

# Top Tier (feat. Sean Price, Bun B & Styles P)

## Statik Selektah

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm top ten, you tone up-top from the top tier  
Tat his iPhone, the animal Ock I box bears  
Got those quotes to Glock pop folks  
Two times in the head and laugh, that's the knock-knock joke  
Shots flying, I nail ya  
Shots fly I nail ya, one eye open scopin I'm Popeye da Sailor  
Used to get hungry off of the stress plate  
Used to get money off a cassette tape  
The best ain't made great  
The godfather large armour logical, I'm on point chronological  
I don't rock boots with spikes, nigga  
Don't watch roots with white niggas  
Bullets [?] when the eight's spitting  
Blow this shit out of proportion, the race in racism  
A degree for my declaration  
When saying Sean P say da P with exclamation  
Motherfucker Let me tell you 'bout this story of a young'n  
Raised in a ghetto that he was brung in  
Round the drinkin' and druggin'  
Had to box it out in backyards  
So I put my Nike Airs on  
And dug in the dirt and I started sluggin'  
I lost some, I won some, but I fought them all  
Trying not to be another name upon the wall  
Lots of murals that's been painted in memory of  
But I'm still here so before I'm gone gimme the love  
Imma take my flowers now when I can still smell 'em  
Then roll up the strongest trees and inhale em  
The world is getting worse everyday I try to tell em  
As long as you keep buying the lies then they gon' sell 'em  
Y'all niggas is mad and they tired, ready to act out  
You can't keep killing them and not expect them to black out

You locked the front doors on 'em and they take the background  
All your shit will leave your face with the shit smacked out I'm fraying but I'm saying that I'm spraying cause I  
am if I have to  
Salute the niggas laying on the land like a statue  
If I say I'm staying where I stand I'ma vanish  
If I say I'm out, I'm playing with the menace  
That's like beef or vendetta  
You wouldn't understand the goals without a mask on your face  
Shoulda really feel something, when they blast in your face  
If you playing in the jungle feel the wrath of those apes  
But I'm positive and negative, ignorant and conscience too  
Listen to the angels, but watch what the monsters do  
You addicted niggas sponsor you  
Tell you have another one, watch that shit conquer you  
Even the wise do foolish shit  
Even the cop kill a kid that go to school and shit  
Believe it or not, stand still and you can move with it  
Open your eyes and I ain't even got to prove this shit Oh my god  
How I humble myself  
As I bow to your throne  
I pray for love, peace and happiness  
To be present in my home  
Yes, I do  
And let your heart

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