

# Drop My Top

Yung Mal

Drop my top, I don't gotta pay for no parking spot  
I'm so hot, I got to be a flaming hot  
Lil bitch a thot, tryna find out how much cash I got  
Lil bitch watch out  
Got cash at the spot, I can never run out  
I spent a lot on this watch  
VVS stones, know these are lights out  
They diamonds, they cry  
I'm straight out the trap so why should I nap  
I put the backwood to the fire  
I light up this cookie, now we can get high  
I'm doing two hundred, I'm burning my tire  
This foreign go fast, you barely gettin' by

I drop my top, when I stop they watch  
They say that's bro who serves straight out the pot  
He used to be broke, now he got a lot  
Turn up at the shows, the fans they rock  
Word around town that boy finna pop  
And that boy still get the dope out the drop  
Pull up to the spot  
Just call 'fore you come, you ain't even gotta knock  
Pull up with a thot  
Finna pick up her friend, I'ma switch those hoes out  
We get back to the spot  
I ain't even got to talk to them, panties gon' drop  
And I'm still on the block  
Screaming fuck the police 'til they let my dog out  
Middle of winter, I drop my top  
Gudda Tay on this beat, so you know this beat rock  
I gotta burn out, every time I leave that parking lot  
Young nigga so hot, I ain't even gotta pay for no parking spot  
Had to recount my knot  
'Cause it ain't no tellin' how much cash I got  
I got blue hundreds, big face fifties, and twenties  
It ain't no running out

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You barely gettin' by, don't know why you cappin' and flexin' stressin', lil  
bitch I'm straight on your steppin'  
With this Glock and this Wesson, I'm going straight up to the top, lil bitch  
I'm Dexter  
If I catch me a felon I'm bailing straight out 'til them charges get dropped  
, no I'm not tellin'

If you hit up my celly, you want me to mail it, wrap this shit up, then I'ma  
sell it  
Heard the bitch wanna screw me, I'm bookin' a telly  
I call a bitch up, I'm finna nail it  
'Bout to go to the safe and count up me some racks  
Now I get to spinning like I'm a propeller  
Then I get to throwing like it's a confetti  
I go to the shop and I cop me a Rollie  
My pockets fat and they poking, swollen  
Damn, young nigga blow up, exploding, you know that  
Smoking that cookie and pressure, I grow that  
Just made a whole ten, goddamnit I blew that  
Who that? that the young nigga who got them bags in from Texas  
Remember he flew that  
Popped me an X and I'm zooted  
Still with them same niggas, no we're not recruiting  
Lil bitch I'm up and you knew that  
Persian my floor mat  
Droppin' the top and I'm doin' a donut

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