

Pop That (Feat. Rick Ross Drake & Lil Wayne)

French Montana

(Don't stop, pop that, don't stop)
(Pop that pop that pop that)
Drop that pussy bitch
What ya twerkin' wit'?
I'm young Papi,
Champagne they know the face, and they know the name
Drop that pussy bitch
What you twerkin' with?
Work, work, work, work, bounce
Work, work, work, work, bounce (What ya twerkin' wit'?)
Work, work, work, work, bounce
Work, work, work, work, bounce (What ya twerkin' wit'?) Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop Montanna! Work, work, work, work, work, work
What you twerkin' wit'?
Throw it, bust it open, show me what you twerk wit'?
Ass so fat, need a lap dance
I'm in that white ghost chasin' Pac-Man
Hundred out the lot, I be leaning that Ciroc
Hundred large bring a mop
Cars tinted like Barack
Got a Brinks truck in my pocket
Thirty chains on my collar
Two drops, no mileage
Top off like Wallace
And I'm hella smoke, bitch know that
Filthy rich before rap
Your new deal, I throw that
Three beans I'm on that (huah!)
We pop a molly (huah!) she bus' it open (huah!)
She seen the 'gatti (huah!) that pussy soaking Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?) Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that

Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)I love my big booty bitches
My life a Godfather picture
Local club in my city
I fell in love with a stripper
Bitches know I'm that nigga
Talkin four door Bugatti
I'm the life of the party
Let's get these hoes on the Molly
You know I came to stunt
So drop that pussy bitch
I got what you want
Drop that pussy bitch
Film it, film it
This bitch want me to film it
Ballin', ballin', like I play for New England
Spend it, spend it, spend a stack every minute
That's fifty, one hundred, I see no fucking limits
Shout out to Uncle Luke
Shout out my bitches too
We the 2 Live Crew
2 for me, 2 for you (woo!)
Feed them bitches carrots
Fuck 'em like a rabbit
Sorry that's a habit
Smoke a spliff and then I vanishDon't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)I'm about being single, seeing double, making triple
I hope you pussy niggas hating never make a nickel
It's good to make it better when your people make it wit' cha'
Money coming, money going, ain't like you could take it wit' cha'
It's about to be a hit right now, fuck back then we the shit right now
Dropped Take Care, bought a mothafuckin' crib
And I'm pickin' up the keys to that bitch right now
OVO that's major shit, Toronto with me that's mayor shit
Gettin' cheddar packs like KD, OKC that's player shit
We don't dress alike, we don't rap alike
I shine different, I rhyme different
Only thing you got is some years on me
Man fuck you and your time difference
I'm Young Papi, champagne

They know the face and they know the name
Got one watch that could probably pay for like all your chains
And you'd owe me change, ah!
Greystone, twenty bottles that's all me
On the couch, wildin' out yelling free my niggas 'til they all free
One of my closest dawgs got three kids and they all three
But we always been that type of crew that been good without a plan B so
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)
Bitch! Stop talkin' that shit
And suck a nigga dick for some Trukfit
Okay I fuck a bitch and I'm gone
That's gangsta, Al Capone
I make that pussy spit like Bone
I'm talkin' 'bout bone, bone, bone bone
I'm fuckin' with French, excuse my French
I lose my mind before I lose my bitch
Money ain't a thing but a chicken wing
Bitch I ball like two eyelids
YMCM beat that pussy up, stop playin'
I make her ass scream and holla like rock bands
I'm a beast, I'm off the leash
I am rich like a bitch
On my Proactiv shit, pop that pussy like a zit
I go by the name Lil Tunechi
Your girl is a groupie
And nigga, you's a square
And I will twist you like a Rubix
Motherfucker I'm on my skateboard
Watch me do a trick ho
I'm 5'5 but I could six nine
Then beat that pussy like Klitschko
It's French Montana, fuck Joe
It's Weezy F, fuck hoes
It's truck the world
It's truck yo girl
It's Trukfit by the truck load, biatch!
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that
Don't stop, pop that, don't stop

Pop that pop that pop that (What ya twerkin' wit'?)

Songwriters

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