

White Zombie

"P.O.P"

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[CHORUS]

It's paper over pussy, chips over a bitch
Dough over a hoe, but suckers, they think with they dick
It's dollars over nana, c-notes over a slut
G's over breezies, yeah nigga, what's up?

[VERSE 1: Mac Mall]

Some more of it, how you want it, patented and proven
potent
Pockets bulgin, diamonds glowin, ain't no secret, we on
one
Lights, camera, action, muthafucka, it's mackin
Release the Jacksons, let em go, they ain't go buy the
captains
And I'm a general that's spittin flows and peelin hoes
Smokin dope, drinkin XO, but don't fuck with no
chemicals
Your wifey wanna try me, hook up and give me body
But it's paper over pussy, break bread or get from by
me
Little mama, you fly, but I'm sharper than all
Save that drama for partner, spendin up at the bar
See, he like trickin chips, I just wanna put dick between
your lips
Hey, get another rock just for kicks, bust two nuts and
then I switch
Hey player, she with your, but if you know like I do
You get further with baby, she lookin like she wanna
choose
And I'm one of those niggas that go hard on these
bitches
Make em pay for the game and always charge em
interest

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 2: Mac Mall]

You're owin me for knowin me and I'ma put ya down
like you're 'posed to be
Girl, give MC nose to me, let him pay rent and buy
groceries

Let that man play step daddy and take care of them
kids
If he knew how you was swallowin nuts, that fool'd have
a fit
See, I'm a savage, I get mannish when I'm doggin yo
bitch
You're sittin home on your punk ass, you sittin, be
pussy-whipped
Gotta be smokin that shit if you think she ain't gettin hit
By Mister latola Komani from that Sesed Out click
When you found out you was heart-broke, couldn't
believe she was cut-throat
But I ain't tryin to get comfortable, I'm just tryin to get
my loot on
These niggas off the hinges, lose they mind over these
chickens
Showin out for these tramps, and I forgot to mention
She's goin both ways now, chassy, quick to lay it down
Lip gloss and no drawers at the club wildin out
Little turf dirt-ass bitch
Lip gloss and no drawers, at the club wildin out

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Mac Mall]

Now I betcha I won't sweat her and I be damned if I
jocked
The broad top notch, a dime piece, to me they punk
rock
I give her a job and had the little chick on the clock
Bringin me ??? while busters steady sprung on the twat
You see, I rather count them big heads till my fingers
ache
Than have a fake fine bitch in my face, all in the way
And Mister Mackin don't have breaks in my paper chase
I have a breezy sellin her crate and transportin weight
Cashin faulty checks in the bank
She everything that daddy want she get and what she
get I take
I'm boss-gamin, boy, you're just small change
And you'll forever be a sucker, for a guy, for a dame
Look at them lames

[CHORUS]

Yeah nigga, what's up
Yeah nigga, what's up
Yeah nigga, what's up (3X)

You know
See man, these niggas claimin player

But the whole time
Man, they bonafide tricks
Yeah, Femi on the beat
Boss Game on the m-i-c
It ain't nothin new, you know how we do

[CHORUS]

Mac Mall
Sesed Out
535 proof
Yeah nigga, what..

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