

25 Drop

Soulja Boy

Soulja Boy Tell 'Em
Y'all, y'all, y'all
Yeah, nigga, don't play with the money game
Don't play with the M.S.O.D. boys, drink up

Yuh, someone nigga on running the block
Young nigga, he cool with that Glock
I don't wish jail on none of my opps
Free the lil' boy so we can drop
Young nigga pull up in a 25 drop
Young nigga pull off, scrap like Robocop
Young nigga get the Drop, pull up and body drop
Young nigga pull up and spin your block

Inside we let that pills depart
Draco Mountain, I'm sending the tippets off
Young nigga cut to my truck, getting re-rocked
High power, have me locked down on 3,000 blocks
Have me locked down with no bills
One day when I came out of sales
Have me locked down, I will read in my mail
Plug in me work, cut a pack on sales
Young Drako, I ran on my clients
One day, one day I fucked up the Deezus case
Someone said, ran Deezus, yeah
We make it rain, we chopping in it with him
Utah by that county, ain't been in him
Boys at Maroney, it look like a chandelier
Young Drako, you know he gon' discipline
Whack him, lil' nigga, let's get this shit crystal clear

So I don't want a nigga, I'm running the block
Young nigga, he quit with that Glock
I don't wish jail on none of my opps
Free the lil' boy so we can pop
Young nigga pull up in a 25 drop
Young nigga pull off, scrap like Robocop
Young nigga get the drop, pull up and body drop
Young nigga pull up and spin your block

You try this shit, boy, you gon' lose
Young nigga, 15, scrap that with that too
Young nigga pull up, he gon' shoot
Mind you bein' in with you, nigga better do
Young nigga pull up, scrap hot that that Bentley cool
You play with the Glock with that switch, boy, I show her that chopper
You play with the gang, then I'm dropping
You spinning around with that Glock, know that I'm popping
You trap up, I call no guy, pass it to Dove
360 that brick, put that pack in the end
I'm from record to make a million off an interview
Play with the gang, then you know that we spinnin' through
I pack in a blank, Zaza roll it, nigga, we get rid of you
VIP on the couch, bad, bad, boy, I ain't feeling you
Honey cake for the back end, one young Draco and them killers pulling through
I be put ice out and my teeth on my hip

My wife's nigga on my wrist, too
I come inside the trap house, I with a pound nigga in the brick
I got ice on me like a igloo
I'm the shit, and my bitch the shit, too
That ain't shit, but it's on my wrist, too
We gon' clap shit, now that pistol
We gon' push up by that issue
I done took off on these niggas like missiles
I'm havin' shooters on roof, they can't miss you
762, but if they gon' hit you
Money gang fed, nigga, I'ma fish you
Young Draco, I got this shit out the gristle (gang)

Yeah, zaza want a nigga, I'm running the block
Young nigga, he quit with that Glock
I don't wish jail on none of my opps
Freedom up, boy, so we can pop
Young nigga, pull up in the 25 drop
Young nigga, pull up, scrawl like Robocop
Young nigga, get the drop, pull up and body drop
Young nigga, pull up and spin your block