

# Pop It

## Drag-On

(Young Money) Bust it on the Beat hoe  
Walk up in this bitch wit a Hunnit Grand  
2 Rolleys on my arm another hunnit grand  
Bitch let the money burn nigga no tan  
got a young bitch fucking doing what she can  
Pop pulla, King Kong Killa, T Raw da real deal thrilla and manilla  
Make a bitch pop pop pills til it's dinner  
She a fuckin nympho that's why i fuck with her  
Whistle while you twerk pussy singers  
All up in the club throwing up middle fingers  
if you dry snatch turn a bitch to a hinger  
lay yo shit out now you planking you planking i'm sayin(Chorus)  
Uh 1 2 And the bitch came  
Brake a bitch hard pouring out the champagne  
why you over there chillin with the little lames  
you ain't know, you ain't that my shit bang  
Pop it bitch , pop pop pop pop it bitch  
pop pop pop pop it bitch ,  
pop pop pop pop it bitch  
12 and the bitch came  
pop it bitch  
pop pop pop pop it bitch  
pop pop pop pop it bitch  
pop pop pop pop it bitch  
All these hoes know my damn name You don't give that's a damn shame  
I don't find the shit funny like so plain  
put ice on my wrist like the shit sprain  
i'm just riding round gettin two chain  
last king , YMCM gang  
everything dope bitch what the Novocaine  
bitches say i'm the bomb  
ho mane  
blow the pussy up tear it to the sex game  
role 8 make them bitches bend they back  
for they ask she go spazz  
make her seem like she act  
stupid , take a cab oh you broke oh yo bad  
i don't cuff hoes they just follow my command(Chorus) Lift that ass up (up)  
bring that ass down (down)

bring that ass up (up)  
shake that ass to the ground(Chorus)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>