

## Dop Boy

## Soulja Boy

Shout out to my nigga man, free my niggas  
Every day I wake up man  
I'm on that motherfuckin mission dog  
I'm living life to the fullest  
I love it

Real shit  
I'm in this bitch  
Stack on deck, young & flexin, we in this shit  
For the quarter meter, for the quarter pound  
Man it's going up, man it's going down  
Free my niggas out that fuckin cell  
I'm on the block, bitch I'm going ham  
I don't, I was going back to chill  
Man you know I'm going 4 cell  
Smoking on this dope like a motherfucker  
Rolling off this dope like a motherfucker  
My niggas really whip the shit, they kill you suckas  
SOD, we really whip it, kill you suckas  
Flexin hard in my drop top  
Pull up to the club, gold chains on my laptop  
Got them bad hoes, they came straight from the club  
We played the game to the pimp  
House and we do some dubs  
Bitch I'm cashin out to the bank  
Big choppa, money to yo face  
Soulja Boy fly, then direct I'll drink  
Threwed up, I flipped my paint, goddamn I do  
When I pull up in my coup, 22's I'm out the roof whoa

It's going up, it's going up  
It's going up, it's going up  
It's going up, up, it's going up, up  
It's going up, up, it's going up, up  
It's going up, up, it's going up, up  
It's going up, up, it's going up, up

Pull up flexin, everybody know a young nigga out here stunting  
So much motherfucking money, tattered and savage  
Steadily swaggering, packing, hacking, blasting for action, packi  
ng.