

## Algunos Hombres Buenos

### "Drop Top"

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(Chorus x2 - Kandi)

Rollin' in a drop top, ol school on  
20 inch, 100 spokes, all day long  
I like, all the fly guys wit the rims and the beats  
Million, candy paints, screens, wood, and leather seats  
(Leather seats)

(Verse 1 - Ali)

Yo, I'ma sucka for head wraps, no perms, just naps  
Long shirt, fat ass, wit a brain to match  
No poke, no soda, no talkin' back, grabbin' 'em out of  
college  
I'm wisdom lookin' for knowledge, who got it  
I got it, I love it when you get that Zippendale in ya  
body  
And shakin' ya la-de-da-de, in the party  
Gon' shawty, now throw it on me naughty  
And if both of y'all together, I'm in the center like Jahadi  
And I like that (Woo), plus the both of y'all so fine  
Why should I bite back (Woo), I'm just waistin' my lines  
And havin' time after time, I'm just speakin' my mind  
It don't matter if I'm in the Range, or the Benz I'ma  
shine  
Now ask, who that is, walkin' and talkin' that bull stuff  
Somebody probably jealous 'cause they truck pulled up  
Am I gon' sweat that, hell naw, I'm gon' go  
Out the do', to the ride, and just roll (Let's roll)

(Chorus x2 - Kandi)

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(Leather seats)

(Verse 2 - Ali)

Check, check, well I got no love for losin'  
Never been full of hate, no love for uzi's  
Wahchin' me again and again, like favorite movies  
MC's wit brains, obsessed wit oochie coochie  
(I got more flavor than them, motherfucker)

You other facts of life acts too (Too)  
No but, no drink, I gets very moody  
I guess that why, I'm in love wit Bud just like brew  
Truly yours, see my concert be too packed, just like  
Shakur  
What's in store, I'ma let jet like Acu-ra  
Gas pedal hit the floor, zoom like the Camadors  
See I'm your, Lunatic for hire  
A ??? will call them MC's out like a bad umpire (You're  
outta here)  
I snap neck, like a T roll before we retire  
Oh Jim Carrey ass nigga, quit being a liar, liar  
Am I gon' sweat that, hell naw, I'm gon' go  
Out the do', to the ride, and just roll

(Chorus x2 - Kandi)

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(Leather seats)

(Verse 3 - Ali)

Now for real, I be to break 'em off  
Hoe hopper, trick knocker, nobody does like we do  
each proper  
Think he like papa, when I drop her  
Lyn' on that ass now we fuckin' 'til the beat don't stop  
her  
Could it be I move too smooth, groove  
That'll make the whole party move  
Spots I keep 'em hot, so honey be hot to try  
Pull up on the lot, black gloves and a glock  
My crew stand up, y'all crew catch rounds  
Desert Eg, 4 pound, it's got to, go down  
Should I sweat that, hell naw I'm gon' go  
Out the do', to the ride, and just roll

(Kandi w/ Ali talking in background)

Uh, Ali, Ali, keep rollin'  
St. Lunatics, keep rollin'

(Chorus x2 - Kandi)

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20 inch, 100 spokes, all day long  
I like all the fly guys wit the rims and the beats  
Million, candy paints, screens, wood, and leather seats  
(Leather seats)

Oh, Ali

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