

# Drop It

## Ebony Eyez

[Talking]

You know I usually don't do this on the first night (laughs)  
h-hold up...what you want me to do with that?...damn I'm at it again..

TRACK BOYS!![Verse 1]

This dude approached me slowly and  
told me his name was Jody and

His homies say he know me cause he used to flirt with Toni  
say, he wanna get to know me, got some things he wanna show me  
would I be his tender-roni?

told me call him when I'm lonely

Then I took a couple pictures, feeling tipsy off the liquor  
yeah, my titties might be bigger, but my ass a little thicker

And they like 'em: my weight, my shape, my size

My height, my lips, my hips and my thighs

DROP IT[Chrous 4x]

bitch you a hoe (drop it)

nigga you a hoe (drop it)

bitch you a hoe (drop it)

acting like a hoe (drop it)[Verse 2]

I see my cousin coming, he probably up to something  
look at him, with some chicken head face, know he frontin'

I ain't the one to gossip now, you ain't heard it from me  
but that chick that he was mackin' is really a 'he'

And look at her, came out the house looking that crazy  
talkin' bout she got on "Baby Phat", that's just fat, baby

You had a cup or two, well that's enough for you

but let him buy you one more drink before you cut him loose  
so, gon' flirt a little bit, and make him think you feelin' him

Then smile at him, wink your eyes and make him think he gettin some  
before he know you by the door, see you already out the door

You won't be home till after 4, won't probably stop at Calico's  
pull up on the parking lot, and by this time it's dark and hot

You circled back around the block, and take the handicap spot  
And yeah you might just get a ticket, hell with it, you tryin' to kick it  
more than likely if you get the digits, she gon' let you hit it

DROP IT[Chorus][Verse 3]

after the club you probably tryin' take somebody home

I guess you betta keep it on the low, don't want your cover blown  
so you betta make it known, before they play the last song

Cause you ain't tryin' to spend the night alone, right or wrong?  
got money in your pocket, then take it out and throw it  
And put your hands up in the air, if you the shit and know it  
This cat up in my face, breath smelling like some shiiit  
teeth lookin' like he been bitin' a bag of bricks  
he talkin' bout 'girl'.  
You think I told that nigga  
if you don't get your funky breath up out my face  
it gon' be some shit, don't make me tick  
don't ask me for my name..  
And you dont NEED to know my numba..  
And don't worry if I got my big ol' booty from my mama  
it's the last call for alcohol, and I'm just tryin' to have a ball  
ain't worry bout nothing at all, I almost triple play it off  
The DJ spinnin' the last records, by this time they half naked  
same place, same time tomorrow they'll be back at it[Chorus 4x]  
Drop It.. (18x)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>