

# The drop off

RZA

Yo, yo, yo, yo Bobby  
What up, what up? I can't really hear you  
Aiyo, I left ten pounds in the trunk and I gave Sha' ten  
Make sure he drops them shits off  
I'm on my way back to Mexico, to pick up another hundred  
(What up?) Can you hear me? can you hear me? (Uh-huh)  
Yo make the drop off, don't forget man!

I got niggas on the block, block  
Niggas with them gats, gats  
Niggas on the strip, strip  
Puffin' them packs, packs  
To my workers that stays sharp like razors  
Play my part and blaze it, we braveheart with paper  
My niggaz got that Dutch, Dutch  
Niggaz got that black, black  
Niggaz got a bitch, bitch, head in they lap, lap  
My team ain't wit' it, we dreamed and did it  
Leaned and pivot, schemed for digits  
Everything you seen, we lived it  
Nigga front then we get at duke  
Dick hard like statues go to hole like Shaq do  
Cut you like a cantelope  
Like Iverson the truth and the answer  
I'm the poison and the antidote  
Don't care if the bitch cute, we don't sex raw  
We play the corners like the castles on a chess board  
Up in the Lex 4, drinkin' a Beck's boy  
Shoppin' in the best stores, I'm the nigga to check for

Want to spend our cheese, smoke all our weed  
No tattoo on titties, sayin' F-are-E  
And my nigga Crizzee baby, and my nigga Digi baby  
Want to spend our cheese, smoke all our weed  
No tattoo on titties, sayin' Bob Digi  
Or ShaCrizzee baby, or Lil' Frizzee baby

Bobby stop!  
Bobby \*sirens\* the cops is comin  
(That shit is tight girl)  
"Hey you!"  
(Fuck that mothafucka, you know how I do)

Up in the drop-top Boxter headin' the opposite  
Direction of the cop inside the chopper  
I got the tall Grey Goose vodka  
This bitch on my side, with no panties, finger pop her  
Ten pounds of skunk up in the front trunk  
Bird like hittin' a blunt, about to cum, and I'm pinchin' her cunt \*girl moans\*  
Ninety miles per hour I'm like "Fuck these punks!"  
It's the land of the free son, you only live once  
You a smart motherfucker or stupid dunce?  
Music blastin', she orgasm like a singer  
Sweet, wet pussy got all over my fingers  
Now I'm sniffin' my hand, all sippin' the plan  
Got the pedal to the floor, goin' swift as I can

Hit the exit, chk-chk-chuh, make the left quick  
Hit the garage and slip inside the Lexus  
I got many whips, many clips, many chicks  
And my dick's been sucked by many lips  
Many tips, or many Vicks, many sticks  
And love to fuck with plenty chips

He got many whips, many clips, many chicks  
And his dick's been sucked by many lips  
Many tips, or many Vicks, many sticks  
And love to fuck with plenty chips

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