

The Game, Drop Ya Thangs

(Chorus)

Drop ya thangs and just box
Nigga just drop ya thangs and just box
Nigga just drop ya thangs and just box
Nigga just drop ya thangs and just box

(Verse One: JT)

Yo, I hit the party in my t-shirt and tennis shoes
They all watchin in they Hot Boys and church suits
Actin tough in the club ain't gon' get you home
Gettin drunk off of Patron just gon' get you domed
Still steppin on my shoes, boy this nigga happy
This nigga thank he Lil' Jon and his partner Scrappy
Goin dumb with his bitch so he don't like me
This ain't the South boy, we ain't crunk we go hyphy
You gotta know the rules, player let it go
You get to trippin my nigga you gotta hit the do'
Rollin up this eight-nine gram I'm tryin to make a plan
Tuggin on yo' main bitch hand, tryin to make a friend
This time for escapade only make the tec a-spray
I'm in the parkin lot, standin by the Escalade
You got a problem we ain't fightin like a man
One-on-one with the Fig', get yo' face in the sand, nigga

(Chorus)

(Hook: JT)

Nigga you a bitch wit'cho gun, snitch wit'cho gun
Still get found in a ditch wit'cho gun
Bitch wit'cho gun, snitch wit'cho gun
Still get found in a ditch wit'cho gun

(Verse Two: JT)

Yo, Fig' never play with them guns, no you hear me
Fig' ain't shot nuttin up but kill spirits
Fig' ain't the one to be, scared of the losses
One-on-one fightin for stripes with right crosses
Uppercuts and heatbutts to get a head rush
Bitch niggaz rather kick back, and let they lead bust
I been a pitbull since Fila {?} and Kenny Ken
Used to chuck 'em by the corner sto' whoever win
Them was my O.G.'s, and I was just a B.G.
Whoever want to see me, Figgaro can {?}
But now we got them old niggaz that bust with they tommy
But caught without they tommy get rushed like salami
Cause everybody tired of them R.I.P.'s
We 'bout to bring this fightin back mayne to all our streets
Now, cowards wanna pack and, killers wanna cruise and
Real niggaz stand alone mayne and do what we do
I wanna bust you but homey let me ask you
Why you wanna play with that gun, and make me blast you
Moms all cryin and shit, she gotta ask you
{?} better to save on caskets you dumb nigga

(Chorus + Hook)

(Verse Three: JT)

Oh boy! Old friends like to make up and get cavi
Hell nah, she in the club wit'cho baby daddy
She got the coat on he bought you for yo' birthday (oh no!)
You kickin back, I'm 'bout to clown him in the worst way (bitch)
Team on preem' like he hangin out with 'Pac brother
And you a boss for not cuttin him with the boxcutter
And it was cool 'til this chick really got to trippin

Spittin drink in yo' face, boy she popped up pimpin (what?)
Zoked out like, fat boy you can't breathe
Bounce back and grab that trick by her fuckin weave
Bring her to the flo', teach her 'bout the Get Low
She gon' really know, mob her on the danceflo'

(Chorus + Hook)

(JT)

Yeah I gotta acknowledge them fo' carloads of HP niggaz
that came to Fillmoe for y'all one-on-ones mayne, and y'all got it mayne
Niggaz put the guns down and after that nigga it was real big
They get stripes for that, nigga, special shoutout nigga
to them three young Sunnydale niggaz
Nigga that was surrounded by ten Fillmoe niggaz mayne
And all y'all wanted was one-on-ones and y'all got it nigga
Stripes for that!

(Chorus + Hook)