

Juicy J and Wiz Khalifa, Pop That Trunk

Bumper, drug 'em, fuck 'em (Rest in peace, Koopsta Knicca)
I don't love 'em, dump 'em, slump 'em
Bumper, drug 'em, fuck 'em (What Juicy said?)
I don't love 'em, dump 'em, slump 'em (Yeah, he be like, "Shut the fuck up")
Bumper, drug 'em, fuck 'em
I don't love 'em, dump 'em, slump 'em (Mm-hmm)
(And if the beat live, you know Lil Ju made it)
Let's get it

Pop that trunk, I got 4-15's, bitch, you hear me beat
Pop that trunk, I got AR-15's, bitch, don't think it's sweet
Pop that trunk, I got what you need, my whole team eatin'
Pop that trunk, pop that trunk, nigga, I pop that trunk
Pop that trunk, I got 4-15's, bitch, you hear me beat (Mm-hmm)
Pop that trunk, I got AR-15's, bitch, don't think it's sweet
Pop that trunk, I got what you need, my whole team eatin'
Pop that trunk, pop that trunk, nigga, I pop that trunk (Yeah, yeah, let's go)

Sippin' Yak', in that new Maybach
How you like that?
This ain't an act
My life like a movie but you can't write that
If you think you ain't gon' pay me my brick, you got me fucked up
Catch your ass trickin' on some pussy, get you stuck up (Mm-hmm)
Look at my smile, look at my style, I drive these bitches wild (You know it)
You say you smoke dope by the ounce, I smoke it by the pound
Ain't sweepin' no beef up under the rug, you gotta take these slugs (Doo, doo)
Before I give this bitch this dick, I'm 'bout to take these drugs (Pop 'em)
The way I move, you would think these niggas show me way more love (Mm-hmm)
Sometimes I just lay low until I run a million up (Yeah, yeah)
Either way it go, I'ma get it but I'm never gon' get enough (No)
I'm a savage, that shit in me, nigga, don't make me pop that, what?

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Pop that trunk, I got what you need, and it's a lotta dose
Pop that trunk, and it's full of boxes like I'm sellin' clothes
Got that skunk, said I got that skunk, we gon' blaze it up
Hella young, but I hope to God, you ain't gon' sell your soul
Hit the block, sell them niggas funk 'cause that's what they want
Fuck shit up when I pop that trunk, when I pop that trunk
Young nigga beatin' up the block, he could never dunk
But he heard a song 'bout pullin' guns, now he poppin' trunks
Yeah, I got it, yeah, I got it, and it's for anybody
And when it's really gone, I won't let you forget about it
Yeah, I got it, yeah, I got it, smokin' weed at every party
If you disrespect me orr my homies up in here, I gotta

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