

# Bop

Travis Porter

My iPhone ring off the chain  
Woke up this morning with two, three dames  
Travis Porter gang we make the bad hoes sang  
Outside flame inside cocaine  
I got this one bitch  
(Talk to 'em)  
I Fuck with her brother (That's my partner)  
I could've took them bags of midget  
And sold 'em to her uncle  
She bust that pussy  
Whoop, there it is  
She got that from her mama  
She down for me until the end  
Yeah she lie to the honor  
I can't lie that pussy fye  
But girl that head was thunder  
I can't control this little hoe, cold  
And I'm in love with summer  
Hoe I'm so bougie, give yo name and number to security  
And tell yo' nigga we gon' blame his ass  
If he come near me

I'm talking chop sticks  
Bad little bitch gotta pop shit  
He think he got it on lock but  
He must not know I'm a locksmith  
He must not know I'm the boot man  
Lock the bitch up like a cop  
I wanna cuff but I'm not  
When she suck my dick you hear her (Gawk)  
Next thing you know  
She was blocked

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Woke up this morning with two, three dames  
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Outside flame inside cocaine  
Gotta get lit to this bop  
Tell the hoe put it on TikTok  
Tell them folks put it on TikTok  
Bitch know I'll be there, when I get there  
Benz truck pull up with flip flops  
Rock a nigga mic, no hip hop  
Suck my dick 'til you catch hiccups  
Hands in the air like a stick up (What)  
Yea, why do I walk with a bop  
'Cause I got green in my sock  
I ain't on green I'm on Wock  
How many pills you pop (A lot)  
How many bitches you popped (A lot)  
Me and the boys we back in town  
You know we invented the bop

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Hello...hello?