

# Save The Drama

Chris Brown

Gun shots, we lots  
Hennessy, I don't really like scotch  
At the don when I'm talking to the dutch  
And the man with the pockets like fam you up  
Dippers and the wait notes  
Black man says he's hit a lick, better keep your face down  
Get loud when that kick sound  
You miss it, don't count up  
No tops, no tops  
Go to collect, we in Paris when we shop  
You gotta give the man props  
Your girl love a man lots  
Fuck it, I'm on that pussy like a rumpa  
If I tag her, gotta have her have a bumper  
All that pussy, got it for ya like a drug  
And I know she got that wagon from her mama

Call it a homicide how she do  
The guys in Jamaica, man jealous  
Make me terrified  
I can tell you skilled cause you using your melody  
Oh, no no no no  
Light another blunt then we gon' light up the floor  
Smoking all that ganja you can smell through the door  
Sex tape never, 'less she let me record  
And I know where your head's at  
Got your attitude from your mama  
And I don't wanna set back  
Just do me a favor and save the drama

Get the baddest bitch and treat it like the worst  
Popping the Henny, tripping if you pop the pussy first  
We gon' fuck, I'm gon' fuck or we gon' fall in love  
I will get 'em once, fucking, fucking with the plug  
Bitches texting, I'm a dog fetching  
Bitch I'm on, no flexing, fuck a 100 besties  
See that's just for that extra Range, she'd to forget them  
Your body's under my belt, just to make it official  
I forget that he mission, never forget the pistol  
Thinking all the way in, killing and leave the victims  
I got trust issues, I might think you tripping  
Really I be tripping, rolling with all the spitting  
West is, this the gang, bitch you better catch it  
'Fore you be over tested, rather pull up in a Bentley  
Used to pull up in Chevys, I'm the kind that can get enough  
I'm the kind that can get the paper cause I can't get enough nigga

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Big boy's girl, big boy's girl, he be pum pum, like the jay's girl  
I done made love in the strangest places, I'm a real plug, move things on the daily  
Like the mon in the morn' opposite, smoke the ganj and we poof everyday  
I'm a rider, she a rider, I know the black man right on sight  
Hit the high notes like Mariah  
I done feel the bitch when the vibe is right  
I'mma grow, I'mma get you high tonight  
Balling up, whip the pussy, mine tonight  
I can see you want me, pull you closely, song on silent, ignore the phone ringing  
Keep your hands on me, just get it, frisk my waistband, ass and titties  
Keep me Miss Gates, don't do digits, my phone bling, just been 2 million  
Maybach, low key, big ladies hit me, it's 36 Coupe, I'm whipping  
Hair on trap, that's 3 more chickens, new boo game on fleek, room glistening  
Chris be get me it through chickens, raps on lap, big shit I did it  
Head to the back, lot of taps on chilling, matter of fact, big racks I get it  
When the game on, they stop tripping, bullshit make a real nigga lose interest

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