

# Pop That (Ft. Rick Ross, Lil Wayne, Drake)

## French Montana

(Don't stop, pop that, don't stop)  
(Pop that pop that pop that)  
Drop that pussy bitch  
What ya twerkin' wit'?  
I'm young Papi,  
Champagne they know the face, and they know the name  
Drop that pussy bitch  
What you twerkin' with?  
Work, work, work, work, bounce  
Work, work, work, work, bounce (What ya twerkin' wit'?)  
Work, work, work, work, bounce  
Work, work, work, work, bounce (What ya twerkin' wit'?) Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop Montanna! Work, work, work, work, work, work  
What you twerkin' wit'?  
Throw it, bust it open, show me what you twerk wit'?  
Ass so fat, need a lap dance  
I'm in that white ghost chasin' Pac-Man  
Hundred out the lot, I be leaning that Ciroc  
Hundred large bring a mop  
Cars tinted like Barack  
Got a Brinks truck in my pocket  
Thirty chains on my collar  
Two drops, no mileage  
Top off like Wallace  
And I'm hella smoke, bitch know that  
Filthy rich before rap  
Your new deal, I throw that  
Three beans I'm on that (huah!)  
We pop a molly (huah!) she bus' it open (huah!)  
She seen the 'gatti (huah!) that pussy soaking Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?) Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that

Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
 Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?) I love my big booty bitches  
 My life a Godfather picture  
 Local club in my city  
 I fell in love with a stripper  
 Bitches know I'm that nigga  
 Talkin four door Bugatti  
 I'm the life of the party  
 Let's get these hoes on the Molly  
 You know I came to stunt  
 So drop that pussy bitch  
 I got what you want  
 Drop that pussy bitch  
 Film it, film it  
 This bitch want me to film it  
 Ballin', ballin', like I play for New England  
 Spend it, spend it, spend a stack every minute  
 That's fifty, one hundred, I see no fucking limits  
 Shout out to Uncle Luke  
 Shout out my bitches too  
 We the 2 Live Crew  
 2 for me, 2 for you (woo!)  
 Feed them bitches carrots  
 Fuck 'em like a rabbit  
 Sorry that's a habit  
 Smoke a spliff and then I vanish  
 Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
 Pop that pop that pop that  
 Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
 Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?) Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
 Pop that pop that pop that  
 Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
 Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?) I'm about being single, seeing double, making triple  
 I hope you pussy niggas hating never make a nickel  
 It's good to make it better when your people make it wit' cha'  
 Money coming, money going, ain't like you could take it wit' cha'  
 It's about to be a hit right now, fuck back then we the shit right now  
 Dropped Take Care, bought a mothafuckin' crib  
 And I'm pickin' up the keys to that bitch right now  
 OVO that's major shit, Toronto with me that's mayor shit  
 Gettin' cheddar packs like KD, OKC that's player shit  
 We don't dress alike, we don't rap alike  
 I shine different, I rhyme different  
 Only thing you got is some years on me  
 Man fuck you and your time difference  
 I'm Young Papi, champagne

They know the face and they know the name  
Got one watch that could probably pay for like all your chains  
And you'd owe me change, ah!  
Greystone, twenty bottles that's all me  
On the couch, wildin' out yelling free my niggas 'til they all free  
One of my closest dawgs got three kids and they all three  
But we always been that type of crew that been good without a plan B so  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)  
Bitch! Stop talkin' that shit  
And suck a nigga dick for some Trukfit  
Okay I fuck a bitch and I'm gone  
That's gangsta, Al Capone  
I make that pussy spit like Bone  
I'm talkin' 'bout bone, bone, bone bone  
I'm fuckin' with French, excuse my French  
I lose my mind before I lose my bitch  
Money ain't a thing but a chicken wing  
Bitch I ball like two eyelids  
YMCM beat that pussy up, stop playin'  
I make her ass scream and holla like rock bands  
I'm a beast, I'm off the leash  
I am rich like a bitch  
On my Proactiv shit, pop that pussy like a zit  
I go by the name Lil Tunechi  
Your girl is a groupie  
And nigga, you's a square  
And I will twist you like a Rubix  
Motherfucker I'm on my skateboard  
Watch me do a trick ho  
I'm 5'5 but I could six nine  
Then beat that pussy like Klitschko  
It's French Montana, fuck Joe  
It's Weezy F, fuck hoes  
It's truck the world  
It's truck yo girl  
It's Trukfit by the truck load, biatch!  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop  
Pop that pop that pop that  
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop

Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)

Songwriters

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