

Dope (feat. Rick Ross)

Tyga

T-raw rock my own kick game
8 figure deal figure how I'm court side at clip game
Still pop ace king shit I'm with Rozay
Black Maybach leather gloves on that OJ
OK the day you beating me bitch no day
Bandz a make her dance that's thousand dollar foreplay
AK get a full clip not a sound wave
You kissed her in her mouth, ask her how my dick taste
Bitch nigga you don't want no drama I'm worth a couple commas
It's death before dishonour
Last king come sign up all my shit be designer
Extraordinary rhymers I bodied yo' shit for nothin'
Wes, west up, hot temper
Get wet up she give me head not neck up
She clean the mess up
One false move death from gesture
Cash in the safe I don't feel no pressure I'm dope
(All) all my shit dope
(All) all my shit dope
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes (All) all my shit dope
(All) all my shit dope
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes Shit
H on the buckle Hermes on the hustle
Crown on the watch she got niggas still thuggin'
8.7 on the crib so fuck it
Went gold in a month so it ain't no budget
New chains, Rolex links
New chick just to drag my mink
New car just to ride around here
Aviator crew we fliest 'round here
Hating on hood niggas dying 'round here
Bath Salt Boss, got insurance on the beard
Cars rock star dope boys at odds
I done seen it all but it's back to these broads'
Hands clap like a nigga in the stadium
Million dollar chain but I'm rocking 8 of 'em
I see you sleeping boy don't make me pick your label up
Scottie Pippen on the dribble I just laid 'em up
Another triple got me tripping like it's angel dust

We just winning all the women in my table ah
Say my name say my name nigga say my name
100 million dollar nigga, nigga say my name I'm dope
(All) all my shit dope
(All) all my shit dope
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes (All) all my shit dope
(All) all my shit dope
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes Chief rocka, pill popper
Tell them pull them things out cause my car topless
Off topic, get on top it wish us some absence
So sincere in her belly, that's the nah shit
King announcing that gangsta shit we mobbin'
We taking your dollars Creflo no white collar
I (pop pop) wish a nigga would call Thomas
Bitch I'm the bomb call me the uni-bomber
Money in my game I'm driving shit that's insane
You niggas stay in your lane no playing ain't nothing changed
Pardon this good regime, I make your girl David Blaine
Murder was the case all the kids say that nigga T-raw I'm dope
(All) all my shit dope
(All) all my shit dope
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes (All) all my shit dope
(All) all my shit dope
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes

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