

Put Em On The Glass

Drop City Yacht Club

She put him on the glass, glass, glass
She put him on the glass, glass, glass
She put him on the glass, glass, glass
She put him on the glass, glass, glass
She put him on the plug
Drop City, bitch (Whoo, whoo)
Now shake your titties
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Now shake your titties
(Drop, Drop City, bitch) Uh (Whoo, whoo)
Now shake your titties

Got 'em up 'ere, got 'em up 'ere
My Italiano (Ooooh)
Not many brothers is rollin' in [?] (No, no)
And bangin' at Surf Rock (Rock)
The street is my work spot (Work hard)
I'm lookin' for them freaks (Freaks)
I'm checkin' for them cops (Where they at, where they at?)
Ayy, you freaks can't pass me
I pull up double-five, double-O like dibs on ho
Shit, I'm never on swerve (Skrtrt)
To the right, I merge (Skrtrt)
Sippin' Patronus (Sippin', sippin')
While I'm patrollin' ('Trollin')
Lookin' for a freak in this thing, I be open (Let's go)
I still got game, ain't a damn thing changed
I spot two freaks (Where they at?) in the left lane
Eye contact is on
I'm rollin' down, windows puttin' [?]
And she's poppin' them buttons and gettin' that blouse curl, let 'em all out
And that's what she get (Get)
Baby have no kids (No, no)
Thirty-six, double-D's (D's)
It'll make grown men skid (Skrtrt)
And I'm puttin' in work on the freeway
Fast (It's swervin', baby)
'Cause she put 'em on the glass

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(Drop, Drop City, bitch) Time to get real ignorant, ha, ha (Whoo, whoo)
Now shake your titties

How many times can you play this before?
They bend this and hurt, get your momma, can't stand this

But I got a fan list
Lovin' this ratchet raft [?] so I [?] on the canvas
D (D)
C (C)
Y (C)
Uh, fresh from the Yacht Club party
Beggin' them things is workin' (Whoo)
Fillin' up the passenger window with [?]
You hit the gas, I'ma hit mine too (Too)
Baby, can I get with you? (You)
Trust that flesh (Uh)
'Til the glass get stressed (Uh)
I'm obsessed, I'm obsessed
With the way you express yourself
Some say I only rap about wealth
But, baby, let me rap about your health (Mm)
Lungs, lungs
Motherfuckin' lungs got a brother up so sprung
I'm lovin' this window dressin'
The whole white lane is stressin' (Dang)
Offend me, offend me
You could freak me if you're friend-friend-friendly
B-double O-B-S tray sittin' in the window
I rather kiss them than [?]
And they should see me ridin' on the freeway
Baby, don't pass, don't pass
Slow down and put 'em on the-

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