

Top Drop (Featuring Paul Wall)

Slim Thug

[Chorus]

Got the damn top

Got the damn top drop

Got the Got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop

Got the damn top

Got the damn top drop

Got the Got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop

Got the damn top

Got the damn top drop

Got the Got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop

Got the damn top

Got the damn top drop

Got the Got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop For you jackers that's hatin'

Run up try to rob yeah bitch I'm a be waitin'

In the country see me skatin'

On my chrome lookin' good

You fuck with my bitch and I'm a shoot up ya hood

Still leather and the wood that's tradition down in Texas

Roll Cadillac we don't fuck with no Lexus

Bitch by my side in my ride lookin' lovely

Pour up out the paint we ain't sippin' on no bubbly

Screwed tape loud while I'm swangin' by the crowd

And the dro" got me how it feel like I'm in a cloud

I'm a H-Town nigga.

Reppin' for P.A.T.

Big Hawk, DJ Screw, Big Moe and Pimp C

I'm a Shine for my city fuck them haters talkin' down

So holla at a nigga when you see me walkin' round

07 was a hard one but I can be found

In my slab puffin pounds tryna take away my frown

And I[Chorus]I got my mind on my money and my glock in my hand

Grindin' hard, paper stackin' tryna follow the plan

Pullin', gloss and steams chasin' million dollar dreams

Livin' the thug life I get it by any means

When times get hard I got no one to hold me down

So I ride with the top down and cruise around town

The boppers in line, cause I been known to be a slab rider

Comin' down clean, marchin' like a freedom fighter

When you ride 4's patna' stay strapped

The gone catch ya at the light and put one in ya cap
See I keep it in my lap, I ain't slippin' for none
I ain't got sprayed by any but homie I ain't done
I'm bout to raise a truck and drop a couple of screens
I'm thinkin' ? with bout 4-15's
See the leather is perforated, them boys gone sho' hate it
My slab is undisputed I'm the number one rated
With my Top Drop[Chorus]While they waitin' on me to fall, I'm a still stand tall
Ball hard in the mall
I been shinin' for a while, haters ya in denial
Since back in 9 -8 I been wreckin' freestyles
With spit lines that'll put a smile on ya child
And do a song that'll make the hood go wild
The flow versatile, When they hear it they like wow
That boy got talent yeah I like your style.
But uh
No pressure, don't let the bullshit stress ya
A ? with somebody test ya
God bless ya
Ya Grind lesser, ya shine lesser
Ya win when you don't let this material shit impress ya
Insides like a dresser, wood grain on the dash
My motto, fuck pain put my name on the cash
I used to wish and dream I could swang on the glass
Now cars, clothes, and hoes is a thang of the past
And IGot the damn top
Got the damn top drop
Got the Got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop
Got the damn top
Got the damn top drop
Got the got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop
Got the damn top
Got the damn top drop
Got the got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop
Got the damn top
Got the damn top drop
Got the Got the damn top drop
Got my glock clocked.

Songwriters

JEFFERSON, JOSEPH B./HAWES, BRUCE/SIMMONS, CHARLES B./SLAYTON, PAUL
MICHAEL/THOMAS, STAYVE/JONES, JAMAL F./RICHARDS, MARECE BENJAMIN/DE BARGE,
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