

## Changing Faces F/ R. Kelly

### "Tops Drop"

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[Fat Pat]

Welcome to the land, where it just don't stop  
Trunks pop tops drop, and the front end hop  
Paint flop screens on, acting bad in the song  
Yeah it's on riding chrome, balling at my home  
Texas plates don't hate, showing up in the state  
Can't wait get it straight, while the front end break  
Paid the cost to be the boss, looking good when I floss  
Sunshine let it down, turn it up and clown  
Fool around hit your block, trunk going on knock  
Let it up let it pop, light up the whole block  
Southside how we hold, on a gangsta stroll  
Music hitting so hard, knocking off side mold  
Hit the highway hooting, dro go on let it roll  
Po' up the drank fire it up, make sho' the windows  
closed  
On chrome high side, throwing up the Southside  
Giving... dap coming down, wrecking the slab

[Hook - 2x]

Trunks keep popping  
Tops keep dropping down here, yeah  
Trunks pop, trunks pop, trunks pop  
Tops drop, tops drop, tops drop

[Fat Pat]

Now what's up H-Town, cause we know that they feel us  
Three wheeler 4 peeler, acting bad for scrilla  
Swisha burna bouncing turner, sitting low on 4's  
I'm pulling through the lot, slamming do's on buttons  
And I'ma slide slide, slippidy slide  
Pop trunk let it down, show up in my ride  
Roll out the red carpet, never buy it from punks  
Valet piece and chain, starched and my chain  
Hit the club showing love, tip the dancer a dub  
Got killa in the club, for after the club  
One more time for they mind, I'ma gon put it down  
It's that boy Fat Pat, yeah I got's to clown

I just wanna drop it, aaaa-aall night long  
Yeah, yeeeeeah, I just wanna drop it

All night long yeah, drop it, drop it, drop it

[Hook - 2x]

[Fat Pat]

And you laced on the game, that cost a fee  
Bouncing on the track, with P-A-T  
Now they see how it be, I'm just a G  
Cocked up on three, blowing on a whole tree  
See me in the drop, crawling down on boys  
Right behind him is the Lincoln, my favorite toy  
Candy red with the screens, and I'm riding on cream  
Mean mugs triple beams, make reality a dream  
Sipping lean sticky green, make em cloud the whole scene  
Europeans what the deal, making all haters chill  
While I show my naked skills, gripping wood grain grills  
Running lights shining bright, floating smooth as a kite  
Trunk cracked Fat Pat, breaking all haters hats  
Where they at where they at, 'fore I pull out my gat  
Looking good it's understood, flossing for my hood  
Taking pride in my ride, like every playa should

[Hook - 4x]

Trunks pop, trunks pop, trunks pop  
Tops drop, tops drop, tops drop - 3x

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