Pop That

DJ Molasses

[Hook] Don't stop, pop that, don't stop
Pop that pop that pop that

[Rick Ross] Drop that pussy bitch, What you twerkin? with
[Drake] I?m young Pa-pi, Champagne
They know the face, and they know the name
(Drop that pussy bitch)
What you twerkin? with?

Work, work, work, work, bounce (x4)
What you twerkin? with (x4)

[French Montana] Work, work, work, work, work, work
What you twerkin? with
Throw it, bust it open
Show me what you twerkin with
ass so fat, need a lap dance
I?m in that white ghost chasin? Pac-Man
Hundred out the lot, I be leaning thats a wop
Hundred large bring a mop
Cars tinted like Barack
Got a bass drop 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
We pop a molly, she buss it open
She seen the 'gatti, that pussy soaking

[Hook]
[Rick Ross] 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
Thats 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
Feed them bitches carrots

Fuck ?em like a rabbit
Sorry that's a habit
Smoke a spliff and then I vanish

[Hook]
[Drake] 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 with you
Money coming, money going, ain't like you could take it with you
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 passes like KD, OKC that's playa 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 Poppi, 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 on 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

[Hook]
[Lil Wayne] 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 proactive 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 an arubix
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!

[Hook]

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