

Yung Joc

"Drip (Ft. Lil' Wayne)"

Visit "[Drip \(Ft. Lil' Wayne\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

Yeah you better
Calm Down
Bow Down
Or draw down
Ya five rounds

Drip[x16]

[Verse 1 - Yung Joc]

(Ay Weezy, let me talk to these niggas)
Monkey nigga better not slip
Feed yo ass banana clips
Yea I'll bust yo head gasket and leave you with an arm
drip
And for that lettuce AK not gon spit your cabbage (uh
uh uh)
That shit get tragically cause now it's filled with
maggots (uh)
This is angus beef, you dont want to order this
Two glocks like 2 pac, iÂ'm on my thug immortal shit
GPS goons show up to yo quarter list
Chrome with the pearly take you early thats abortion
bitch
Duck, duck, tape ya, wrap ya nigga, no balls
Throw slugs the same size as door knobs
Sixty seconds in and out pop, no prob
Blow ya whole face off thats a blowjob
Shoot ya bitch in the throat and leave her voice raspy
Too graphic? I'll paint a picture so ya'll niggas grasp
it
I call your momma tell her pre-order ya fuckin casket
Bury scary niggas I never bury the hatchet

[Chorus]

Yeah you better
Calm Down
Bow Down
Or draw down
Ya five rounds

Drip[x16]

[Verse 2 - Lil Wayne]

Soo woo to the beehive, strapped like T.I.
I keep that bitch on me, like the Book Of Eli
I just shoot 'em all, so i don't have to decide
Split your body up, they gotta bury ya ass 3 times
Run up in ya house, leave ya brains on the couch
Shoot up everything, the fuck is aimin about
Empty that clip, than that bitch slide out
Continue that procedure till them pussys dried out
I'm a east side gangsta, i aint never been a busta
Cina is a cold black bitch but i trust her
I dont need a psychic to tell me i'm a hustla
Cuz bitch, im all about my paper, like Usher

[Chorus]

Yeah you better
Calm Down
Bow Down
Or draw down
Ya five rounds

Drip[x16]

[Verse 3 - Yung Joc/Lil Wayne]

I know Chris, Decepticon clips transform ya
Leave niggas ghost activity, paranormal
For my piece of the pie, (ha ha ha) Digorno
Bullets burn, make em dance, disco inferno

(Lil Wayne)

Back to the subject, Ill kill ya in a heart beat
I put bullet holes in everything 'cept the car seat
Young Money bitch, I shoot one gun and switch
When the cops came the body still twitched (still
twitched)

(Yung Joc)

Keep thinkin you cute, you just flirtin with death
Thats a straight suicide, don't murder yourself
Scared but can't run, thats the stall factor
And if that automatic rap i bet they all scatter
Haiti eartquake 'em, make they wall shatter
Penetrate ya lungs and splatter they gallbladders

[Chorus]

Yeah you better
Calm Down
Bow Down
Or draw down
Ya five rounds

Drip[x16]

Visit [Yung Joc](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.