

Pop That (feat. Rick Ross, Drake & Lil Wayne)

French Montana

Drop that pussy bitch I'm some young Papi, Champagne
They know the face, and they know the name
(Drop that pussy bitch)
What you twerkin' with? Work, work, work, work, Bounce
What you twerkin' with Work, work, work, work, work, work
What you twerkin' with
Throw it, buss it open
Show me what you twerkin with
Ass so fun, need a lap dance
I'm in that white ghost chasin' Pac man
Hundred out the lot, I be leaning thats a rock
Hundred large bring a mop
Cars tinted like Barack
Got a brinks truck in my pocket
30 chains on my collar
2 drops, no mileage
Top off like Wallace
And I'm hella smoke, bitch know that
Filthy rich before rap
Your new deal, I throw that
3 Benz I'm on that
We pop a molly, she buss it open
She seen it, got it, that pussy soaking
I love my big booty bitches
My life a Godfather picture
Local club in my city
I fell in love with a stripper
Bitches know I'm that nigga
Talkin four door Bugatti
I'm the life of the party lets get these hoes on the Molly
You know I came to stunt
So drop that pussy bitch
I got what you want
Drop that pussy bitch
Feel me, feel me
This bitch want me to feel me
Ballin', ballin' like I play for New England
Spend it, spend it, spend a stack every minute
Thats 50, 100, I see no fucking limits
Shout out to Uncle Luke
Shout out my bitches too
We the 2 Live Crew

2 for me, 2 for you
Feed them bitches carrots
Fuck 'em like a rabbit
Sorry thats a habit
Smoke a spliff and then I vanish
I'm about being single, seeing double, making triple
I hope you pussy niggas hating never make a nickel
It's good to make it better when your people make it with you
Money coming, money going, ain't like you can take it with you
It's about to be a hit right now, fuck back then, we the shit right now
Dropped 'Take Care', bought a muthafuckin' crib
And I'm picking up the keys to the bitch right now
OVO that's major shit, Toronto with me that's Mayor shit
Gettin cheddar packs like KD, OKC that's playa shit
We don't dress alike, we don't rap alike
I shine different, I rhyme different
Only thing you got is some years on me
Man, fuck you and your time difference
I'm young Papi, champagne
They know the face, and they know the name
Got one watch that could probably pay for like all your chains
And you'd owe me change, ah!
Greystone, 20 bottles that's on me
On the couches, wildin' out
Yelling "free my niggas" 'till they all free
One of my closest dawgs got 3 kids and they all 3
But we always been the type of crew that been good without a plan BBiiiiitch, Stop talkin' that
shit
And suck a nigga dick for some Trukfit
Okay I fuck a bitch and I'm gone
That's gangsta ass Capone
I make that pussy spit like bone
Talkin' bout Bone, bone, bone, bone
I'm fucking wit' French, excuse my French
I lose my mind before I lose my bitch
Money aint a thing but it's
Bitch I ball like 2 eyelids
YMCM-beat that pussy up
Stop playin', I make her ass scream and holla, like rock bands
I'mma beast, I'm off the leash
I am rich like a bitch
On my pro-active shit
Pop that pussy like a zit
I go by the name Lil Tunechi
Your girl is a groupie
And nigga, you's a square
And I would twist you like a rubix
Motherfucker I'm on my skateboard
Watch me do a trick hoe

I'm 52 5" but I could 6-9
Then beat that pussy like Klistcko
It's French Montana, fuck joe
It's Weezy F, fuck hoes
It's Truk the world
It's Truk yo girl
It's Trukfit by the truck load, biaaaatch
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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