

## Joe Budden "Drop Drop"

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Yeah, yeah  
Oh, no, louder, oh, no, louder, oh, no

Drop, drop, my homies that ride chromies  
Let it pop, pop, at the bar, Budden, them bottles  
An' them shots, shots, my ladies, it's all gravy  
If you hot, hot, then come back to the spot, spot  
An' maybe we can bone, bone

Know that we chillin', she somethin' shakin'  
In her thong, thong, gangsta, gangsta  
Paper, paper, long, long an' for my riders all over  
Now you know we wanna hit it, hit it  
Don't stop, get it, get it

Sick wit it, I keep paper around me  
So I know this, everybody got the vapors around me  
See me in a big truck, thin rubber ridin'  
2 way an' a broad an' got 10 others squattin'

'Cause I know Cal broads act up, man  
So 'cha man, man, gotta keep a back up plan  
Not a dance floor nucka  
I'm take 'em home, get 'em to drop they pants  
An' gross, nucka, 'til the drip, drip

No, you not my wife, no, you no handle my kid, kid  
I'm just tryin' to put in your rib, rib  
Through Cheetah, we in the four door Beem  
Not like the two seater, like the kid only got a few divas

Drive wit my knees, seats recline  
While she leaned over givin' me a piece of her mind  
I be sizin' 'em up from they thighs an' above  
Holla at me if you wanna come an' ride wit a thug, yeah

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All my ladies, if you ridin'  
Then you know to skip the shotgun an' bag the one  
drivin'  
All my nuckas, if you ridin'  
Don't trip, plenty cash, if she stingy wit ass

Yo' boy got a street chick, rocks, Channel, she focused  
Stay wit a bag of fine an' no elder rollin'  
She just one of my dames, gotta stay cool  
With everything I got is under her name, it's on

Top, top an' I'm the same dude, came up from the  
block, block  
I'm doing it, baby, I can't stop, stop  
In my rear view, I'm gettin' tailed by the cops, cops  
Clean but kit got me lookin' like I'm hot, hot

I ain't on the streets, streets, dog just tryin' to eat, eat  
So fall back, jerk, cop, I ain't beat, beat  
Can't miss me, I'm the guy in the V Tweezy  
An' that dime you was hollerin' at, she's wit me in the

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Chicks wit nice bodies, whips be wide body  
Backseat empty, clips can ride, shorty, we gon' ride,  
ride  
See yo' boy gettin' a million  
We ain't merkin' it, Nathan had they missin' a ceiling

An' could catch me spendin' time at the bar  
You like your water frozen, dog, I like mine in a jar  
We get it crunk, crunk  
Y'all hear the system out in the trunk, trunk  
Thump, thump, Budden be givin' you what you want

now

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