

Pop Out Again (feat. Lil Baby & Gunna)

Polo G

JD On Tha Track

Iceberg want a bag, bitch We pop out at your party, I'm with the gang

And it's gon' be a robbery, so tuck ya chain

I'm a killer, girl, I'm sorry, but I can't change

We ain't aiming for your body, shots hit your brain

We come from poverty, man

We ain't have a thing

It's a lot of animosity,

But they won't say my name

Them killers rock with me, lil' nigga, don't get banged

'Cause they'll do that job for me while I hop on a plane

She heard I'm a star, now she tryna take her clothes off

Faceshot with this AR, I'm bound to knock a nigga nose off

Drowsy off the Act', I'm sipping lean until I doze off

My homie trapping like it's laundry day, he drop a load off

Police at the bando, hit the back and cut the stove off

Used to hustle packs but now I'm richer than my old boss

Almost summertime, I'm finna see how much the Rolls cost

If her friend ain't fuckin', kick her out and make them hoes walk

Running through them hundreds, new blue

Check, I guess I'm verified

Cappin' of this ecstasy, I'm rollin' like I'm paralyzed

You weren't out there thugging with the killers

You was terrified

All my niggas pop out in them trenches

We don't never hide

We pop out at your party, I'm with the gang

And it's gon' be a robbery, so tuck ya chain

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Them killers rock with me, lil' nigga, don't get banged

'Cause they'll do that job for me while I hop on a plane None of my hoes got a lot of mileage

Keep it G, your style is childish

Proud of myself, I finally found it

Only keep the guys around me

I go extra dressing with this drip, I call it Thousand Island

I can make my youngin snatch your necklace for a thousand dollars

Soon as we sexing, thousand problems

Hopping on jets, this money calling
I still be thugging, I'm sorry, mama
Pop out, I'm on every corner
VVS on every stone
This jewelry got my head gone
These bankrolls got my head gone
These meds got my head gone We been popping out since middle school
This lifestyle ain't nothing new
But we'll get rid of you, yeah
We been popping out since middle school
This shit here ain't nothing new
Polo, what you tell 'em, fool? We pop out at your party, I'm with the gang
And it's gon' be a robbery, so tuck ya chain
I'm a killer, girl, I'm sorry, but I can't change
We ain't aiming for your body, shots hit your brain
We come from poverty, man
We ain't have a thing
It's a lot of animosity,
But they won't say my name
Them killers rock with me, lil' nigga, don't get banged
'Cause they'll do that job for me while I hop on a plane And don't gotta explain (Nah)
'Cause I got plenty stains (Stains)
I pull up in Ferraris when I hop on the plane (No cap)
Got diamonds on my Cartis (Cartis)
See you niggas lame (Lame)
I'm in Miami Garden with a Richard Mille plain
(Richard Mille plain)
I'm a seed, you can't put me in a grave (No)
Somebody pray for me
'Cause I couldn't have been a slave (No)
Float on the D-U-B's, we had cash back in the day (Yeah)
Now the Rollie say the date
Roll around in two-door Wraith (Two Wraiths)
You gotta work hard, just can't make it off of faith
I sold me a lil' hard for a few thousands, I was straight (Straight)
I been jumped off the porch, learned to hustle for a plate
Now the shrimp come with a steak
Five star condo where I lay We pop out at your party, I'm with the gang
And it's gon' be a robbery, so tuck ya chain
I'm a killer, girl, I'm sorry, but I can't change
We ain't aiming for your body, shots hit your brain
We come from poverty, man
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