

Big Tymers

"We Drop It"

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Artist: Big Tymers
Album: Undisputed Soundtrack
Title: We Drop It

[Mannie Fresh]

My phone went ring bout a quarter to four
Its Kevin's old bitch sayin open the door
She said Tracey told Lisa that you put it on her
And Lisa told Gwynn that you wanted to bone her
See the pussy is incredible the mouth is a fool
I brought a friend, you know Gwynn can you make her
say ohhhhhh
If ya fuck me, Baby, Stone, Mikkey, and Lac
Freckle Face Bobby, me again, then Jack
I need it twice I'm nothin' nice when I'm slingin the dick
And I like it when you dikin with the whole damn clique
This is a day in the life of a Big Tymer yall
Get the money, get the bitches, get the weed lets ball
Next time you chillin just kissin ya chick
That funny taste in her mouth might be my dick
To the bitches in the hood this is where ya find a
Dick slingin, pickle hangin anaconda

Sssssssss

Ohhhhhh ohhhhhh

Hot hot

Ohhhhhh ohhhh

[Baby]

I slap hoes, Mack ride on O's
I done gon '82 slant back el do's
I'm a dawg about my money, G about this game
I love pretty women and I do the damn thang
I shine like penitentiary floors
But not just me homie its every nigga I know
It's a 808 nigga, cook and shake nigga
Beats make money and Mannie Fresh made this cake
nigga
Suga Slim let these leeches off my neck
Sayen Stunna slow down and hold your best
You gave yo best shot and you still gon' lose

While we ride new whips on 22's
You a pussy mutha fucker shoulda been cutting y'all
lose
I knew it wasn't in ya, I knew you wasn't true
I'm a G from the heart got it tattoed on my brain

Wont back up on ya stunnin'?
Aint neva gon change

Ohhhh ohhhh
Hot hot
Ohhhh ohhhh

[Mannie Fresh]
Bitch I took your Regal without the desert eagle
Yall don't want beef with me and my people
How could y'all say y'all was hot niggas
Frozen cup, orange duck, fake ass figgas
Together we stand so I got a new crew
If y'all feel fuck me then fuck y'all to
Yall got guns, we got missiles
Clear whole blocks burn niggas to gristles

[Baby]
I'm Stunna ak you know who I am
The Birdman 3-peat with my dick in my hands
I ride big whips, tired of talken bout this shit
I watched jive niggas turn ta snitch
Runnin' round talken CMB eat a dick
If it wasn't for me y'all niggas wouldn't be shit
I'm a gangsta nigga I stand my own ground
Mutha fucka I run Uptown

Ohhhhhhh ohhhhhh
Hot hot
Hot hot
Hot hot

We drop it like its hot
I put my ice on it
I put my life on it
I put my wife on it
We drop it like its hot
I put the 3rd on it
I put my word on it
Bet 100 birds on it
We drop it like its hot
Hood rat put a fur on it
2 double X 2 with the purr on it
We drop it like its hot
We Big Tymers we spit game

Nigga we aint rhymers
We drop it like its hot
We drop it like its hot
I put my ice on it
I put my life on it
I put my wife on it
We drop it like its hot
I put the 3rd on it
I put my word on it
Bet 100 birds on it
We drop it like its hot

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