Topless

Dr Dre

[T.I]:
Yea Yea. No roof. Live life topless can't nobody stop this.
A this the D.R. Charger saving artists out da E R. Bring em back to life beats like CPR. Made the west side world wide. No PR. Gangsta rap god. Imma end all be all. California love from the Bloods to the C-Dogs. The Compton monsters make ya wanna cut ya M P off. The greatest in the game. Haters should be ashamed to not acknowledge in the brain of the west coast kings. Brought Kronic to the scene folded pills in the lean. Now the game full of puppies look at me no strings. Again and again I've shown you've seen me piss on niggas egos. Ruin they self-esteem. Sky the limit no roof I can do what you dream. Done it all foe you eva did a thing NA MEEN. Tees and black jeans no bling just bang. Officially deranged. Clinically insane. Look Eazy aint a damn thang changed. I promise still live like we did back when Straight Out Of Compton. Taught niggas how to have attitudes on some hood shit. Showed em what to smoke when dey was blazing that bull shit. That's why you smell the drug aroma when my record play. Not a blemish on my image decorated resume. A legendary legacy. All that I was you'll neva be. Fuck is yall tellin me? Forever on top. Face it you'll neva be better than the Doc. Ask Pac. Again I say it's neva gone stop. Face it you'll neva be greater than the Doc. Ask Pac.
[Chorus]:

Cause ladies when I shine. Nigga wish quick. No startin I'm the shootin kind. Front page all the time. You boys think sick but I aint got no roof on mine. I drink Topless, I live Topless. Like my girl is the game with her titties out. I drink Topless, I live Topless. Sky's the limit I'm paid to run the city now.
[Nas]:
Ya skins ya traveling bag of your existence. Yours is shabby and scab while mines glistenin. Vivid on my skin how many continents I've visit then you could journey with me to different places by listenin. Shittin on em. Ya brutha got it covered we can slug it, knuckle it however you want I love it. A hustler's wit. The grit the grind. My genetic code make-up. Murderer by design. On my calendar time when night meets day. I'm in a light grey bugatti like a high-speed chase. Adrenaline like jogger the jump in rope in place. The Muhammad Ali hobbies no pilates trying to keep the ocean by me. Hit a rich man's wife see what these hoes can buy me. Lookin forward but it's nice to see the rode behind me. Hotel's a 7 star. Begets glowin. Keep ya lid yet dawg the private jet bowin topless.
[Chorus]:
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