

Game

"Drop Ya Thangs"

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Drop ya thangs and just box
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Yo, I hit the party in my T-shirt and tennis shoes
They all watchin' in they Hot Boys and church suits
Actin' tough in the club, ain't gon' get you home
Gettin' drunk off of Patron, just gon' get you domed

Still steppin' on my shoes, boy, this nigga happy
This nigga thank he, Lil' Jon and his partner Scrappy
Goin' dumb with his bitch, so he don't like me
This ain't the South boy, we ain't crunk we go hyphy

You gotta know the rules, player let it go
You get to trippin' my nigga, you gotta hit the do'
Rollin' up this eight-nine gram, I'm tryin' to make a plan
Tuggin' on yo' main bitch hand, tryin' to make a friend

This time for escapade only make the tec a-spray
I'm in the parkin' lot, standin' by the Escalade
You got a problem, we ain't fightin' like a man
One-on-one with the Fig', get yo' face in the sand,
nigga

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Yo, Fig' never play with them guns, no you hear me
Fig' ain't shot nuttin' up but kill spirits
Fig' ain't the one to be, scared of the losses
One-on-one fightin' for stripes with right crosses

Uppercuts and heatbutts to get a head rush

Bitch, niggaz rather kick back and let they lead bust
I been a pitbull since Fila [Incomprehensible] and
Kenny Ken
Used to chuck 'em by the corner sto' whoever win

Them was my O.G.'s and I was just a B.G.
Whoever want to see me, Figgaro can
[Incomprehensible]
But now we got them old niggaz, that bust with they
tommy
But caught without they tommy, get rushed like salami

'Cause everybody tired of them R.I.P.'s
We 'bout to bring this fightin' back, mayne, to all our
streets
Now, cowards wanna pack and killers wanna cruise and
Real niggaz stand alone, mayne and do what we do

I wanna bust you but homey, let me ask you
Why you wanna play with that gun and make me blast
you
Moms all cryin' and shit, she gotta ask you
[Incomprehensible] better to save on caskets you
dumb, nigga

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Oh, boy, old friends like to make up and get cavi
Hell nah, she in the club wit'cho baby, daddy
She got the coat on, he bought you for yo' birthday
You kickin' back, I'm 'bout to clown him in the worst way

Team on preem' like he hangin' out with 'Pac brother
And you a boss for not cuttin' him with the boxcutter
And it was cool 'til this chick really got to trippin'
Spittin' drink in yo' face, boy, she popped up pimpin'

Zoked out like fat boy, you can't breathe
Bounce back and grab that trick by her fuckin' weave
Bring her to the flo', teach her 'bout the get low
She gon' really know, mob her on the danceflo'

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Yeah, I gotta acknowledge them fo' carloads of HP
niggaz
That came to Fillmoe for y'all, one-on-ones, mayne and
y'all got it, mayne
Niggaz put the guns down and after that nigga, it was
real big
They get stripes for that, nigga, special shoutout nigga

To them three young Sunnydale niggaz
Nigga that was surrounded by ten Fillmoe niggaz,
mayne
And all y'all wanted was one-on-ones and y'all got it
nigga
Stripes for that

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