

Go Stupid (feat. NLE Choppa & Mike WiLL Made-It)

Polo G & Stunna 4 Vegas

Ayy
Gang, gang, gang, gang
Mike WiLL Made-It Lil' Capalot, bitch, ha
Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up Hit this jug by the school, couldn't wait 'til I got out of class
Used to stare at the clock and shit
Before all of this rap shit, I was gangbanging
And doin' highsPEEDS on the cops and shit
And I'm straight from the Chi', but I ball like king
Up in Cali' and shoot like Stojakovi?
Keep applyin' the pressure, I go on the run
And it ain't no lettin' it up, ain't no stoppin' this
Had to tell my little brother to chill, gotta stay in the house
Come outside, he be poppin' shit
You ain't heard about us, well you need to go watch the news
Niggas know we be dropping shit
Got the feds on my ass in the hood
'Cause they think I'm the one
Who been buyin' them GlockS and shit
I'm just focusin' on music
They say my last tape was a classic, but I got some hotter shit (Hotter shit)
Might be rocking a show, if I'm not up the stu', then I'm fucking this cash out
Don't you know Polo G
Skinny, tall, with the dreads
That lil' nigga be rappin' his ass off
Yeah, I heard she got surgery
Still wanna climb from the back, just to see if her ass soft
Go like Harden with Rockets, we blast off
Tried to throw us some bullets, but we made them fumble
Now you ain't getting that pass out
Finna block, now I'm takin' my mask off
Hit the gas like we racin', speed off in them foreigners
And leave tire marks on the asphalt
It's gonna be R.I.P. once your ass caught
He like front, we knockin his cap off
Another day, another chain, or a mac bowl All this ice got me freezin' like Jack Frost
That boy a bitch, that's his dad fault
If you play then you late, we can crash out (Let's go)
When I'm up in his shit, bet his man down (Ooh)
In B.O.A., I'm pullin' them bands out (Cap)
D.O.A., bitch I catch your man off

A rockstar from the block, I stand out
Came from nothing, I fought my advance off
When I hit the game with my floor niggas, ran out, fuck it (No, cap)
I'm not your average Joe
When I leave the house, I tuck it
I'm rich, I don't shop with no budget
My little youngins want him a bucket
I hop on his bitch and run it (Uh)
If I said it, I seen it and done it (Uh, uh)
These lil' niggas never rob nobody
Ain't caught nobody, and ain't getting no money (Cap)
Where I'm from, it's sport to gunplay
We adopt to the killer and dealers
But even them niggas won't make it out one day
I pop my first xan I been had hood fame (Yeah)
Took off like I was on the runway
I'm a star but still post on the runway
Them niggas talk, but don't want play
We let them descent like the choir on Sunday Yeah, yeah
Hop on this scene and I'm thuggin'
Big clock on my hip so you know that I'm pushin'
Catch me an opp, I'ma down him in public
The police keep askin', I'm chagin' the subject
Know where I grew up, man, a nigga was rugged
Why the fuck you got a gun? You not gonna bust it
And the hundred round shots, I ain't doin' no tussin'
Drip a nigga some Jason like he David Ruffin
I ain't gon' cap, I don't even like rappin'
But I learned about wrappin' them bodies and shit
Fucked the bitch, and when I get done
I'ma up my clock and then rob the bitch
Catch a nigga when he clock out
I'ma get him wacked at his job and shit
And I dont know why the police keep fucking with me
'Cause they ain't stoppin shit, yeah
Spin on your block like a remix
Shoot him in the face, get his teeth licked
Extended clip like a broomstick
Shoot a flick like Netflix
Scratch an opp off the checklist
I just bought a gun off Craiglist
Shoot and opp in the brain, I'm leavin' the stain
Only thing you see is red shit
If the police behind, we keep duckin'
My gun need some draws, he got nothin'
Whole gang, we strapped on testos
If a nigga need play, he gon' get bust, yeah
NLE, the Top Shotta, don dada

Got the bombs like Al-QaedaYeh, yeh, yeh, yeh

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