

T.i.
"Shit Popped Off"

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Dr. Dre ft T.i.- Shit Popped Off

Ay,

[Hook]

See a party aint a party til the Doc walk in it
the party get it started til I hopped up in it
then it, got so crunk one minute
say she didn't get her wish just listen

[Chorus]

I came in high, then I saw
as soon as i arrived, then the shit popped off
shit popped off, its officially a gangsta party
looked at me then she came to party
then the shit popped off, shit popped off
shit popped off, said the shit popped off
nigga's hands in the air, bitches take their tops off
put the chronic in the air, then the shit popped off
shit popped off

[Verse One- Dr. Dre]

Late california night, out chillin i'm,
bout to fall up in the club we just killin time
dro blowin on patrone with it in a lime
6-4 to the front door with top down
hit the switches and the ignition then hopped out
crew walked in, shut the whole block down
now, hit the door like god damn
hey is this a party aint it man i dont understand
why bitches over here, and niggas over there
the atmosphere so square, people so scared
to get up off the wall, and get up off they ass
to walk up on a broad, and get up on that ass
i commandeer the turntable, thats my first mission
because the dj aint spinnin he bullshittin
go from california love and the doggystyle
brought out the whole album, its a party now

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[Verse 2- T.I.]

At the crib in L.A. when the phone ring
pick it up, it was dr. dre saying 'it's on king'
i was on henn, she was on lean
she was on gin, they all on the bean
broads talkin loud, and all talkin bout
'we tired sittin in the house, when we going out?'
'ay shut the fuck up for a second, where you at dre?
text the address to me and i'll be on the the way'
make my way to the closet just for a second
???????? to the party just for a second
check it, akoo hoody, blue denim, gray fitted cap
louis rag, hit the stash, grab any stack
i tell a bitch come on, get in the maybach
57-s headed straight to where dre at
we pulled up to the spot lookin like whoa
line wrapped around the corner to the light pole
latin chicks, black broads, couple white hoes
who knows where the night might go, hit the doe
like yeah, blinded by the glare of the strobe light
see something i like its going down on sight

[Hook]

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