

## Drop A Location

YG

Look, that's on God  
Baby, you know we could run it up  
I know I show a different type of love  
And I know you like to be particular  
So I took you to the store, let you pick your Louis slides  
Just drop a location and we could slide  
You be callin' me fake, but I ain't the type  
I could pick you up in any type of ride  
That you ever wanted to get, but she ain't ready for that, yeah

Fuck with the fella and I'ma get you right  
Get you out the compact Prius with check engine light  
Get you out the three hunnid square footage, come spend the night  
Let me show you how I'm livin' life  
Everybody over here a baller for sure  
She'll never pick Louis over Christian Dior, let's be for real  
She don't fuck with Michael or Kors, my bitch ill  
Ran up the M-berlys on 'em without a deal  
Nigga rich now, continue to stay down like you been down  
Way too solid, that's on my mom and them  
Minnesota area code, I told her, "Lock it in"  
Made her pick a side of the field, like, "Who you rockin' with?"

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Come be my lady, come roll up, drive me crazy  
For me, it's safety, if I trust you, I fuck with you daily  
It seem like lately all your friends been havin' babies  
Fuck in Mercedes, hit it raw and come have you a baby  
Yeah, 'cause you my type  
I'm a gangster for sure, but I treat you nice  
Her ex keep callin', but that's alright  
Put her in some ice, she gon' put him on ice  
Yeah, my baby boss  
She wears Chanel the best, she fuck it up  
Call me by my government name, I let her do that  
If it's mines I'll eat the box wearin' a durag

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