

Drippy

Young Dolph

Ayy

Real drippy right now Lil' mama got ass for days, and I got cash for days

That fake shit, I can't relate

Hate, I see it all over his face (damn)

Yeah I got racks in the safe

Yeah I'm fuckin' on your bae

Never keep dope where you lay

Keep a draco or an AK

Drippy (drippy), drippy (drip), drippy (drip), drippy (swag)

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Drippy (swag), drippy (drip), drippy (swag), drippy (drip), drippy

Prometh, sippin'

My bitch she gettin' tipsy

Valentino my outfit, my bitch she rockin' Fendi (drippy)

Too much ice, it might make you dizzy

Diamonds, hittin'

Dead fresh, dig me (drippy)

Drippy, drippy

You a peasant, you cannot come near me (uhuh)

Heard a fuck nigga wanna kill me

'Cause I treat his baby mama like a frisbee, yeah

Fuck nigga, try again

You lose, I win

Shoot him in the ass, again

Pray for my enemies, amen

The realest nigga in it, ayy man

Shit, this young nigga poppin', damn

Nah, can't no nigga stop him

Paper Route, we stand on top of shit

Pull up in your city, we rockin' shit

I'm in the streets where the hitters at

I'm in the street where the dealers at

I'm in the section where all the bad bitches at

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Drippy (swag), drippy (drip), drippy (swag), drippy (drip), drippy I used to want a million then I
wanted ten now I want a 100
All my bitches got an onion, private jet out the country (let's go)
Just to go shop and eat lunch
Foreign hoes, I got a bunch
Codeine (what else?), sweet tea (what's that?), call that a tropical punch (okay)
I mix the Gelato with the lemon tree, call that a tropical blunt
I give that green light and you done
Ayy come here lil' mama, where you from? (Ey, what's up?)
All of that ass, you the bomb
All of that ass, you the bomb
Now take this money, get on the plane
I need you to go get a bomb
I put her in Yves Saint Laurent
I put 70 thou in my charm
I put 50 grams in my trunk
I was sellin' dope, I ain't go to prom (Damn, I wish I could've went to prom)
But I get rich anyway so motherfuck the prom
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>