

# Pop It

DJ ESCO

Let me pop my shit (Pop my shit)

Pop it

Pop it

Pop it

Pop it (Yeah)

Pop it

Pop it (Let's go)

Hold up, let me pop my shit (Pop it)

She wanna fuck, I'ma let her, nigga, I don't stop my bitch, ayy (I don't stop my bitch)

I ain't gonna watch no ho, nigga gotta watch my wrist, ayy, ayy (You dig?)

Better know I ain't gon' go, nigga, I got my blick, ayy, ayy (Let's go)

Yeah, they call me Gucci Kick Door, nigga, better hide your brick, ayy, ayy (Let's go)

We on his ass if it's smoke, nigga, we slidin' on shit, gang, gang

Hold up, let me pop my shit (Pop it)

Hold up, let me pop my shit (Pop it)

Hold up, let me pop my shit (Hold on, pop it)

Hold up, let me pop my shit, ayy (Let's go)

Hold up (Hold up), pop it (Pop it)

I heard these niggas was plottin' (Pussies)

I heard he said he gon' reach in my pocket

He reach, then he grab the rocket (Fool)

Hold up (Hold up), pop it (Pop it)

These niggas mad I'm poppin' (Ayy)

We press the gas, no stoppin' (Let's go)

These niggas sweeter than Baskin Robbins (Oh really?)

I never needed a mask when I'm robbin' (No, no)

Look at my case, go look at my documents (Facts)

Whole lotta paper, ain't talkin' 'bout documents

Hold on, talkin' my shit, yeah, I'm poppin' it (Let's go)

Lookin' for Act', bitch, I'm cool on the Wock' (Bitch, I'm cool on the Wock')

Pull out that MAC, you gon' shoot it or not? (Gon' shoot it or not?)

Most of our enemies dead niggas (Hold on)

Now we barely get into it with the opps, hey (Let's go, oh really?)

I used to walk down the motherfuckin' block with a motherfuckin' Glock, hey, hey (Nose Ave)

Brand new Gucci just dropped, got copped, no longer in stock, hey, hey (Let's go)

Don't lie to me, lie to your nigga

Bitch, you was all on my cock, hey, hey (Fool)

You know I don't need you, I'm hot, hey

You was just one of my thots, ayy (Oh really?)

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Pull out the glizzy, I'm squeezin' it, I don't fuck with no ho that's disobe  
dient, ayy (No, no)  
If a rich nigga wan' cum in your mouth and you broke, bitch, you should be d  
rinkin' it, ayy (Hah)  
Stay with my pole, I'm keepin' it (Yeah, yeah)  
Fuck do I look like leavin' it? (No)  
Hold up, bitch, let me pop my shit  
Everything I say, I'm meanin' it, ayy (Doe Beezy)  
RBMG they ain't real as us (Gang)  
Hop in the coupe, put the ceiling up (Skrtrt)  
Give her good dick, I'ma fill her up (Pop it)  
She don't live with you, boy, you live with her (Fool)  
She don't like the fact you not real with her (No)  
Don't like how you look and ain't feelin' ya (Pussy)  
You know I got her, the day that I leave her  
My brother Durk probably leave India, never (Oh really?)  
I go to war with whoever (Whoever, hold on)  
I keep a thirty or fifty or better  
Put down that phone, bitch, you textin' too much (Fuck is you doin'?)  
I'm high as fuck, I feel like it's a setup (Brtr, brtr, yeah)  
Life is good, I woke up feelin' successful (Beezy)  
Double F's on his body, Fendi, you better not test him (Oh really?)

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p my bitch)  
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Hold up, let me pop my shit, ayy (Let's go)

Hold up, pop it  
Hold up, pop it (Pussies)  
Hold up, pop it  
Hold up, let me pop my shit, ayy  
Hold up, pop it  
Hold up, pop it (Pussies)  
Hold up, pop it  
Hold up, let me pop my shit, ayy  
(DJ EscoMoeCity, the coolest DJ on the motherfuckin' planet)  
Hold up, let me pop my shit, ayy