

Poppin' My Collar

J.R. Writer

Now ever since I can remember I been poppin' my collar
Poppin' poppin' my collar, poppin' poppin' my collar
Now ever since I can remember I been workin' these hoes
And they betta put my money in my hand
Now ever since I can remember I been poppin' my collar
Poppin' poppin' my collar, poppin' poppin' my collar
Now ever since I can remember I been workin' these hoes
And they betta put my money in my hand
Now when it comes to getting bread I got the keys to the bakery
A lot of dudes swear they playin', man, they some fakery
Let me catch a girl up out some workin' in mah site
And believe I'm gon be atcha in the daylight with a flashlight
I'm tryin' to get paid however money is made
A lot a dudes like to pay ladies to get laid
But me I ain't no pimp, I just love to borrow
Paper from a fat bitch, a ugly bitch, a model, fa real
Well you know me by the Juice man hangin' out with big trees
Standin' on tha porch, drinkin' liquor, drunk, smokin' weed
Tryin' to get a paycheck, but work fer her ain't came yet
That's why I stay in a girl ear to keep that pussy wet
So I can get paid and relax in the shade
And say fuck a nine to five cuz a nigga tired of slavin'
It's never easy for a playa in tha hood on tha come up
If I meet a gal with three kids or more she get done up
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She's just another hoe that I met in the hood
I told her I was Crunchy Black and it was all good
She might as well go on ?head and suck on my wood
And let me whisper something in her ear if I could
I got some hoes out there bringin' boy back some good
That ghetty green you know what I mean that bitch is understood

Ain't havin' no shout at no motherfuckin' slut
You know I'm actin' bitch, don't make me cut a fuckin' rug
You better get out there and get my money in the woods
I'ma hit cha in ya head and leave ya ass with a plug
You know I gotta have it, gotta get my money, what?
These hoes out here be fucking for a muthafucking dub
Freak bitch!
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