

Drop a Bag (feat. G.O.D.)

Juicy J

If young Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you Yeah, hoe
I will blast on your ass (yeah, hoe)
I got riders like a cab (yeah, hoe)
Send them hitters at your ass (yeah, hoe)
You gon' make me drop a bag (yeah, hoe)
You a hoe, you know we know (yeah, hoe)
Fuck around and get exposed (yeah, hoe)
Gangsta on the internet (yeah, hoe)
In real life, you like CB4
Perpetrate, impersonate, you too soft to catch a fade
I got niggas in these streets that touch more snow than Christmas Day
Blow my high, lose my cool, you gon' make the evening news
They can't find your head to ID you, they don't have a clue
It's going down on your block, where the bread at?
Catch you sleepin', homie, send some shots, where your bed at
Got your bitch, like what you thinking nigga, where your head at?
Talkin' all that shit, you wish you wouldn't have said that
You a dead man, fill you up with lead, man, real niggas, I bring that
They gon' go to war for me, they gon' bring your head back (bitch)
And I know where you been, where you standin' (hoe)
Ain't no runnin' off from me 'cause I don't play that, mane
(Yeah Hoe!)
I will blast on your ass (yeah, hoe)
I got riders like a cab (yeah, hoe)
Send them hitters at your ass (yeah, hoe)
You gon' make me drop a bag (yeah, hoe)
You a hoe, you know we know (yeah, hoe)
Fuck around and get exposed (yeah, hoe)
Gangsta on the internet (yeah, hoe)
In real life, you like CB4
Everybody know your own when you're stuntin'
You done fucked with the wrong nigga money
Niggas runnin' in your home when they comin'
Sendin' shots at your dome, ain't no runnin'
Give up on your block, like we got it on lock
Birdie in the block, run up to your spot
Runnin' in and out, bet you fuckin' with the cops
Workin' with the opps, tryin' to put me in the box (bitch)
Yeah, I got niggas looking up to me, nigga, I'm a star
Yeah, trap get slow but the shit don't stop (shit don't stop)
Yeah, nigga ran out but he better not stop (running)
You could put niggas on but they still gon' plot, yeah

Got a couple niggas still on the block
I could make me a mil' on the block (mill')
And the way that I wrap them things
I could get me a deal on the block
Lotta niggas ain't real on the block
Lotta niggas get killed on the block
Even though they ain't gettin' no money,
Them dumbass niggas be still on the block
I cook that steel on the block
I will blast on your ass (yeah, hoe)
I got riders like a cab (yeah, hoe)
Send them hitters at your ass (yeah, hoe)
You gon' make me drop a bag (yeah, hoe)
You a hoe, you know we know (yeah, hoe)
Fuck around and get exposed (yeah, hoe)
Gangsta on the internet (yeah, hoe)
In real life, you like CB4
Play me some pimpin', man
Man, fuck these ol' fake ass hoes on Instagram, Snapchat. These Facebook bitches showin' their
titties and shit, tryin' to get a nigga's attention. All a nigga's DM, fuck you hoes, man
Now let's get fucked up

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>