

Drop Top Lyrics

[Chorus]

Who that in the drop top?
Trip Rexx, oh yes
Gotta flex when I drive by
Speakers going knock, knock
Who's there? Oh yeah
That's the sound of being hot, hot
Y'all just do a lot, lot
Too much, I'm touched
But you need to ease off that
I be where the sun's out
Laid up with a blunt
I'm just tryna get high, high

[Verse 1]

Rollin down Rodeo drive
Lil shy, so I cover up my eyes
With some new Versace
And I'm probably wearing slides
But I don't look like a slob
Motherfucker these Balenciaga
Every time I check the time
They tryna find out what's on my arm
This a Ferragamo
Cuz homie I be gettin mines
Don't mind me,
Instead of gettin mad
Cuz you gettin nada
Swear this life is like a ride
Down at Universal
Lows lead to real highs
Shit, it's universal
I keep a little of the Kind
Get me through the hurdles
I take a sip of dirty Sprite
Turned me to a turtle
Said I take a sip of yak
Turned me to a beast
Now I'm wilding with some bad bitches
On a beach
They be gorgeous
And pouring up the Hennessy
Fuck authority
You'll never put me on a leash!

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[Verse 2]

Hold up, freeze!
Can't sleep til my wrist on freeze
They be begging for the hits
Like "please!"
And who am I to not give you what you need?
I'm boutta pull up in the 4 series, geez
Step out to a nice breeze, easy
See it swaying all the palm trees—leaves
That's just how it be out in CA
And homie yeah I know it sound cliche
But I been feeling like I won a fucking sweepstakes
And every record that I've done is just a keepsake
I like to listen every time I need a replay
But I don't stay
In the past, motherfucker no way
I'm boutta pass up the fucking whole game
And make half of you into no names

[Chorus]

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