

Ebony Ark

"Drop It"

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[Talking]

You know I usually don't do this on the first night

(laughs)

H-hold up...what you want me to do with that?...damn

I'm at it again..

TRACK BOYS!!

[Verse 1]

This dude approached me slowly and

Told me his name was Jody and

His homies say he know me cause he used to flirt with

Toni

Say, he wanna get to know me, got some things he

wanna show me

Would I be his tender-roni?

Told me call him when I'm lonely

Then I took a couple pictures, feeling tipsy off the

liquor

Yeah, my titties might be bigger, but my ass a little

thicker

And they like 'em: my weight, my shape, my size

My height, my lips, my hips and my thighs

DROP IT

[Chrous 4x]

Bitch you a hoe (drop it)

Nigga you a hoe (drop it)

Bitch you a hoe (drop it)

Acting like a hoe (drop it)

[Verse 2]

I see my cousin coming, he probably up to something

Look at him, with some chicken head face, know he

frontin'

I ain't the one to gossip now, you ain't heard it from me

But that chick that he was mackin' is really a 'he'

And look at her, came out the house looking that crazy

Talkin' bout she got on "Baby Phat", that's just fat, baby

You had a cup or two, well that's enough for you

But let him buy you one more drink before you cut him

loose

So, gon' flirt a little bit, and make him think you feelin'
him
Then smile at him, wink your eyes and make him think
he gettin some
Before he know you by the door, see you already out
the door
You won't be home till after 4, won't probably stop at
Calico's
Pull up on the parking lot, and by this time it's dark and
hot
You circled back around the block, and take the
handicap spot
And yeah you might just get a ticket, hell with it, you
tryin' to kick it
More than likely if you get the digits, she gon' let you
hit it
DROP IT

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

After the club you probably tryin' take somebody home
I guess you betta keep it on the low, don't want your
cover blown
So you betta make it known, before they play the last
song
Cause you ain't tryin' to spend the night alone, right or
wrong?
Got money in your pocket, then take it out and throw it
And put your hands up in the air, if you the shit and
know it
This cat up in my face, breath smelling like some shiit
Teeth lookin' like he been bitin' a bag of bricks
He talkin' bout 'girl'.
You think I told that nigga
If you don't get your funky breath up out my face
It gon' be some shit, don't make me tick
Don't ask me for my name..
And you don't NEED to know my numba..
And don't worry if I got my big ol' booty from my mama
It's the last call for alcohol, and I'm just tryin' to have a
ball
Ain't worry bout nothing at all, I almost triple play it off
The DJ spinnin' the last records, by this time they half
naked
Same place, same time tomorrow they'll be back at it

[Chorus 4x]

Drop It.. (18x)

