

Charly Rich

"Mash for Our Cash"

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(*talking*)

Ha, hold up out the Shop looking good
Know I'm tal'n bout, Rayface out the Shop
Slim, them boys out the Shop
It's going down, know I'm saying
Me, C-Styles and Big Sin, 2002
Drop L-Dogs looking good, this how it go down
Know I'm saying, er'body acting bad
Believe that Troy, this how we gon do it ha

[Hook]

Man I'm in my drop-drop, rolling on the chop-chop
Boppers gon bop-bop, but it don't stop-stop
Third Coast's finest, feel what we spitting
Like a platinum Rolex, we just roll we ain't ticking
Balling in the mix, gotta get the drank mix
Ooh fool, this is what we do
Throw up a deuce, then we just smash
E, Slim and C watch us mash for our cash

[Slim Thug]

I top drop on 4's, and pop trunk on hoes
I'm closing candy do's, free on blow snow
From the Tre to the Fo', in my topless dancer
It's that elbow pouncer, yellow bone enhancer
I can make you catch cancer, cause I smoke so much
I stack do' so much, I wreck the flow so much
I get much respect, when I come down your block
And what you call rags, but we call drops
When my trunk unlock, the whole block gon stop
Cause I'ma make the boppers bop, and your mama call
the cops
I got five T.V.'s, playing DVD's
While me and three G's, blowing on three trees
And it's 80 degrees, top dropping weather
The weather done got better, I'm lied back on leather
A young trend setter, whenever I ride
I'm top dropping worldwide, representing H-Town

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

I'm out the Shop don't stop, my top dropped for the summer
Everything dipped in chrome, from my rims to my bumper
Low pro Yokohamas, eight fifteen's knock
(*beeping*), remote control air shocks
Trunk pop hang flip, flop I'm on the tip-top
Two liter Sprite, bout to hit the sip spot
Haters get got, got a stash spot for glock
Infrared dot, protect the rocks in my watch
Dump it like a Sasquatch, when it chop your block
Nuts the size of watermelons, did you see tell him we hot
Got the game in a headlock, we coming through
While them haters shoo-shoo, we run choo-choo's
Like hoo-doo, we put hexes on niggaz
T.V.'s in the headrest, DTS'ing these niggaz
Best in Texas nigga, so back-back fool
We ride with heat, the size of Shaq's shoes

[Hook]

[C-Styles]

Drop top trunk pop, I'm mashing fast
Pop my trunk I show my glass, I'm acting a damn ass
A screen on my dash, size of computer screens
You can hear the six fifteen's, and the V-dozen machine
I'm pulling up mean, and my candy still dripping
Mix the Sprite with the lean, and I'm still sipping
Got Mr. Q-Y, and them haters set tripping
I got the Lexus back, and I'm S-Class flipping
I swang to the lot, to get the drop PT Cruiser
Throw the boy out the roof, representing Bogalusa
We slamming E.S.G., we got's to get the Cardiers
Cause we ball like Jason, Dujan and Battier
Sixteen-five for a bird, so nigga quit hating
In Texas they ride swangs, in Louisiana it's daytons
Screens fall no hesitation, my trunk still shaking
And the four 18's, got my Neons breaking

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Drop, tops
Swang on bops, fuck cops
Whoa, no
That's how Dirty South niggaz roll

