

# Drip Drop

Jack Harlow

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Hey

If you want it you can have it, that my old style  
Moving through the night just like an old coy-  
-Yote, low profile, sippin' something, got my piss lookin' like the Oh-hi  
Push it 'til it's broke down  
Somethin' like my momma when I take the bag home to her  
Con artists talkin' like some connoisseurs  
If you want the beef we can put them bitches on skewers  
She the one I wrote this song for  
And she put it on while she puttin' on the contour  
Phone calls from the concourse  
Long way from home and that pussy what I long for  
But, for now I'm on the clock, uh  
Give myself off to you right before I knock  
Once I'm back home, then you know it's Yung Joc  
We gon' set the camcorder up and make a Hitchcock  
I'm a uhh, big shot, uh  
I can't eat it cold, so I hope this shit's hot  
I can't eat the leftovers out the Ziploc  
It's a mental thing for me, I can't really explain it  
I know we're friends, but it feel like we datin' sometimes  
I feel the tension in all the conversations we have  
I know the beat ain't really hot 'til I'm pacin' around  
And I'm pacin' right now  
Yeah, this shit knockin'  
And she, and she, she tryin' give noggin (Ooh!)  
Tryin' show the youngin' what the the tip top is  
But see me, I'm just tryin' see what the drip drop is, uh  
Hit it once, she say that we been talkin', uh  
I don't mind, I'm enjoyin' the company  
And it's validatin' for me, fill the void I been strugglin' with  
I rock a soldier out of Troy when I'm bussin' this shit  
It's an infection I avoid, I been wantin' a kid  
But, I been flip floppin', huh  
Indecisive how I'm tryin' get poppin' (Ooh!)  
Plain cheeseburger, I don't get toppin'  
Chauncey tryin' show me what the crip walk is

CyHi, yeah, huh  
Drip droppin'  
Call the maintenance man, I don't fix faucets, huh  
Smoke is strong, can't quit coughin'  
Valentino with the Louis, boy, I make sauces  
Big bosses over here, girl, I'm Rick Rossin', haha  
Big toppin' with the cheese gossip  
She like my last CD, I guess she disc jockin'  
Spokin' word over bass, I be grid lockin'  
She was bad so I had to take the bitch shoppin'  
Hit the Rollie store to kill time, now we tick tockin', huh  
Hurry up before my dick soften  
She put the panties on backwards, got her criss crossin', huh  
Send her home in some sweatpants  
She vegan so I hit her with the eggplant, huh  
Her daddy rich so so I'm Stedman, huh  
Vetements Gucci headband, huh

She said I'm better than her ex man  
If you fuck another bitch, you a dead man  
Hold on, girl, you talkin' like you pregnant  
I am not your nigga, I'm your bestfriend, huh  
Shhh, quit talkin'  
I just wanna' know what the drip drop is, huh  
I pull her hair, girl, I rip stockins'  
If you ain't fuckin' with me, you can kick rocks then  
Never take the hat off, boy, I'm Kid Rockin'  
She said, "I'm sorry, I don't get that type of dick often"  
Honey gold diggin', hope you tryin' to pick pocket  
So I'm swip swappin'  
Got a thick chocolate  
Little chick from the market, caught her wrist wathcin'  
Now we at the crib and we binge watchin'  
I'm straight forward on some Chris Rock shit  
I'm just tryin' see what the drip drop is, huh