

The Finals

BigXthaPlug

Drop
(Tony Coles)

I dropped a four in a Lipton tea
More green on me than a tree in dispensary
Temper shorter than Mini Me
My bitch skin color is the same as Hennessey
I turned my closet to Saks Fifth
Magician with the Drac', he like to do hat tricks
Face shot, fat bitch profile big
600 the mob, you know that shit
I could've went with the walkdown
But that was too easy, I'd rather just pop out
Bounce in the Jeep with no door and just hop out
Treat a nigga like Kayne tape, make him drop out (Uh)
Security get bucked, he get knocked out (Uh)
Any plug beside X gettin' socked out (Uh)
Any nigga too fly gettin' shot down (Uh)
Any bitch too pretty get passed 'round

Heavy metal in this car like a rock star
Four sticks off in this bitch, Kit-Kat bar
Break a bitch off a P, she want a bad boy
Ain't typin' on keys, we pull up where they at, boy
Put them racks on his hat, knock off his cap, boy
EBT, bro hit the booth and I snap, boy
Strapped in the trap, this shit feel like Iraq, boy
Pockets full of cake, they callin' me fat boy
Leave out the trap with a six pack, movin' weight
Beat this bitch down every day, tryna make a way
Shit can get hard, it's gon' make you or break you
Mix the purple with Tuss' like I play for the Lakers
Boy, I sold me a 'bow, used to play for the Takers
High notes with the poles like that bitch Anita Baker
In the club yellin', "Cuz," we ain't even related
Gotta swallow that sperm, it's a rich nigga baby

Ayy, I don't fuck with these niggas, they really some fakers
Play with me, then you meetin' your maker
I've been havin' more dough than a motherfuckin' bakery
If he flexin' too hard, I'ma take somethin'
Came from the dirt, took forever to make somethin' (Uh)
Now it's thirty K for me to say somethin' (Uh)
Hit the bitch from the back, bet I break somethin' (Uh)
Boy, you pussy, don't say you gon' take nothin' (Let's go)
I've been walkin' these streets for a minute
Name a bitch that I spoke to that say I ain't hit it
Name a whip that I got that ain't burnt and ain't tinted
Name a Glock that I got I ain't shot, niggas trippin'
Ain't got what I got, how they say I ain't winnin'?
Bitch, we up and they stuck in position
They ain't never cooked dope in no kitchen
Tell 'em come meet the 6ixers and see how we livin'