

## Trick Daddy

### "Drop"

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Drop drop drop with me now.

Yo, yall can call court tv  
And A&E. Let em know...its over  
Cold case files huhaaa

[Chorus]

Yall niggas wont bust no shots  
Wont work no blocks  
Wont talk no chops  
And when the k go chop fuck niggas better drop to the  
floor, get low.

Yall niggas aint holdin no green  
Aint serving no cleans  
Aint gettin that cream  
Fuck niggas aint down with the team when you see that  
red beam get low

[Verse 1]

I got guns thatll flip your car  
100 round drums banana clips and all  
And if a nigga that pissed me off  
I stick it right in his mouth, make him shit in his droors  
And you better not flinch at all  
Cuz all bets are off if this bitch go off.  
Shoots clean through the back of his bead  
Tear off the top of his grill and the side of his jaw.  
See da streets need niggas like me,  
cuz niggas like you yall niggas aint true  
And when its time to go to war  
Try your best to avoid it cuz you niggas aint gon shoot  
You niggas aint got no cash, aint got no goons and aint  
got no guns.  
Yall niggas aint got no heart  
You let pussy & cars tear you click apart  
So when you ask them what the do  
Nigga they do what I say do when I say to  
So when I say lay it down  
Dont you hesitate bitch lay it down now

[Chorus]

Yall niggas wont bust no shots  
Wont work no blocks  
Wont talk no chops  
And when the k go chop fuck niggas better drop to the  
floor, get low low low low.

Yall niggas aint holdin no green  
Aint serving no cleans  
Aint gettin that cream  
Fuck niggas aint down with the team when you see the  
red beam get low

[Verse 2]

How you gon let your dawg get clapped up  
And you dont even clap back, but runin them traps  
And then you got these bitch ass niggas who snitchin  
on a nigga ridin round in the car withcha  
I should fuck both of yall up  
Wet up your truck and hit both of yall up  
Yall done disrespect the game thinkin its a game  
BUT NO IT AINT  
See I know how to deal with ya  
I turn them choppers loose and let em do what they do  
I wont stop till the shots are thru  
I got a clip for him and a clip for you  
Them wanna be tougher than me ass coochie made for  
tv ass peonds  
You can letem knowum I got big guns and ima squeeze  
when I see em

[Chorus]

Yall niggas wont bust no shots  
Wont work no blocks  
Wont talk no chops  
And when the k go chop fuck niggas better drop to the  
floor, get low low low low.

Yall niggas aint holdin no green  
Aint serving no cleans  
Aint gettin that cream  
Fuck niggas aint down with the team when you see the  
red beam get low low low low.

[Verse 3]

First off you aint got no guns  
Never seen owned of even shot one  
You couldnt even cop a shotgun  
And you aint never hit a nigga with a hot one, hua  
You aint gon pop off nothin but lip and wont kill nothin  
or let nothin be killed

Bitch I got terrorist ties ill terrorize any nigga shape or  
size  
If a nigga get beside himself and try to size me playa ill  
part his hair.  
Ill have your attorney and momma them sayin T-  
doubles  
trouble look what he done to him  
And it aint have to come to this  
You can ask your daddy he dont even want none of this  
Nigga you aughta know better  
Im a muthafuckin killa and I dont fear no nigga

[Chorus]

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