

N.W.A.

NLE Choppa

Pipe that shit up, TNT

Ayy

NLE shit

NLE the top shotta, got the bomb like Al-Qaeda (No cap)

Ayy, ayyI got the stick up in my pants, when I up it, I'ma burn somethin'

He thinkin' I ain't killing, well that nigga better learn somethin'

And when we sliding, we gon' wet the car, you know we tryna flip somethin'

Thirty piece special out this Glock, you know that we gon' clip somethin'You niggas not no
hitters, y'all just really just tryna fit in (Tryna fit in)

My Glock, it came out the closet 'cause he got a dick in (No homo)

I'm a nigga with an attitude, you can call me Mac Ren

And you never know which Choppa you gon' get, like I'm Ben-10

Ayy, murder, murder, murder, I'ma turn into an anthem

Don't fuck with niggas like the KKK, but I'm a Panther

These bullets went his way, I bet I turned him to a dancer

A lot of vapor in this gas, bitch, I'm smoking on a Fanta

And if he try to rob me, make a nigga do a remix (No cap)

You can't relate to my music, I'm speaking on some G shit

Know fishbowl in this coupe, nigga, yeah, I'm screaming fuck a tint

If I catch a nigga that shot my dawg, gon' bust his shit

Hundred round drum and I'm looking for a bozo

Stand over his body and shoot him, make him roll over

I'ma leave him dead in the woods, he gon' have a dirt odor

The opps think we done killing, but this shit is never over

I make 'em break down, I love the way the Drac' sound

Ain't no waitin' now, we slidin' 'til the sun down

He tried to jump up in that water, now that boy up in a lake now

Closed casket gang, we gon' leave that boy face out

You niggas not no hitters, y'all just really just tryna fit in

My Glock, it came out the closet 'cause he got a dick in

I'm a nigga with an attitude, you can call me Mac Ren

You never know which Choppa you gon' get, like I'm Ben-10, yeah (Huh?)Ayy (Yeah, yeah)

Thought I was done on this bitch

But we gon' bring that shit back (Huh?)

We gon' bring that shit back, bring that shit back (What'd you say?)

Dig what I'm saying?

Rat-a-tat-tat, brrrt, brrrt, bah, bah, bahOoh, there go the police, grab your gun and run

Then I be smiling while I shoot because the murder for fun

And why these niggas staring at me? Swear to God I'm not the one

'Cause I'ma blam 'em, slam 'em, throw a temper tantrum

If he owe me some motherfuckin' money, I hold him ransom

I want all the motherfuckin' smoke, I'm causing cancer

And if he don't let me in, I'm breaking in like Santa, yeah Aim it at you, ooh, ooh
What you gonna do? Ooh, ooh (What you gonna do?)
7.62's, ooh, ooh (7.62's)
Wet him like a pool, what you gonna do? You niggas not no hitters, you really just tryna fit in
My Glock, it came out the closet 'cause he got a dick in
I'm a nigga with an attitude, you can call me Mac Ren
Never know which Choppa you gon' get, like I'm Ben-10, yeah

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