

# 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 thots 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  
YMCMB 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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