Drop Top

Flosstradamus

(Hook x2)
Drop top foreign with the horse in it
Three bad bitches with some dope kicks
And no need fo' waitin, we gon' go get it
Hit the stripclub, spend it with the whole clique
Drop top x4(Verse)
Hit the stripclub, my niggas all crazy
I tatter the baggage, inflate the baby,
Gon' take that lil' bag of gravy
Security trigger, his eye kind of lazy
He look just like Tracy McGrady
We ran outta words, we ain't got some more
Identities, they playn later
Drop top foreign with the horse in it
The O's good, cause it hit that live meat
You can see me while I'm drivin', cause the cart's in it
And my female in the back, bitches round in it(Verse)
Drop top with the Benz on me, ask disco skirt, evidently
Three bad bitches like a G run cheap
No doze in the air, RPG
Tell me I'm a stranger, no, I don't blame 'em
Then I pull off in my rainman
Be damage a burger, send me a cane
Bitch, you know I ain't no hater, true
My niggas stop the country just to show her how we kick it
Take 'em to the strip club, tell 'em cut the riches
20 thousand on the bitches, 2 thousand dollas fo' the brickses
Terrieta, how we kickin', this a young nigga and we livin'(Hook x2)
Drop top foreign with the horse in it
Three bad bitches with some dope kicks
Ain't no need fo' waitin, we gon' go get it
Hit the stripclub, spend it with the whole clique
Drop top x4

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/