

# Issa "Tag"

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(Chorus)

Foreign Cars, Drop Six

Beni.....Hana's Chop....Sticks

Shout To All My Bad Chicks

Tag Tag Tag, Im It (Im It) x3

Wholly....Molly, Im Rich

Tag Tag Tag Im It

(Verse 1:)

Tag Im It You Cant Catch Me Na-Na Boo-Boo

Now Im Eatin' BeniHana's You Still Eat Oodles And  
Noodles

Now I Got Your Girl On Oovoo Talkin' Like She Never  
Knew You

So Dont Be Surprised If You See Her She Look At You  
Like Who You

Playin' Tricks With The Money, But I Dont Do No Voodoo  
Make Em Whine Make Em Cry I Can Hear These  
Rappers Boo-Hoo

Cause Its A New Sheriff In Town

They Know That Im The Boo Boo

Im The Ish But No Wonder Cause I Got These Rappers  
Pissed

But The Way That I Be Spittin' You Woulda Thought I  
Had A Lisp

Got A Maid At The Crib I Dont Ever Wash A Dish

Got A Lake In The Back Yard I Might Catch A Fish

And Ima Shooting Star So Go Head And Make A Wish

(Chorus)

Foreign Cars, Drop Six

Beni.....Hana's Chop....Sticks

Shout To All My Bad Chicks

Tag Tag Tag, Im It (Im It) x3

Wholly....Molly, Im Rich

Tag Tag Tag Im It

(Verse 2:)

I Call My Jeweler Up And Tell Him Anti-Freeze My Wrist  
Then I Speed Through The Light Like The Police Dont  
Exist

Horse Power In The Hood I Tell That Lambo To Giddy  
Up (Scurr)

Then I Hit The Gas And Throw My City Up

Ridin' Through The City Like The City Was The  
Interstate  
Man I Just Might Hop Out And Park The Whip On The  
Interstate  
Yea Im Crazy But Thats Why Your Girl Wanna  
Immigrate  
Move In With Me Cause She Know That Im Who To  
Imitate  
Pulled Up To BeniHana's A Hunned Deep  
Then I Told The Chef He Betta Cook The Food Infont Of  
Me  
Ch-Chop Ch-Chop Ch-Chop Chopsticks  
Dr-Drop Dr-Drop Dr-Drop Drop Six  
(Chorus)  
Foreign Cars, Drop Six  
Beni.....Hana's Chop....Sticks  
Shout To All My Bad Chicks  
Tag Tag Tag, Im It (Im It) x3  
Wholly....Mollly, Im Rich  
Tag Tag Tag Im It  
(Verse3:)  
Horse Power In The Hood I Tell That Lambo To Giddy  
Up  
Giddy Up Giddy up G-Giddy Up  
Then I Hit The Gas And Throw My City Up  
City Up City Up C-City Up  
Suicide Doors On The Drop Six  
To Make You Look My Way When I Ride By  
And I Just Might Drop The Top  
To Make The Roof Disappear Like Wala  
And They Better Valet The Whip  
When I Pull Up In That Parking Lot  
Im It Im It Im It  
When It Comes To That Money I Got A Lot  
(Chorus)  
Foreign Cars, Drop Six  
Beni.....Hana's Chop....Sticks  
Shout To All My Bad Chicks  
Tag Tag Tag, Im It (Im It) x3  
Wholly....Mollly, Im Rich  
Tag Tag Tag Im It

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