

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 themselves
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