

T.I., Top Back

[T.I.]

Haaaa... Mannie Fresh I got you nigga
I'm gonna show these niggaz what to do with one of your beats
I'm shutting the whole block down
Here comes trouble homey
I'ma tell you how the king like to ride homeboy

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I like my beat down low and my top let back
Can see me riding 24's with a chopper in the back
Ya like ya Kenwood hot and ya top let back
If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black

[Verse 1]

I'm the man in my city ain't nobody fucking wit me
You can ask the real niggaz and all the bad bitches
I'm a known drug dealer I always have 50's
And the thugs and the killers was all in class wit me
SS'S on 26's watching some television
Shorty I'm never slipping got the berretta in vision
And ready to pop the clip in, ready to get to tripping
Ready to show these folks a celebrity pistol whipping
Pimp stolen' the automobile and the roof for the tag missing
Policies' try to pursue me it's nothing but gas given
Addicted to fast living, guess I'm one of my dad's children
Think I'm bad now shoulda seen me before I had children
Give dick to ya daddy's daughter and dare her to have children?
Hope he got some insurance 'cause death her ass is enduring?
Kill her in Mississippi and drive her ass to Missouri
Still my wet paint drippin' while I'm woodgrain gripping

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I got this Pimp Squad Click I know you heard about us
Young niggaz filthy rich and we ain't worried bout much
On this glock I clutch In God I trust
If a fuck nigga start bet his heart I bust
Got ya partners and the broad in ya car fucked up
What, ya under estimation thought a star wouldn't bust
I got the heart and the guts on this purp I blow
Move ten bricks daily tryin' to twerk five mo
Ya see the Cadillac swerving down Hollywood Road
On the flyest Spur in Cali fucking Hollywood Ho's
On a pill and half with my partner Young Dro
Bumping Goodie Mob Soul Food number fo
Other rappers' old dudes told dudes I'ma pro
With a loaded fo fo and a quarter brick of blow
(Hey) nigga don't you hit me less you buying 6 or mo
My 24 blades glistening and my 808 kicking

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I wear the crown down under man somebody better tell 'em
'For I spit a hundred rounds and have everybody bailing
I got some bitches in a Benz and my partners in the Chevy
And now we riding Giovanni's and Asani's on Pirellis
If ya ever think ya trying to run up on me just forget it
The clip in the chopper long as ya leg and leave ya shredded
Pistol way in the truck got my knife on tuck
Ya think he ain't getting stuck you got life fucked up
A couple stitches in ya hip will have ya night fucked up
Will he live? Will he die? Guess he might luck up

Meanwhile I'm racing my Ferarri like a light for a buck
Against Lamborghini Gallardo everytime I get a car...

[Chorus]