

# Drop That

## Problem

(Red cup, fucked up)

Grey Goose in my system  
If you broke better fix it  
Oh yo pussy I'm a kiss it  
Too real for the fake shit  
100 all day  
Call it beer bottle money if you call me  
On strive, on God  
Be the mirror for every nigga that's in my squad  
Yea, everything about the figures  
And the Beverly center,  
Shoppin with my niggas, turning it up  
And these bitches all see us for real  
No Neptunes though we got a splice with the script  
Like that, it's a known fact, we at yo face with the rip  
Trippin, I ain't gotta be off a pill to act a foolie on em  
Better round like a nigga got a toolie on em  
Saw yo bitch in the club, threw her booty on me  
Start poppin that shit,  
She got high and start droppin that shit

Drop that shit, bitch  
For real, drop that shit, bitch  
She got hot in that hoe, straight drop that shit, bitch  
Drop that bitch, drop that bitch  
Yea, drop that bitch, drop that bitch  
Yea, drop that bitch, drop that bitch  
Drop that bitch, she got high

If she say she want another pill  
Nope, I gotta save that for my other girl  
Yea, it's a thought I don't need follow  
Barry told me her pussy's feeding the muscato  
Popped a pill and I roll these like a taho  
Flex a bitch like Dre, YOLO be the motto  
Niggas wanna hate, I'm a pop his cap like a bottle  
Smoked me a joint, then worry about it tomorrow  
From the same city, it's drainin there and I follow  
That shit prom, was hittin niggas with hollows  
Nigga followed that, birds behind bars  
Never hit the league but now niggas is all stars  
Get it? (get it?)  
Who with it? Not ya'll  
I swear I seen you hopin out a cop car  
Mmm, that ain't cool  
Baby girl I'm that dude so...

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See all my niggas tryna bring fresh dollar bills

And all my bitches like to twerk just to keep it trill  
And all my bitches I'll be with, keep them tights on em  
My main bitch like to fuck with the lights on  
I be on Hennessey, goose I be mixin  
Tatted like a cholo, pocket full of Benjamins  
Ridin in that Rari or that Benz with yo BM  
Burner on my hip, fuck whoever wanna see em  
She choosin, she choosin, she tryna choose up  
She know I'm bout that money plus I'm too much  
Stick to the script, fuck a bitch, yea literally  
Beat er from the back like that, got er feeling me  
I be on some other shit, she be on another dick  
But every time I text, man her dude turn to her ex  
(Bye) got her in a room straight flexin  
It's just me and her in the room naked

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