# Drop

## Tyler The Creator, Earl Sweatshirt

My Mazeradi and Ferrari like to chill with my Mercedes
See my Bentley, what I got when my two Phantoms had a baby
I'm not crazy, why you lazy? I get so politely daisy
Fuck you, pussy nigga, pay me my Lambo do 'bout 280
I sellin', heard you tellin', thought you killin' while you stealin'
Thought you dealin' while you chillin', you ain't ballin' with a million
God made me super rich, the devil made you stupid, bitch
You could be just like me if you quit with all that stupid shit
Why you actin' hard now you must want go see God now?
The same niggas you were beefin' with are up in your yard now
If you bout to run dogg, I guess you better start now
Forgot to bring your gun so you got to use your heart now
It's hard to get rich but it ain't shit to go to hell
It's hard to sell dope but it ain't shit to go to jail
It's hard to keep it real but it ain't shit for you to tell
I smoked so much of this that I can't even hide the smell
So drop
Drop, drop, drop
Now drop
Drop, drop, drop
We marijuana farmers, all our rides look like Transformers
Tell the pretty girls to pull they titties out and dance for us
You don't need a Gym Class, crack like Slim Fast
Take a hit and loss a fuckin' hundred pounds quick fast
Snow cone with a chain on and deep off or chain off
My blunt goin' kick the game off, we never take the game off
Find a hater, sign a hater, let him see my elevator
Hundreds in my refrigerator, now they know we gettin' paper
Find a hater, sign a hater, let him see my elevator
Hundreds in my refrigerator, now they know we gettin' paper
Pullin' coupes and escalators, enemies on respirators
Million dollar generators, 90 fast investigators
For flashy cars, the prison bars, m

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