

# 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 <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>