

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Traditional "Gin Cop A Drop"

Visit "Gin Cop A Drop" on MotoLyrics.com

Cheeah

[Verse 1:]

Cheeah, nothing promise so I kick it like I'm bout to leave

Fighting pressure got me practicing my barb and weave

I deal with hate like love is something that I don't believe

Nothing less than thankful tryna cherish everyday I breathe

Street nigga, hood credit nigga nothing cash Unless I'm in the hood stunting with my nothing ass Paparazzi on em look at all these flashing lights Outta control something like a pilot who was crash at flight

Seven letter certified by the sender

I bring the hood to any section I enter, and that they better remember

They tell me smile but in they no mind DJ One of my brothers gone away till November Until then I'm goin be...

[Hook: samples "Fast Forward" by Jody Breeze]
Go and cop a drop, sittin-sittin on some custom rims
Go and cop a drop, sittin-sittin on some custom rims
Go and cop a drop, sittin-sittin on some custom rims
Go and cop a drop, sittin-sittin on some custom rims
I represent for the south (hey) my resident is a sloim
I represent for the south (hey) my resident is a sloim
I represent for the south (hey) my resident is a sloim

[Verse 2:]

Lil homies on the corner askin what the buisness? I say the struggle knowing haters praying that I'm finished

They rather superman but radio say he's a menace When others left the hood these stay to catch perfect attendants

Word on the street messing with Trae it could lose your career

Yeah that might be true the pussy niggas who living in fear

Fuck em, seeing it close something they wouldn't using This day eviction note is tell them niggas keep it moving

The sound in my trunk is atomic, speakers plexing And I'm slippin on this Challenger glass see on reflection

And I'm pose through anger management, swangers so much aggression

Even wise over stretching like crazy No direction...

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

I'm in this old school nobody but me in the car
I fin em slumps try'na duck off from being a star
Call it an asshole state of mind
So I do clarity at this watch under these rocks to display
the time

Half of that inside the grill or say I'm doin fine
I know these haters hot as fuck to see me doin mine
They tell me focus on the day, I only see at night
In this black locs try'na stop the world from being bright
Cheeah, till the casket I'm the realist in it
I guess they never got the message so I'm here to send
it

I'm on they ass until the world understand me I try to tell em ain't no way they can ban me Picture me rollin I'm...

[Hook x2]

Visit <u>Traditional</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.