

Popped Off (feat. Dr. Dre)

T.I.

Verse 1: T.I.]

See a party ain't a party til the doc walk in it
It's hard to get it started til I hopped off in it
Then it got so crunk one minute
Since ya dead, get the witnesses just listen
I came in hot, then I saw
As soon as I arrived then this shit popped off
Shit popped off
It's officially a gangsta party
You can lean, she came to party
Then the shit popped off (popped off)
Shit popped off (popped off)
Niggas hands in the air, bitches takin' tops off
Put the chronic in the air and the shit popped off[Verse 2: Dr. Dre]

It's been a while since you heard these beats
You're malnourished
But he's back now, to flood these streets
He shall flourish
Others try but they lack courage
In fact, this track was on the back burner at least
So back to the lab I had to go
But it was too magical, so
Here, doctor smackable's back, ask if it's tactical, sure is
Girl, I hope your vaginal has indoors
Cause I'm about to do somethin' tragical
Rest assure this
The homie hit the OE flow, you know me from before
But you don't know me like this, so do see do
Get on top of me and ride me like a rodeo, ho
I'll have you OD'ing on dick, this belong to your soul
For loneliness, I'll kill your loneliness
But only just for one night
Yeah, that was fun, right? But I gotta go
I got a bottle of Mo and fo' mo' lil' mommy's
Lookin' like models, waitin' at the do' inside of my ho-tel
All ready to swallow and yo, follow the flow and traffic to the top flo'
And you gonna smell a lot of Merlot, a lot of chronic for sho'
Gin and tonic so from the top to the bottom, let's go[Hook]
Order some more bottles, come on mamma

Would you like a drink on me?
To me it's no problem if you wanna baby come and drink with me
She take it off at the do', she take it off at the do'
Get that ass on the flo', go, go
To me, there's no problem if you wanna, baby come drink with me[Verse 3: T.I]
Bright lights, late nights
Drop auto-mobiles outside hotels with a lot of hoes
Bottles poured, blow a lot of dro, no powder though
Everywhere you tryin' to go, I been a long time ago
Swag done surpassed, my style is so spazz, I pop tags daily
Drop Phantom, four eighty
Walk up in the place, and all the ladies go crazy
Want to get impregnated but all they need is throat babies
They runnin' up and askin' me
"Is it true you know Shady
Dr. Dre be hangin' out with you, for real? How chill"
Like a magnet attracted to a nigga gettin' money
I tell 'em, "Neal down, suck a nigga dick or somethin'"
Rubberband poppin' off the bank roll
Hoppin' out the champagne Rolls, with the automatic do's
Pockets on swoll, both wrists so froze
King of the South, balls out on the West Coast
Let's toast

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>