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Soulja Boy "Hop Out"

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[feat. Juicy J and Soulja Boy]

Cash nigga
We throw that shit away
Just spend all of it you dig?
Stay in the strip club
Sip a lot of Lean
Smoke a lot of weed
Drink gin and whatever you want

Hop out and let my chain swing

You know why I post (know why I post)
Chevy said turn up on you folks (turn up on you folks)
You know I'm gonna tear it up (tear it up)
I'm in the block in your area (wussup?)
Switching lanes, Ferrari, Bentley (swag)
20-12, man I had to do it (had to do it)
Shout out to my brother Gucci (wussup?)
SOD, we'da shot a movie (yes)
Taylor Gang, what's happenin'? (what's happenin'?)
Drop top in traffic (traffic)

Yea, you bitch see my cash, you wanna know what I'm 'bout

Me and Chevy, yea we do our thing (do our thing)

Yea, niggas see my car, you wanna know the amount I hop out hop out

Yea, you bitch see my cash, you wanna know what I'm 'bout

Yea, niggas see my car, you wanna know the amount I hop out hop out

I'm blowin' down the 1-01 and I'm rollin' just like a pill baby

I'm a menace to society, look at the wheels (look at the wheels)

Yea, so with this money they ain't seein' me Shout out my nigga Soulja and you know that's SODMG You know I never take a day off I'm ballin' off for extra shit, my nigga that's the playoffs

Just like we livin' off the great escape You talkin' all that shit, we know that you won't bust a grape

Yea, me and my money, we just made a date My pinky and my wrist, you know that's just the 28 Yea, so what all that beefin' we ain't worried 'bout My niggas eat that shit for lunch, they call it in and out

Yea, you bitch see my cash, you wanna know what I'm bout

Yea, niggas see my car, you wanna know the amount I hop out hop out

Yea, you bitch see my cash, you wanna know what I'm 'bout

Yea, niggas see my car, you wanna know the amount I hop out hop out

Stunting's all a nigga doin' now
Ferrari, one open seat
I got two in there, I speak money fluent now
You be ridin' on the neck, she chewin' out
I get cashed up, get obsessed at juvenile
Double cup it's move out in my latest car
I feed these retched bitches dick and some Xanax
bongs

My team is full of ballin' niggas, why you actin' hard? I be swiping black cards, y'all niggas be ridin' hard I'm feeling like D Wade, I'm ballin' in the games Plus I got some new heat, call him Boston James You don't get the picture, nigga I'm out the frame Hall of famer, everybody know my name

Yea, you bitch see my cash, you wanna know what I'm 'bout

Yea, niggas seen my car, you wanna know the amount I hop out hop out

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