

# Drop Em Off

Fat Nick

Fuck yo bitches then drop em off  
Talking shit we gon drop em off  
You need some work we gon drop em off  
You got what I need just drop em off  
Florida shit we gon drop em off  
Lately I been feeling like a boss  
Ain't talking no money then your ass gets lost  
Baby bone I'm taking off

I got 4 fat hoes in da back of my rav4  
Pull up, hop out, they all grippin 44s  
No thug shit my niggas got plugs bitch  
When I'm dead and gone put some acid all up in my casket  
Xanax in my easter basket  
I'll go Sunday pitch in work just like pamphlets  
Stone cold my nigga  
Catch the rock bottom if you don't fuck with us  
Sippin Nesquik with my nigga Fat Nick lil Pou came through bout to fuck on y  
our bitch  
Nasty lil bitch nasty lil hoe, nose full of blow and you ain't even know it  
Hotbox in my cockpit bitches looking bald til  
Let the super soaker now that nigga off real quick  
Real shit drinking Henny all day  
Ugly ignorant, boi I do it everyday  
I don't like talking but I need a payday  
Ok out my mind til I Helen Keller drag em to the river then I offer them a c  
ella  
Fuck a nine to five sliding down I-95 trunk full of work  
The hoe made it twerk  
Black man in a black mask with the black man boy I love the mask  
Straight like that sip bab smoke my sack with your bat  
Bitch

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In the front four dudes in the back, two thirds got to mac  
Russian roulette press your luck with the set  
Got some money on me see how close you can get  
Slipping sly style got your bitch getting wet  
Decisive em and leave em with no one to sex  
Make a move playing chess on the jet  
With a fly piece of pussy keep it wet  
She only like to fuck mink dark silhouette  
Kill em with quickness they nothing but pest  
Get to stepping you don't have my check  
There gon be a problem best believe I'm solving it  
Money making mission gotta steady politics  
Seize in the whipbone actavis  
Got your bitch leaning up on my dick  
Buffet boys keep it realer no flex

[?] they be killing themselfs  
Suicide thoughts going all in head  
Homicide kill the pussy on my bed  
Fuck with me beat that shit leave that shit red  
Not one for repeating you heard what I said  
Brother done taught me don't talk to the feds  
Wrote them but really they wanted them dead  
For the stress in my life I take one to the head

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All black slack, gold brand new tooth  
Where that pussy talk slick get his ass on the news  
I 6 milligrams [?] like a fuse  
Pop a couple green Xans now I'm at it real lose  
Ski mask on in an all black demin  
But I hit em for his stang if he acting like he better  
Ion really give no fucks meet your buddy in the cella  
Smoking dope to the face got me higher than a pillar  
All my dope loud bitch I'm smoking on killar  
Got goonies in the cut undead like Thriller  
South FLA got squad full of hitters  
Rip the golds out your mouth  
Part them shits out for dinner  
In the bando got hoes doing number  
Dopey dope smoke and a lot them thunder  
Pushing out his work bitch I get it by the bundle  
Your thot drop neck then she back I huddle  
Rolling through bitch I'm creepin  
Couple Xans and I'm peeking  
Opp in my lane so you know we about to sneak em  
Skerting off bitch I reek of dope I got foreign hoes and foreign clothes  
[?] no faces showing then case closed