French Montana "Pop Tags"

Visit "Pop Tags" on MotoLyrics.com

Don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that

Drop that pussy, bitch, whatcha twerkin' with I'm young, papi, Champagne
They know the face and they know the name
Drop that pussy, bitch, whatcha you twerkin' with

Work, work, work, work, bounce Work, work, work, work, bounce Work, work, work, work, bounce Work, work, work, bounce

What you twerkin' with What you twerkin' with What you twerkin' with What you twerkin' with

Work, work, work, work, work What you twerkin' with, throw it, bust it open Show me what you twerk with Ass so fat, need a lap dance

I'm in that white ghost, chasin' Pac-Man Hundred out the lot, I be leanin', that's a WOP Hundred large, bring a mop, cars tinted like Barack Got a Brinks truck in my pocket

Thirty chains on my collar Two drops, no mileage, top off like Wallace And I'm hella smoke, bitch, know that Filthy rich before rap

Your new deal, I throw that
Three beans, I'm on that
We pop a molly, she bust it open
She seen the 'gatti, that pussy soakin'

Don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that, pop that Don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that, pop that

Whatcha twerkin' with, don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that, whatcha twerkin' with

I love my big booty bitches, my life a Godfather picture Local club in my city, I fell in love with a stripper Bitches know I'm that nigga, talkin' four door Bugatti I'm the life of the party, let's get these hoes on the Molly

You know I came to stunt, so drop that pussy, bitch I got what you want, drop that pussy, bitch Film it, film it, this bitch want me to film it Ballin', ballin' like I play for New England

Spend it, spend it, spend a stack every minute That's fifty, one hundred, I see no fuckin' limits Shout out to Uncle Luke, shout out my bitches too We the two live crew, two for me, two for you

Feed them bitches carrots, fuck 'em like a rabbit Sorry, that's a habit, smoke a spliff and then I vanish

Don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that, pop that Don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that

Whatcha twerkin' with, don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that, whatcha twerkin' with

I'm about bein' single, seein' double, makin' triple
I hope you pussy niggas hatin' never make a nickel
It's good to make it better when your people make it
with you
Money comin', money goin', ain't like you could take it

It's about to be a hit right now
Fuck back, then we the shit right now
Dropped Take Care, bought a motherfuckin' crib
Pickin' up the keys to that bitch right now

OVO, that's major shit Toronto with me, that's mayor shit Gettin' cheddar packs like KD OKC, that's player shit

with you

We don't dress alike, we don't rap alike I shine different, I rhyme different

Only thing you got is some years on me Man, fuck you and your time difference

I'm Young Papi, champagne They know the face and they know the name Got one watch that could probably pay for like All your chains and you'd owe me change, ah

Greystone, twenty bottles, that's on me On the couch, wildin' out, yellin', free my niggas 'til they all free

One of my closest dawgs got three kids and they all three

But we always been that type of crew that been good without a plan B

Don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that, pop that Don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that

Whatcha twerkin' with, don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that, pop that, whatcha twerkin' with Bitch, stop talkin' that shit And suck a nigga dick for some Trukfit

Okay, I fuck a bitch and I'm gone That's gangsta, Al Capone I make that pussy spit like Bone I'm talkin' 'bout bone, bone, bone, bone

I'm fuckin with French, excuse my French I lose my mind before I lose my bitch Money ain't a thing but a chicken wing Bitch, I ball like two eyelids

YMCM, beat that pussy up, stop playin'
I make her ass scream and holla like rock bands
I'm a beast, I'm off the leash, I am rich like a bitch
On my Proactive shit, pop that pussy like a zit

I go by the name Lil Tunechi, your girl is a groupie And nigga, you's a square and I will twist you like a Rubix

Motherfucker, I'm on my skateboard, watch me do a trick, ho

I'm 5′5" but I could sixty-nine, then beat that pussy like Klitschko

It's French Montana, fuck Joe It's Weezy F, fuck hoes It's truck the world, it's truck yo girl It's Trukfit by the truck load, biatch

Don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that, pop that Don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that

Whatcha twerkin' with, don't stop, pop that, don't stop Pop that, pop that, whatcha twerkin' with

Visit French Montana page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.