Top cat

Hanna-Barbera

He in a bid nap, human being waste spittin'
As I'm sweepin' through an alley in New York, a stray kitten
Dog chase a couple of blocks, shocks, tough being a fox
He in a tux, check the scenario, he stuff me in a box
A hundred home, why you cry, we went just like wine
'Cuz a appreciate of me, and kitten like writers
'Cuz of my tongue, wonder why I hits and unhand the fly kid
To cut a bishop like she needed a home or a knockin'
Word, bit her off another like, not a committee, hit her off
Not to mention, sweatin' the kitty really off
Had to do this, ain't no regular see the ruler's
Wit this rich white lady sayin', "Ain't he the cutest?"
Clerk said on real estate, so in the car, we're awate
Although the ho better know I want 4 mills a day
Who else is firm? Me and Travis, the on the dot cat
Better be a good lil' cat, hooker don't pop crack
'Cuz I'm Top Cat
Let me hug her for the million, and again, great this villain
Huggin' me so much, she almost suffocate the brilliant
Sad eyes, plus she had a bad pad, nice
Said have to do my share of work, the hooker had mad mice
Was like a fleet of them niggas, though was kind of fun to be
Ill treatin' them, clean 'em in, plus I thought was gonna eat them
Cat food, this ain't none to me, see a rat, you come run
More like hunt to me, you wanna get this shit from in front of me
From Thanksgiving to, please now shout for somethin'
Can a nigga get some in, she wouldn't let me out for nothin'
I guess I could be called a brat, now a jolly want a fat
So let me rub my head all up against her, so she think she all of that
And every day of the week, sweatin' was like a sand of stayin'
Would you lay off? I'm watchin' Prince of the Wales
You're in the way-o, mouse craze across the room
Should of seen, he stopped traffic
She's still a hooker snap, didn't I tell you don't pop crack
'Cuz I'm Top Cat
Now come and the sex triggers, and his penis stiffer
Bigger, said boy she surely sleepin' wit a lot of different niggas
In position as he coach this, doin' the mood by the 'proach this
And when the bitch she clean the house

You wouldn't have so many roaches
But still she buggin' and he comin', and the naughty wit the hut
He fall asleep, burglar come, up shorty get the shotty
Find me out, and nothin' stun him, the hoes did love him
Feed on a bitch, got up and chase me till she heard it
What was that? Got her gun, she had a dozen, mad loud
And for a over honey lady, definitely that wasn't a bad shot
Police came and all of that, and now I hear her off, wonder her
So I snuggle a bundle of, 'cuz I kind of grow fond of her
My mouse run across, shouldn't seen me stopped traffic
Thought the ho was gonna snap, better not pop crack
The who? Top Cat

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