

drop

East Clubbers

My Mazeradi and Ferrari like to chill with my Mercedes
See my Bentley, what I got when my two Phantoms had a baby
 I'm not crazy, why you lazy? I get so politely daisy
 Fuck you, pussy nigga, pay me my Lambo do 'bout 280
 I sellin', heard you tellin', thought you killin' while you stealin'
Thought you dealin' while you chillin', you ain't ballin' with a million
 God made me super rich, the devil made you stupid, bitch
 You could be just like me if you quit with all that stupid shit
 Why you actin' hard now you must want go see God now?
The same niggas you were beefin' with are up in your yard now
 If you bout to run dogg, I guess you better start now
 Forgot to bring your gun so you got to use your heart now
 It's hard to get rich but it ain't shit to go to hell
 It's hard to sell dope but it ain't shit to go to jail
 It's hard to keep it real but it ain't shit for you to tell
 I smoked so much of this that I can't even hide the smell
 So drop
 Drop, drop, drop
 Now drop
 Drop, drop, drop
We marijuana farmers, all our rides look like Transformers
Tell the pretty girls to pull they titties out and dance for us
 You don't need a Gym Class, crack like Slim Fast
 Take a hit and loss a fuckin' hundred pounds quick fast
 Snow cone with a chain on and deep off or chain off
My blunt goin' kick the game off, we never take the game off
 Find a hater, sign a hater, let him see my elevator
Hundreds in my refrigerator, now they know we gettin' paper
 Find a hater, sign a hater, let him see my elevator
Hundreds in my refrigerator, now they know we gettin' paper
 Pullin' coupes and escalators, enemies on respirators
 Million dollar generators, 90 fast investigators
 For flashy cars, the prison bars, m