

# King Arut

## "Drop It Baby"

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Drop It Baby, Drop It  
Drop It Baby, Drop It  
Survival of the fittest it is well known there's no water  
like my city's  
Some of us are killers some of them are jus swimmers  
Niggas got choppas niggas got trimmers  
Niggas got problems niggas got business  
Niggas got children niggas got bitches  
Bitches got bitches  
I know bitches realer then you  
Nigga I done seen keys bigger then you  
Yeah nigga you ain't on shit  
Cut off a nigga head make him suck his own dick  
No he don't want that & he don't want this  
I shoot a hundred times I be blind if I miss  
You know I gotta put the dollar sign before the bitch  
Every movie gotta end but I'm just stickin to the script  
Addicted to the chips committed to my clique  
Cash money mother fucker get the pistol to your lips

Welcome to hell I let em burn  
Momma told me don't play with them choppas I never  
learn  
I hold the tube tight & firm I don't squirm  
Killas hold court in the street court is ajerned  
These niggas sleepin hope they keep it in they napsack  
Watch me while I'm creepin leave em leakin like a flap  
jack  
Hustle all day like we eatin on the last stack  
We play with ak's boy you need to bring that mac back  
Hand gun they don't want no hand gun  
Tote a shotty with a bass drum  
Say somethin I'm from where them niggas can't come  
We die rich & young  
We die handsome and  
Me I never ran from another man son  
I take a lot a shots bitch nigga and one  
So throw away them glocks  
I hope they prayin for ya  
You hear that chop now you sayin somethin Naw Nigga  
You can't Tell  
Me Nun Now Drop It Baby

Drop It Dro Dro-Drop It Baby  
Drop It (Ayyyyyyy)

Say somethin I'm from where them niggas can't come

We die rich & young  
We die handsome and  
Me I never ran from another man son  
I take a lot a shots bitch nigga and one  
So throw away them glocks  
I hope they prayin for ya  
You hear that chop now you sayin somethin  
If You Askin Shawty About What Dey Say  
You Could Jus Say... This Aint Know Remix Baby  
I said trace hook me up with a chick named gena  
And gena hook me up with a chick named Tina  
And Tina hook me up with a chick named kema  
And kema hook me up with a chick named fatina  
Fatina she's a college girl that drives a black Beemer  
And buy my polo white tees and take my clothes to the  
cleaners  
She used to fuck with beanas  
But now she fuck with the boss  
Her parents gave her bad directions n little girl is lost  
but uh

Nigga feeling like he at the bottom like a horse shoe  
Sorry for all the trouble that I put you and your heart  
thought  
God Knows that I would do anything for a part two  
Ought two Be Praying for the day you come back to me  
saying you forgive me  
Give me another chance I'm needing it like a kidney  
I don't wanna advance, Gimme back her hands  
Gimme back her touch  
I don't ask for much  
But I fucked up  
I know I fucked up  
I admit I fucked up  
But everybody fuck up  
Now this otha nigga lucked up  
Telling me and my clic don't give a fuck about dat  
nigga  
Sho'll Nuf Baby Gul back dat ass  
Up MSL Money, Suckin, Lead  
Ayyyyyyyy (ha ha) Hmmmmmmmm  
(Yea) Roll Tight Baby Den...  
Yo Young Cash Money on da way  
To da her heart finish line only a inch  
From da start so when I tell you again Drop It Baby Drop  
It

Naw shawty don't drop it like it's hot jus drop it

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