Pop Ya Collar

Charttraxx Karaoke

Uh-huh, barbecue or mildew, hoe? Shit
My fetti has a first name it's E A R L
About my mail, shit
Nigga you know I'm up in this motherfucker
On a good one, fuck yes
You know what I mean?
It's like a, a Y 2 ,yeah thing you know?
We does this out here fo' schizzie
We pop our collars, please believe that playboy
Like this here
My moves is swift, I'm stiff with mine
Remi Martin straight, then I hit it with lime
It's time to shine, to strike my pose
Five carats on my pinky, pickin' my nose, bitch
I stroll on hoes and give `em a chance
To let me see the ass while they backup dance
I glance and breeze if the body is true
I'm off and on to part two, hell
Now, I done scanned at the club
(What else?)
I popped my collar to all my folks with love
(What else?)
And all the niggaz that didn't respond to me
(What else?)
I got my dogs watchin' constantly
(What else, what else?)
With one hand in the baseball glove
Hella throwaways and dangerous thugs
For my protection and my protection only
This boss balla slippin', whatchu thought I was phony?
Fresh up out my Coupe de Ville, I popped my collar twice
About my money this loot is real, plus I'm dipped in ice
I got a fat mansion on the hill 'cause I made a mill
So if you see me please believe 'cause I'm yo` partner still
(Pop ya collar)
It's all from the wrist
(Pop ya collar)
Been poppin' my collar since Moby was a goldfish
Leavin' `em curious

Hoppin out of my Lincoln Continental, signature serious
Parkin' lot pimpin'
One of my niggaz yell, hold me down while I was pissin'
Is that young 40 y'all? Drunk as fuck and about to fall?
Done washed my shoes, the gators they bite
Baby bright light but not my type
But if she want tonight, she come with dollars
She either holler, or pop a nigga collar
I'm fresh up out that Coupe de Ville
Four times gold on my vogue wheels
Big sunroof with the insides ill
Gotta give it to the boy he got skills
Fresh up out my Coupe de Ville, I popped my collar twice
About my money this loot is real, plus I'm dipped in ice
I got a fat mansion on the hill 'cause I made a mill
So if you see me please believe 'cause I'm your partner still
(Pop ya collar)
I done stepped on in
(Pop ya collar)
Now can I come up?
All these freaks hang out at the dump
Me and my dogs got this party on pump
All the hoes look like they wanna hump
I'm bout to pull a lil' lightweight stunt
On a mizznission about that cut
Rough, buck, smokin' on a blizznut
Ticked, pucked, thinkin' that some was loc'd
Dick, Van Dyke, all up in her truck
Lick at night, E-Feezy ain't no punk
Gobble, swallow, get her hella drunk
40 ounce bizznottle, 'til I trump
Tip, hollow, mizzmillimeter thump
Feels no sinorrow for a sucka sap chump
Ya underdig? Yeah just
You know just tug on your lil` shirt
Pull it a lil` bit
Fresh up out my Coupe de Ville, I popped my collar twice
About my money this loot is real, plus I'm dipped in ice
I got a fat mansion on the hill 'cause I made a mill
So if you see me please believe 'cause I'm yo` parter still
Fresh up out my Coupe de Ville, I popped my collar twice
About my money this loot is real, plus I'm dipped in ice
I got a fat mansion on the hill 'cause I made a mill`
So if you see me please believe 'cause I'm yo` partner still
(Pop ya collar)

Homeboy
(Pop ya collar)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/