

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
Throwed 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

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