

## **Game, The "Drop Ya Thangs"**

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[Chorus]

Drop ya thangs and just box  
Nigga just drop ya thangs and just box  
Nigga just drop ya thangs and just box  
Nigga just drop ya thangs and just box

[Verse One: JT]

Yo, I hit the party in my t-shirt and tennis shoes  
They all watchin in they Hot Boys and church suits  
Actin tough in the club ain't gon' get you home  
Gettin drunk off of Patron just gon' get you domed  
Still steppin on my shoes, boy this nigga happy  
This nigga thank he Lil' Jon and his partner Scrappy  
Goin dumb with his bitch so he don't like me  
This ain't the South boy, we ain't crunk we go hyphy  
You gotta know the rules, player let it go  
You get to trippin my nigga you gotta hit the do'  
Rollin up this eight-nine gram I'm tryin to make a plan  
Tuggin on yo' main bitch hand, tryin to make a friend  
This time for escapade only make the tec a-spray  
I'm in the parkin lot, standin by the Escalade  
You got a problem we ain't fightin like a man  
One-on-one with the Fig', get yo' face in the sand,  
nigga

[Chorus]

[Hook: JT]

Nigga you a bitch wit'cho gun, snitch wit'cho gun  
Still get found in a ditch wit'cho gun  
Bitch wit'cho gun, snitch wit'cho gun  
Still get found in a ditch wit'cho gun

[Verse Two: JT]

Yo, Fig' never play with them guns, no you hear me  
Fig' ain't shot nuttin up but kill spirits  
Fig' ain't the one to be, scared of the losses  
One-on-one fightin for stripes with right crosses  
Uppercuts and heatbutts to get a head rush  
Bitch niggaz rather kick back, and let they lead bust  
I been a pitbull since Fila {?} and Kenny Ken

Used to chuck 'em by the corner sto' whoever win  
Them was my O.G.'s, and I was just a B.G.  
Whoever want to see me, Figgaro can {?}   
But now we got them old niggaz that bust with they  
tommy  
But caught without they tommy get rushed like salami  
Cause everybody tired of them R.I.P.'s  
We 'bout to bring this fightin back mayne to all our  
streets  
Now, cowards wanna pack and, killers wanna cruise  
and  
Real niggaz stand alone mayne and do what we do  
I wanna bust you but homey let me ask you  
Why you wanna play with that gun, and make me blast  
you  
Moms all cryin and shit, she gotta ask you  
{?} better to save on caskets you dumb nigga

[Chorus + Hook]

[Verse Three: JT]

Oh boy! Old friends like to make up and get cavi  
Hell nah, she in the club wit'cho baby daddy  
She got the coat on he bought you for yo' birthday (oh  
no!)  
You kickin back, I'm 'bout to clown him in the worst way  
(bitch)  
Team on preem' like he hangin out with 'Pac brother  
And you a boss for not cuttin him with the boxcutter  
And it was cool 'til this chick really got to trippin  
Spittin drink in yo' face, boy she popped up pimpin  
(what?)  
Zoked out like, fat boy you can't breathe  
Bounce back and grab that trick by her fuckin weave  
Bring her to the flo', teach her 'bout the Get Low  
She gon' really know, mob her on the danceflo'

[Chorus + Hook]

[JT]

Yeah I gotta acknowledge them fo' carloads of HP  
niggaz  
that came to Fillmoe for y'all one-on-ones mayne, and  
y'all got it mayne  
Niggaz put the guns down and after that nigga it was  
real big  
They get stripes for that, nigga, special shoutout nigga  
to them three young Sunnydale niggaz  
Nigga that was surrounded by ten Fillmoe niggaz  
mayne  
And all y'all wanted was one-on-ones and y'all got it

nigga  
Stripes for that!

[Chorus + Hook]

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