

# Drop It Off (feat. Migos)

## Young Dolph

Yeah yeah it's Dolph, Migos  
Drop that sack off, drop the racks off  
Bad bitch in my car, takin' her panties off  
We know you real soft, that's real talk (real talk)  
This is for my niggas that get them birds off (yeah yeah)  
I know I got them people on my coattail (12)  
If you ain't getting no money  
I wish you well (go get the money)  
I'm havin' too much traffic, neighbors gon' tell (aye, pull up)  
I gotta put you down by my clientele  
Clientele jumpin' think I'm on to somethin'  
I never had nothin', that's why I'm always stuntin' (yea)  
My right hand man was there when nobody wasn't  
You ever seen three million in cash nigga, in all hundreds  
Shut the spot down I smell the drug task coming  
Throw away all the phones, uh  
I got rich off strong, yeah  
If you take care of your family then you're my type of nigga  
I might sit down and trap and count some millions with you (woah) [?] Can't do nothing with a  
broke hoe  
Can't trust a nigga cause where I come from they cut throat  
You play ball, sell weed, or you cooking dope (which one)  
If it ain't bout big money, then I ain't who you lookin' for  
Drop that sack off, drop the racks off  
Takin' her panties off  
We know you real soft, yeah that's real talk  
This for my niggas get them birds off  
I know I got them people on my coattail (12)  
If you ain't getting money wish you well (go get the money)  
I'm havin' too much traffic, neighbors gon' tell (aye, pull up)  
I gotta put you down by my clientele  
Colossal, Gelato  
Neighbors knockin' at my door, ask what's that loud smell? (Cookie)  
Draco, aimin' at my peephole (peephole)  
Ain't bout no violence, they gon' tell, quick to call 12  
Dribble the ball, bale, we sellin' the raw, shells  
He poppin' that lame shit  
The chopper shoot like it's a ball player  
Give me the pot, give me the pot, and I bet I turn it to paste  
Who call the shots, who talk on wires?  
I bet I turn em to waste  
I keep the fire, Michael Myers

I'm in the dark, connivin'  
Bombin', Osama Bin Laden  
Under the ground plottin'  
Smokin' on poison ivy, bricks in a porta-potty (bricks)  
When I'm with Dolph we divin'  
Slippery diamonds slidin'  
Drop that sack off, drop the racks off  
Bad bitch in my car, takin' her panties off  
We know you real soft, that's real talk (real talk)  
This is for my niggas that get them birds off (yeah yeah)  
I know I got them people on my coattail (12)  
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I wish you well (go get the money)  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>