

Pop Out Again

Polo G

Iceberg want a bag, bitch

We pop out at your party, I'm with the gang
And it's gon' be a robbery, so tuck ya chain
I'm a killer, girl, I'm sorry, but I can't change
We ain't aimin' for your body, shots hit your brain
We come from poverty, man, we ain't have a thing
It's a lot of animosity, but they won't say my name
Them killers rock with me, lil' nigga, don't get banged
'Cause they'll do that job for me while I hop on a plane

She heard I'm a star, now she tryna take her clothes off
Faceshot with this AR, I'm bound to knock a nigga nose off
Drowsy off the Act', I'm sippin' lean until I doze off
My homie trappin' like it's laundry day, he drop a load off
Police at the bando, hit the back and cut the stove off
Used to hustle packs but now I'm richer than my old boss
Almost summertime, I'm finna see how much the Rolls cost
If her friend ain't fuckin', kick her out and make them hoes walk
Runnin' through them hundreds, new blue check, I guess I'm verified
Cappin' of this ecstasy, I'm rollin' like I'm paralyzed
You weren't out there thuggin' with the killers, you was terrified
All my niggas pop out in them trenches, we don't never hide

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None of my hoes got a lot of mileage
Keep it G, your style is childish
Proud of myself, I finally found it
Only keep the guys around me
I go extra dressing with this drip, I call it Thousand Island
I can make my youngin snatch your necklace for a thousand dollars
Soon as we sexin', thousand problems
Hoppin' on jets, this money calling
I still be thuggin', I'm sorry, mama
Pop out, I'm on every corner
VVS on every stone
This jewelry got my head gone
These bankrolls got my head gone
These meds got my head gone
We been poppin' out since middle school
This lifestyle ain't nothing new
But we'll get rid of you, yeah
We been poppin' out since middle school
This shit here ain't nothing new
Polo, what you tell 'em, fool?

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And don't gotta explain (Nah), 'cause I got plenty stains (Stains)
I pull up in Ferraris when I hop on the plane (No cap)
Got diamonds on my Cartis (Cartis), I see you niggas lame (Lame)
I'm in Miami Garden with a Richard Mille plain (Richard Mille plain)
I'm a seed, you can't put me in a grave (No)
Somebody pray for me 'cause I couldn't have been a slave (No)
Float on the D-U-B's, we had cash back in the day (Yeah)
Now the Rollie say the date, roll around in two-door Wraith (Two Wraiths)
You gotta work hard, just can't make it off of faith
I sold me a lil' hard for a few thousands, I was straight (Straight)
I been jumped off the porch, learned to hustle for a plate
Now the shrimp come with a steak, five star condo where I lay

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