Drop It Off

Lil Wyte

"Drop It Off"(Chorus: repeat 4X)
Drop it off drop it off
Bitch I got a sawed off
Put that money in the bag
Hoe I'll blow yo ass off(Verse One)
It all started out cool and calm, we had it under control
We had blueprints to the bank from roof to floor
My nigga Paul had them yawks and bullet-proof vests
Juicy dropped off the 600 the get away the best
We had an in-sider that was working for Union Planners
She told us everyday at 6 o clock they turn off the cameras
At 6 o five the guards go on break for milk and banannas
Six thirty guards come back from break and back on with the cameras
So that gives us twenty five minutes to get in and out
We gotta do this shit so quick and slick without a doubt
I got some folks that be down to ride all it takes a shout
And if its business they comin quicker thats what they bout
God as my witness we gonna get this one some way some how
With thirty million dollars in diamonds we cant miss out
The plans in action tomorrow we gon case it out
Give me twenty four more hours and we gon clean it out
(Chorus)(Verse Two)
It's going down five o'clock and we loadin the trucks up
Get the 40's get the vests get the masks get the pump
Dont forget the smoke bombs to cloud them out when we get done
Man this shits about to get so hecked up under the sun
Six o clock pullin up and we know surveillance off
Six o five guards are breaking and were waiting on the cough
Thats the sign to come in and lay everyone on the ground
Units in faces of customers so they dont make a sound
Keep your guns up and your masks on till the cash gone
Now lets get this thirty million in diamonds and mash on
8 minutes left on the clock before the cameras click
Back into rotation on the bank and they scope out the shit
Got the jewerly got the loot, situations looking cool
All of a sudden a cop comes outta no where and he start to shoot
So many rounds is wizzin by me I dont see how I aint dead
Smooth? stepped in the way with a AK and shot the cop in his head
(Chorus)(Verse Three)
We got the diamonds in the stash spot, and 10 in he tank
But the police on our tail an officer down in the bank
So we hit the gas threw the masks, lost the vests and ditched the gats

Made a corner, hit it fast, man these folks all on our ass
Push the 600 to the limit, we doin a dance
Fraiser hit the brakes goin 150 tryin to make em crash
Trippin in the back seat cause im high up off that mary jane
Talkin crazy, its over this time and it aint funny man
Ballin down Lamar dodgin cars and we aint tryin to stop
My Rolley onion came off of a side street and smacked a cop
But they still comin, its seven of em, and they catchin quick
After Sunroof I through a smoke bomb and they got lost in it
Make a left a right a quick left, pullin to this driveway
Turn your tail lights off and just park and dont go no where just stay
Pokey off our trail hot as hell but we still gotta shoot
Back to headquarters to come forward seperatin the loot
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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