

# 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

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