

Botany Boys f/ Vic

"Drop it in Tha Sunny"

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(*talking*)

Let's head down, to the Kappa Beach
Going down g-string, pinky rings
Uh how you love that, now hol' up hol' up

[C-Note]

Let's drop it, in the sunny
My diamond grill, means I'm all about my money
Just making cash fast, riding through the Sunset Valley
Hennessey blowing trees, at the Source in Cali
Nigga let's drop the top, let's make it hop let's make all
hoes bop
You know it's Botany Big Shots, when them blades go
chop
When them roofs go pop, when we pull off the lot
And if them cops in our spot, then we sail on a yacht
We acting bad at the Kappa, we seen a lot of hoes
Seen a lot of 4's, niggaz balling like they pros
Doing shows, hoes with diamonds in they toes
Rolling optimoes, cause it blowing out my nose
Chromey 4's, but that's a baller subject
The Botany Boys did a deal, a million dollar budget
We playas, we never broke long we grab em
How can this one song, out-jam your whole album

[Hook: Vic]

Come on, let's drop it in the sunny
The B-Boys, are all about the money yeah

[Will-Lean]

Well I'ma drop the top, with the beat on knock
Pull it out fo' seat, Lamborgini on dots
Wrecking the cops, I'm the one they ready to stop
Wrist full of rocks, jumping out the piss on the block
Pitcher and watts, the time when gangstas gon shine
Rolexes gon wind, and diamonds gon blind
Bitches gon mind with spandex, exposing they bodies
2000 Mazaratti, as we rolling through Roxy
Me and my peeps, car laying peeping some freaks
Fo' deep in a jeep, and they cheifing on sweets
Million dollar figgas, that's all about they money

Ride the boss with Nina Ross, as I floss through that
sunny side
Where thugs hanging, and 84's swanging
Plus 18 bangings, and c.d. changing
Botany rearranging, Cloverland representing
Dropping it in the sunny, making our money
independent

[Hook]

[D-Red]

Recline my top to feel the sun rays, I'm 4 swanging
Turn three lanes into a one way, with screens hanging
Ain't no drama or no gunplay, and no slanging
This a perfect day to parlay, parlay
When woofers kick it feel like glass breaking, all about
that cash making
Fuck pass faking, that's why these boppers keep they
ass shaking
The drop pancaking, juiced and on charge
No your eyes aren't mistaking, fifty car enterouge
Chrome shining baguettes blinding, that's the way that
we ball
If I snap my fingers twice, like grain bikinis gon fall
I tip green eyed British broads, with tats on they tummy
When Big Shots hit the block, tops gon drop in the
sunny

[Hook - 2X]

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