

# Str8 Drop

## Jai Blizz

Jai Blizz  
{"Str8 Drop"}

{Chrous}

Take straight drop- turn it into guap  
24 on the clock- stackin' up this knot  
Ask about me, move rocks like slang-shots  
On the grind cuttin' corners like J-walks

{Verse 1}

3 days and a pack's the only thing I shaved/  
All my money in a street stock na'll I ain't save/  
And homeboy you can't tell me I ain't safe/  
Put a combo on dat ass like a iron safe/  
Gotta get my shine on cause I know ima glow well/  
Erase the pain of half my life livin' in hotels/  
Or the penitentiary 2 times for them dope sales/  
Still in the trap calibrating them dope scales/  
Fiend on the floor tried smoking her toe nails/  
Law ringing door bells reading my post mail/  
Swallow a few bags, start making my throat swell/  
Still can get arrested for a felony Dro smell/  
Stay holdin' up my flags like i'm makin' a boat sail/  
Let me pull ya coat tail- don't get too thirsty if things don't go well/  
Mess around let off 1,2,3,4 shells/  
And that's no Folktale/

{Chrous}

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X2

{Verse 2}

Catch me passin' balls wit the D like Answer/  
Gettin' money, cut me in or cut me out like cancer/  
And talkin' rap- I was born hot like Cancers/  
That's why shorty going 2 ways like answers/  
Plus the easiest way to get rich, NBA and rappers/

And say I ain't makin' them snappers/  
Niggas full of more shit than a baby 2 days in it's pampers/  
Keep at least 2 O's, what school's saying is average/  
So they wanna stick the Kidd like they playin' the Mavericks/  
And yeah they like pesticides laying in cabbage/  
Spray 'em off, piss problems and why I'm laying with plastic/  
2 K's under 2k in the mattress/  
2 J's, new J's, i'm the Fusion's of Trappin'/  
Best of both planets, Christina and Mary/  
One look like she wearing diamonds, one smell like blueberry/  
Ask about Blizz, touch more white than Toothfairy/

{Chrous}

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X2

{Verse 3}

Funds in my bankroll, not a lil' sum/  
Hundred dollars for a lil' line on they thumb/  
Fiend said- we can have a good time for a crumb/  
I slapped her, kicked her in the ass, called her dumb/  
Hustlin' my hobby, name it I den sold it probably/  
500 gram scale digital like Bobby/  
Work lookin' chalky while the reefer lookin' broccoli/  
And i'll move 2 O's quicker than a Kawasaki/  
Or records from disc jockey's/  
In prison I pitched coffee/  
Bought my 1st Chevrolet color pitch toffee/  
And the 2nd one looked like an Indian elephant/  
Say I ain't a hustler like saying Pinky is celibate/  
Everyday blowin' sum that stink for the hell of it/  
Haters lookin' funny like the beak on a pelican/  
Mess around and have me locked up in a cell again/  
Know the game so I can't bumped for a sale again/

{Chrous}

Take straight drop- turn it into guap  
24 on the clock- stackin' up this knot  
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X4

Lyrics Submitted by anonymous

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