

# Walk Em Down (feat. Roddy Ricch)

## NLE Choppa

Uh, posted (Posted), in front of the trap (Front the trap)  
Selling dope 'til the sun come down (Come down)  
Take a fuck nigga right off the map (Off the map) When I hit him with this whole hundred  
rounds (A hundred rounds)  
Yung Joc, in the club with my Glock (With my Glock)  
You want to play, and then this bitch going down (It's goin' down)  
We ain't hesitatin', bullets get to blazin' (Get to blazin')  
I'ma lay him down like he in the lounge  
Walk 'em down, walk 'em down  
Walk 'em down, walk 'em down  
Walk 'em down, walk 'em down  
Walk 'em down, walk 'em down  
Walk down on 'em in Balenciaga runners  
My blood slime a nigga out just like an anaconda  
You go against me  
Then you fucked just like a used condom (You fucked, yeah)  
I roll 'em up and then I smoke 'em like  
Some good ganja, ayy (I smoke 'em up, yeah)  
Still doing drive-bys, but I wanna walk 'em (I wanna)  
If I can't find 'em, you know I'm gonna stalk 'em (I gotta stalk 'em)  
Caution tape up on the scene, I had to white chalk 'em (Grrt, grrt)  
Running from my gun, but my bullets had to hawk 'em (Yeah)  
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Nigga, I was posted on the corner where the J's at  
Roll up in the four by four, pull up at the corner store  
And I got red in my drink when I pour up soda  
I remember prayin' that the feds never take the Motorola  
Choppa got the chopper, make 'em do a backflip  
Pay my dawg a dime to walk him down, he need the racks, bitch  
I been drinkin', I been taking all this codeine to the face  
Got a lot of M's in the safe  
Caught a murder, then I beat the case

I was just about to do the raceUh, posted (Posted), in front of the trap (Front the trap)  
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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>