow

## NLE Choppa

I wish everything I touch would turn to gold  
NLE, you heard me  
Baby Mexico Choppa man, top shotta  
Baby Mexico shotta  
We finna talk our shit  
Why not? Yeah  
Yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I am a menace, keep me a rack just like tennis  
I'm with the shit like I'm Dennis  
I started this shit I'ma finish  
Niggas be hatin', tryna blemish my image  
Who want the smoke? .223 came with the scope  
Extended clip long as a rope  
We wipe his nose, just like he had him a cold  
I knew that boy was a ho  
Pull up with the gang, you know that we bangin'  
What is your set, nigga? What is you claimin'?  
I am a beast, you cannot tame it  
Don't point the finger, this shit can get dangerous  
These niggas hatin', these niggas plottin'  
Ooh, he got money I'm runnin' his wallet  
You say you a killer, lil' nigga stop it  
In a shoot out your gun was droppin'  
You really a fraud  
You cannot stomp on his yard  
My nigga they scammin', they swipin' them cards  
I am so high that I'm talking' to stars  
I'm gone off them jiggas, I'm poppin' them bars  
Don't mind my pimpin', bitch, don't sweat me  
Choppa got a kick, call that shit Jet Li  
Sauce gang drip though, what is your recipe?  
Don't get a F if a nigga try to testin' me  
Whole lotta money, whole lotta guala  
Hit the party fifty deep, nun' but my shotta  
Nigga tried me so you know I had to pop him  
So many bullets it confused the doctor  
Whole lotta racks, whole lotta stacks  
Fuck a headshot, I'ma shoot him in the back  
3.5 rolled up in the cack  
We don't smoke reggie, this shit called gas  
I'm stuck up, like a blind man  
I'm super hot, like a frying pan

He said that he gon' take some from me  
Ayy, just know, he lyin' man  
I'ma up from my hip then blow like a whistle  
Your bitch suckin' dick like a Kool-Aid pickle  
Two bullets in your chest, that's a nipple  
And if a nigga run up I'ma pop him like a pimple  
Get rich or die tryin', I'm feelin' like 50  
Brand new choppa got double d titties  
Niggas don't play me I don't get silly  
Love all the beef like a southwest Philly, yeah  
Yeah, love all the beef like a southwest deli, yeah  
Ayy, bitch, love all the beef like a southwest deli I might just OD, percs killin' me slowly  
Feelin' like I'm Kobe, can't ner' nigga hol' me  
If you wanna run up on me, shoot 'em like Ginobili  
And I'm with the shit lil' homie, yeah, like I'm Toby, yeah  
And I'm with the shit lil' homie, yeah, like I'm Toby, yeah  
Bitch!(Like I'm Toby, yeah)  
Finna ad-lib, eep all that  
(Like a school shooter, like I'm Toby, yeah)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Keep all that Tay, yeah  
(Huh, huh)  
(This shit straight drop, lil' nigga, no cut)  
Ayy Tay, keep all that  
(Straight drop, lil' nigga, no cut)  
Keep all that, yeah, yeah  
(Up from my hip, yeah)

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