

Drop Off

Rza

Yo, yo, yo, yo Bobby
What up, what up? I can't really hear you
Aiyo, I left ten pounds in the trunk and I gave Sha' ten
 Make sure he drops them shits off
I'm on my way back to Mexico to pick up another hundred
 Can you hear me? Can you hear me?
Yo make the drop off, don't forget man Yo, I got niggaz on the block, block
 Niggaz with them gats, gats
 Niggaz on the strip, strip
 Puffin' them packs, packs
 To my workers that stays sharp like razors
Play my part and blaze it, we braveheart with paper My niggaz got that Dutch, Dutch
 Niggaz got that black, black
 Niggaz got a bitch, bitch, head in they lap, lap
 My team ain't wit' it, we dreamed and did it
 Leaned and pivot, schemed for digits
 Everything you seen, we lived it
 Nigga front then we get at duke
Dick hard like statues go to hole like Shaq do I cut you like a cantelope
 Like Iverson the truth and the answer
 I'm the poison and the antidote
 Don't care if the bitch cute, we don't sex raw
We play the corners like the castles on a chess board
 Up in the Lex 4, drinkin' a Beck's boy
Shoppin' in the best stores, I'm the nigga to check for Wanna spend our cheese, smoke all our weed
 No tattoo on titties sayin', "F R E"
 And my nigga Crizzee baby, and my nigga Digi baby
 Wanna spend our cheese, smoke all our weed
 No tattoo on titties sayin', "Bob Digi"
Or ShaCrizzee baby, or Lil' Frizzee baby Bobby, stop
 Bobby, the cops is comin'
 That shit is tight girl
 Hey you
 Fuck that mothafucka
You know how I do Up in the drop-top Boxter headin' the opposite
 Direction of the cop inside the chopper
 I got the tall Grey Goose vodka
This bitch on my side, with no panties, finger pop her
 Ten pounds of skunk up in the front trunk

Bird like hittin' a blunt, about to cum, and I'm pinchin' her cunt
Ninety miles per hour I'm like, "Fuck these punks" It's the land of the free, son, you only live once
You a smart motherfucker or stupid dunce?
Music blastin', she orgasm like a singer
Sweet, wet pussy got all over my fingers
Now I'm sniffin' my hand, all sippin' the plan
Got the pedal to the floor, goin' swift as I can Hit the exit, chk-chk-chuh, make the left quick
Hit the garage and slip inside the Lexus
I got many whips, many clips, many chicks
And my dick's been sucked by many lips
Many tips or many Vicks, many sticks
And love to gulp with plenty chips He got many whips, many clips, many chicks
And his dick's been sucked by many lips
Many tips or many Vicks, many sticks
And love to fuck with plenty chips Wanna spend our cheese, smoke all our weed
No tattoo on titties, sayin', "F R E"
And my nigga Crizzee baby, and my nigga Digi baby
Wanna spend our cheese, smoke all our weed
No tattoo on titties sayin', "Bob Digi"
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