

RZA

"Drop Off"

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(feat. Daddy-O, Division)

[Intro: Daddy-O (RZA)]

Yo, yo, yo, yo Bobby

What up, what up? I can't really hear you

Aiyo, I left ten pounds in the trunk and I gave Sha' ten
make sure he drops them shits off

I'm on my way back to Mexico, to pick up another
hundred

(What up?) Can you hear me? can you hear me? (Uh-
huh)

Yo make the drop off, don't forget man!

[ShaCronz]

I got niggaz on the block, block

niggaz with them gats, gats

Niggaz on the strip, strip

Puffin' them packs, packs

To my workers that stays sharp like razors

play my part and blaze it, we braveheart with paper

My niggaz got that Dutch, Dutch

niggaz got that black, black

Niggaz got a bitch, bitch, head in they lap, lap

My team ain't wit' it, we dreamed and did it

Leaned and pivot, schemed for digits

Everything you seen, we lived it

Nigga front then we get at duke

Dick hard like statues go to hole like Shaq do

Cut you like a cantelope

Like Iverson the truth and the answer

I'm the poison and the antidote

Don't care if the bitch cute, we don't sex raw

We play the corners like the castles on a chess board

Up in the Lex 4, drinkin' a Beck's boy

Shoppin' in the best stores, I'm the nigga to check for

[Hook: Freemurder]

Wanna spend our cheese, smoke all our weed

No tattoo on titties, sayin' F-R-E

And my nigga Crizzee baby, and my nigga Digi baby

Wanna spend our cheese, smoke all our weed

No tattoo on titties, sayin' Bob Digi

or ShaCrizzee baby, or Lil' Frizzee baby

[Interlude: girl (RZA)]

[moaning]

Bobby stop!

Bobby *[sirens]* the cops is comin

[moans]

(That shit is tight girl)

[cops:] "hey you!"

[moans]

(Fuck that mothafucka, you know how I do)

[sirens]

[moans]

[car speeding off]

[RZA]

Up in the drop-top Boxter headin' the opposite
direction of the cop inside the chopper

I got the tall Grey Goose vodka

this bitch on my side, with no panties, finger pop her

Ten pounds of skunk up in the front trunk

Bird like hittin' a blunt, about to cum, and I'm pinchin'
her cunt *girl moans*

Ninety miles per hour I'm like "Fuck these punks!"

It's the land of the free son, you only live once

You a smart motherfucker or stupid dunce?

Music blastin', she orgasm like a singer

Sweet, wet pussy got all over my fingers

Now I'm sniffin' my hand, all sippin' the plan

Got the pedal to the floor, goin' swift as I can

Hit the exit, chk-chk-chuh, make the left quick

Hit the garage and slip inside the Lexus

I got many whips, many clips, many chicks

and my dick's been sucked by many lips

Many tips, or many Vicks, many sticks

and love to fuck with plenty chips

[Girl]

He got many whips, many clips, many chicks

and his dick's been sucked by many lips

Many tips, or many Vicks, many sticks

and love to fuck with plenty chips

[Hook]

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