

# Drop Off

SYO

Yo, yo, yo, yo Bobby  
What up, what up? I can't really hear you  
Aiyo, I left ten pounds in the trunk and I gave Sha' ten  
Make sure he drops them shits off  
I'm on my way back to Mexico to pick up another hundred  
Can you hear me? Can you hear me?  
Yo make the drop off, don't forget manYo, I got niggaz on the block, block  
Niggaz with them gats, gats  
Niggaz on the strip, strip  
Puffin' them packs, packs  
To my workers that stays sharp like razors  
Play my part and blaze it, we braveheart with paperMy niggaz got that Dutch, Dutch  
Niggaz got that black, black  
Niggaz got a bitch, bitch, head in they lap, lap  
My team ain't wit' it, we dreamed and did it  
Leaned and pivot, schemed for digits  
Everything you seen, we lived it  
Nigga front then we get at duke  
Dick hard like statues go to hole like Shaq doI cut you like a cantelope  
Like Iverson the truth and the answer  
I'm the poison and the antidote  
Don't care if the bitch cute, we don't sex raw  
We play the corners like the castles on a chess board  
Up in the Lex 4, drinkin' a Beck's boy  
Shoppin' in the best stores, I'm the nigga to check forWanna spend our cheese, smoke all our weed  
No tattoo on titties sayin', "F R E"  
And my nigga Crizzee baby, and my nigga Digi baby  
Wanna spend our cheese, smoke all our weed  
No tattoo on titties sayin', "Bob Digi"  
Or ShaCrizzee baby, or Lil' Frizzee babyBobby, stop  
Bobby, the cops is comin'  
That shit is tight girl  
Hey you  
Fuck that mothafucka  
You know how I doUp in the drop-top Boxter headin' the opposite  
Direction of the cop inside the chopper  
I got the tall Grey Goose vodka  
This bitch on my side, with no panties, finger pop her  
Ten pounds of skunk up in the front trunk

Bird like hittin' a blunt, about to cum, and I'm pinchin' her cunt  
Ninety miles per hour I'm like, "Fuck these punks" It's the land of the free, son, you only live once  
You a smart motherfucker or stupid dunce?  
Music blastin', she orgasm like a singer  
Sweet, wet pussy got all over my fingers  
Now I'm sniffin' my hand, all sippin' the plan  
Got the pedal to the floor, goin' swift as I can Hit the exit, chk-chk-chuh, make the left quick  
Hit the garage and slip inside the Lexus  
I got many whips, many clips, many chicks  
And my dick's been sucked by many lips  
Many tips or many Vicks, many sticks  
And love to gulp with plenty chips He got many whips, many clips, many chicks  
And his dick's been sucked by many lips  
Many tips or many Vicks, many sticks  
And love to fuck with plenty chips Wanna spend our cheese, smoke all our weed  
No tattoo on titties, sayin', "F R E"  
And my nigga Crizzee baby, and my nigga Digi baby  
Wanna spend our cheese, smoke all our weed  
No tattoo on titties sayin', "Bob Digi"  
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