

# Dope

## Tyga

T-raw rock my own kick game  
8 figure deal figure how I'm court side at clip game  
Still pop ace king shit I'm with Rozay  
Black Maybach leather gloves on that OJ  
OK the day you beating me bitch no day  
Bandz a make her dance that's thousand dollar foreplay  
AK get a full clip not a sound wave  
You kissed her in her mouth, ask her how my dick taste  
Bitch nigga you don't want no drama I'm worth a couple commas  
It's death before dishonour  
Last king come sign up all my shit be designer  
Extraordinary rhymers I bodied yo' shit for nothin'  
Wes, west up, hot temper  
Get wet up she give me head not neck up  
She clean the mess up  
One false move death from gesture  
Cash in the safe I don't feel no pressure I'm dope  
(All) all my shit dope  
(All) all my shit dope  
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes (All) all my shit dope  
(All) all my shit dope  
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes Shit  
H on the buckle Hermes on the hustle  
Crown on the watch she got niggas still thuggin'  
8.7 on the crib so fuck it  
Went gold in a month so it ain't no budget  
New chains, Rolex links  
New chick just to drag my mink  
New car just to ride around here  
Aviator crew we fliest 'round here  
Hating on hood niggas dying 'round here  
Bath Salt Boss, got insurance on the beard  
Cars rock star dope boys at odds  
I done seen it all but it's back to these broads'  
Hands clap like a nigga in the stadium  
Million dollar chain but I'm rocking 8 of 'em  
I see you sleeping boy don't make me pick your label up  
Scottie Pippen on the dribble I just laid 'em up  
Another triple got me tripping like it's angel dust

We just winning all the women in my table ah  
Say my name say my name nigga say my name  
100 million dollar nigga, nigga say my name I'm dope  
(All) all my shit dope  
(All) all my shit dope  
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes (All) all my shit dope  
(All) all my shit dope  
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes Chief rocka, pill popper  
Tell them pull them things out cause my car topless  
Off topic, get on top it wish us some absence  
So sincere in her belly, that's the nah shit  
King announcing that gangsta shit we mobbin'  
We taking your dollars Creflo no white collar  
I (pop pop) wish a nigga would call Thomas  
Bitch I'm the bomb call me the uni-bomber  
Money in my game I'm driving shit that's insane  
You niggas stay in your lane no playing ain't nothing changed  
Pardon this good regime, I make your girl David Blaine  
Murder was the case all the kids say that nigga T-raw I'm dope  
(All) all my shit dope  
(All) all my shit dope  
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes (All) all my shit dope  
(All) all my shit dope  
'Cause it's 187 how I killing these hoes

Songwriters

JESS REED JACKSON, CALVIN BROADUS (SNOOP DOGG), WILLIAM LEONARD ROBERTS,  
TROCON MARKOUS ROBERTS JR, MICHAEL STEVENSON, COLIN FITZROY WOLFE, ANDRE  
ROMELL YOUNG Published by

Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Peermusic Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal  
Music Publishing Group, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC, SONGS  
MUSIC PUBLISHING Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>