

Project Pat "Tops Drop"

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Tops Drop

(Fat Pat)

Welcome to the land wherd it just dont stop
Trunks pop , tops drop , and the front end hop
Pank flop screens on , actin bad in my zone
Yeah it's on , ridin chrome , ballin at my home
Justa a place , don't hate showin up at da state
Caint wait get it stright while the front end brake
Hey itd cost to be boss, lookin good when i floss
Sunshine let it down , turn it up incline
Roll around hit your block drunk gone or not
Let it up , let it pop like bump the whole block
Southside how we holdin all the gangsta's throwed
Music hittin so hard knockin outside mobile
Hit the highway token dro' goin let it roll
Ho what the drink fired of shoin up in the glow
Home chrome , high side , throwin up the south side
Givin nigga daps comin down breakin the slab

(Choris 1)

Trunks keep popin
Tops keep Droppin down in Houston (Trunks pop, Tops drop)
Trunks keep poppin
Tops keep Droppin down in Houston (Trunks pop, Tops drop)

(Fat Pat)

now whats up H-town cause we know what they fillin
three wheeler, vobe pealer, actin bad for scrilla
Pushin burner , bouncin turners , sittin low on voge
Im pullin through the lot , slammin doors and buttons
And ima slide, slide, slippity slide
Pop trunk, let it down sho up in my ride
Throw out the red carpet , ima bout to park it
Vaile , Piece and chain, starch is in my jeans
Hit the club , showin love tip the dancer a dub
Got killa in the club , smoke after the club
One more time for there mind ima go put it down
Its that boy fat pat yeah i gots to climb.....

(Choris 2)

Ima just goin drop iiiiiiitttt, alllllllll night loooooong
yeeeahhhh
Yyyyyyeeahhhh, yyyyyyeeaaaahhh
Ima just goin drop iiiiiiitttt all night loooooong
yyeeeahhhh
drop it , drop it, drop it

(Choris 1)X-2

Trunks keep popin
Tops keep Droppin down in Houston (Trunks pop, Tops
drop)
Trunks keep poppin
Tops keep Droppin down in Houston (Trunks pop, Tops
drop)

(FatPat)

Gettin ya laced on the thing they call the freeze
Bout seen on the track with P A T
Know they see how it be , im just a G
Cocked op on three , blowin on a whole tree
C.B in the drop crowdin down on boys
Right behind a Mr. lincoln my favorite toke
Candy red , with the screens im riding a freak
Beemers triple beam makin reality a dream
Sippin lean , Sticky green make me clown the whole
scene
Uropeians with the grille making all haters chill
Why show when they can steal strippin wood grain
grille
Run the light , shine'n bright , float a smooth as a kite
Trunk crack , fat pat , breakin all hata's hats
Where they at , where they at, 'for i pull out my gat
Looking good is understood flossin for my hood
taking pride in my ride like every player should

(Choris 1) X-2

Trunks keep popin
Tops keep Droppin down in Houston (Trunks pop, Tops
drop)
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