

Ian Matthews

"Pop Ya Collar"

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[E-40]

Uh-huh; barbecue or mildew, hhhoe?

Ssshit heh

My fetti has a first name - it's E-A-R-L

About my mail, ssshit!

Nigga you know I'm up in this motherfucker, on a good one!

Fffuck yes!!

[B-Legit]

You know what I mean? It's like a, a Y-2-Yea thing y'know?

(Haha) We does this out here (fo' schizzie)

We pop our collars; please believe that playboy (like this here)

My moves is swift, I'm stiff with mine

Remi Martin straight, then I hit it with lime

It's time to shine, to strike my pose

Five carats on my pinky, pickin my nose (BEATCH)

I stroll on hoes, and give 'em a chance

to let me see the ass while they backup dance

I glance and breeze - if the body is true

I'm off and on to part two (part TWO)

[D-Shot]

Now I done scanned at the club (what else?)

I popped my collar to all my folks with love (what else?)

And all the niggaz that didn't respond to me (what else?)

I got my dogs watchin constantly (what else, what else?)

With one hand in the baseball glove

Hella throwaways - and dangerous subs

For my protection and my protection only

This boss balla slippin whatchu thought I was phony?

[Chorus]

Fresh up out my Coupe de Ville, I popped my collar twice

About my money this loot is real, plus I'm dipped in ice

I got a fat mansion on the hill, cause I made a mill'
So if you see me please believe, cause I'm yo' potnah
still

[E-40]

(Pop ya collar!) It's all from the wrist
(Pop ya collar!) Been poppin my collar since Moby was
a goldfish..
.. leavin 'em curious
Hoppin out of my Lincoln Continental, signature
serious..
.. parkin lot pimpin!
One of my niggaz yell (HOLD ME DOWN) while I was
pissin
Is that young 40 y'all?
Drunk as fuck and about to fall?

[B-Legit]

Done washed my shoes, the gators they bite
Baby bright light but not my type
But if she want tonight, she come with dollars
She either holler, or pop a nigga collar
I'm fresh up out that Coupe de Ville
Four times gold on my vogue wheels
Big sunroof with the insides ill
Gotta give it to the boy he got skills

[Chorus]

[E-40] Made a mill'.. uh-huh, HOE BEATCH!

[D-Shot]

(Pop ya collar!) I done stepped on in
(Pop ya collar!) Now can I come up?
All these freaks hang out at the dump
Me and my dogs got this party on pump
All the hoes look like they wanna hump
I'm bout to pull a lil' lightweight stunt

[E-40]

On a mizznission about that cut
Rough, buck, smokin on a blizznut
Ticked, pucked, ?? ?? was loc'd
Dick, Van Dyke, all up in her truck
Lick, at night, E-Feezy ain't no punk
Gobble, swallow, get her hella drunk
40 ounce bizznottle, til I tr-uh-Trump
Tip, hollow, mizzmillimeter thump
Feels no sinorrow for a sucka sap chump
Ya underdig? Yeah just
Y'know just tug on your lil' shirt

Pull it a lil' bit

[Chorus 2X]

[E-40 over Chorus]

That's what we do out this way.. twice!

Dipped in ice..

Where? Made a mill'

I'm still yo' potnah

Uh-huh.. Northstar

Yeah.. dipped in ice..

Where this at? You made a WHAT?

Uh-huh.. I'm still yo' potnah nigga

(Pop ya collar!) Homeboy

(Pop ya collar!)

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