

Tops Drop

Fat Pat

Welcome to the land, where it just don't stop
Trunks pop tops drop, and the front end hop
Paint flop screens on, acting bad in the song
Yeah it's on riding chrome, balling at my home
Texas plates don't hate, showing up in the state
Can't wait get it straight, while the front end break
Paid the cost to be the boss, looking good when I floss
Sunshine let it down, turn it up and clown
Fool around hit your block, trunk going on knock
Let it up let it pop, light up the whole block
Southside how we hold, on a gangsta stroll
Music hitting so hard, knocking off side mold
Hit the highway hooting, dro go on let it roll
Po' up the drank fire it up, make sho' the windows closed
On chrome high side, throwing up the Southside
Giving... dap coming down, wrecking the slab

Trunks keep popping
Tops keep dropping down here, yeah
Trunks pop, trunks pop, trunks pop
Tops drop, tops drop, tops drop

Now what's up H-Town, cause we know that they feel us
Three wheeler 4 peeler, acting bad for scrilla
Swisha burna bouncing turner, sitting low on 4's
I'm pulling through the lot, slamming do's on buttons
And I'ma slide slide, slippidy slide
Pop trunk let it down, show up in my ride
Roll out the red carpet, never buy it from punks
Valet piece and chain, starched and my chain
Hit the club showing love, tip the dancer a dub
Got killa in the club, for after the club
One more time for they mind, I'ma gon put it down
It's that boy Fat Pat, yeah I got's to clown

I just wanna drop it, aaaa-aall night long
Yeah, yeeeeeah, I just wanna drop it
All night long yeah, drop it, drop it, drop it

And you laced on the game, that cost a fee
Bouncing on the track, with P-A-T
Now they see how it be, I'm just a G
Cocked up on three, blowing on a whole tree
See me in the drop, crawling down on boys
Right behind him is the Lincoln, my favorite toy
Candy red with the screens, and I'm riding on cream
Mean mugs triple beams, make reality a dream
Sipping lean sticky green, make em cloud the whole scene
Europeans what the deal, making all haters chill
While I show my naked skills, gripping wood grain grills
Running lights shining bright, floating smooth as a kite
Trunk cracked Fat Pat, breaking all haters hats
Where they at where they at, 'fore I pull out my gat
Looking good it's understood, flossing for my hood
Taking pride in my ride, like every playa should

Trunks pop, trunks pop, trunks pop

Tops drop, tops drop, tops drop [x3]