

Str8 Drop

Fat Trel

Phew
Drank God
Shit on me
(Juss cookin' it up, nigga)
Yeah
Hmm, on God
Four hundred on in jewelry
For real
Hmm, right now
Phew, phew
Yeah
Drank God
Keep that shit going, gang
Hmm (What?), phew, phew, yeah, yeah

Bust down Rollie, I don't fuck with no police, I up big blickie and dog, well shit
Real street nigga, I don't hang with no rappers, pop out at niggas' shows, take all that shit (On God)
Four hundred in jewelry, me and big Will, nigga, pull up on the six, yeah, we all got blick
Steppin' on shit, five thousand blues, good dog, take it too, mix it all with fent'
Dog Shit Records, I was gettin' money back with Lou Gram, cookin' up lean in the pot
Hundred bands on me, slide at LD, nigga feelin' like Mike, twenty-threes on the drop
We don't argue with opps (Pussy), we'll never squash shit, quit callin'
Niggas still ain't dropped shit, quit stallin'
You cuffin' that bitch we doggin'
Nigga

Pull up on the side of a nigga, take the eyes off a nigga and I don't really like to play about opps
And I'm in the trap with a light-skin bitch, like to cook my dope dick and I don't play about pots
Junkie had to get a quick fix, let him hit a lil' rock and he said I got straight drop
How you know I got it out the shop? How you make it lock? How you get it in with the Glock? (Hold up)
Pull up on the side of a nigga, take the eyes off a nigga and I don't really like to play about opps
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Junkie had to get a quick fix, let him hit a lil' rock and he said I got straight drop (Hold up)
How you know I got it out the shop? How you make it lock? How you get it in with the Glock?

You ain't gotta ask me, I'm way too nasty
Hundred K in cash, lately I been too flashy
Pop another seal 'til my bitch start nagging
Up on all my opps, I ain't really into bragging
First day home, young nigga get to dragging
Give a bitch a bone, I'll smack her on the wagon
We from DC, we ain't really into flagging
Body count, bitch, young nigga toe-tagging

Gucci and Dior, gotta trap a lot of fashion
And I'm in the field, I ain't never played Madden
Everything you lil' niggas doin', I done had it
You don't really wanna see me trip with automatic
And I got a bitch from out of town, she a savage
Middle of the winter in the rental, doin' damage
Runnin' with gorillas, it get iller, don't panic
And I'm 'bout my skrilla, kill a nigga with the static (Hold up)

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