

# Top Ten (Ft. Big K.R.I.T - Prod. By 6ix)

## Logic

I hope you feel this shit  
Top ten flow and it's still this shit  
Went away, had to get away  
Been away, came back and a motherfucker still the shit  
Hold up, what's real as this?  
Feelin' myself, who ill as this?  
Mastered the flow from the east to the west  
But right now I'm wondering how trill is this  
I've been around for a minute now  
One hunnid, I'm in it now  
People that wasn't there back in the day talkin' bout  
Man, remember I'm winning now  
I could only imagine if I was beginning now  
Back in the beginning now  
Fuck that  
Spent a mil' on the chain and I tell my company deduct that  
Get the fuck back First off I give a fuck about all that top five  
If I ain't in it  
Niggas barely ever play my records (It don't matter)  
But I'm still winnin' from the M-I-crooked  
Just to make 'em peep what I'm cookin', I love Mississippi  
I put a studio in my partner kitchen  
So by the way I'm whippin you would think I'm juggin' these hoes  
Cuttin' crack and make 'em double back like excuse me nigga  
I need a stove, nah, I ain't selling dope  
But this a metaphor for my flow  
But I'mma probably have to hit with a fork (maybe dumb it down)  
'Til it bubble up and then rise some more  
So I can bag it up for these insta folk  
And sell it for the low 'cause they simple  
If I hear "KRIT, you need a hit" one more time  
Lookin' at us like "how these motherfuckers gon' under ship mine?"  
Still do an interview here there  
And they don't even know that I'm signed (Nigga you had to know that)  
If I wait on the label to support my vision I might go blind  
Lately I've been on my tell it all get rich  
Start plottin' on my way I did  
To show like Empire may the very thing I dreamed of  
Look like bullshit

Kill 'em all, why not, King when I'm busy  
Krizzle up in the blizzard and the cold  
Said who was here, never really snowed in the sizzie  
Fuck what ya heard, multi 'til I dizzie, bitch  
Aight, check it, it's the take  
I heard y'all been checking my net worth  
What the fuck is y'all doing?  
Y'all ain't on my level, boy, go pay your rent first  
And then maybe I'll sign you  
I'm looking for talent, I hope that I find you  
(Wait a minute, you asked me now let me tell you  
Now here's another problem)  
They probably expecting that shit for the first album, man fuck that  
They'll say that I changed  
And I'll say I had to show 'em my range  
'Cause if I do what I did then they'll say it's the same  
Just can't win in this game (What's wrong with it)  
Money talks, that's a figure of speech, that went over their  
head  
Like the dough that I throw in the air like I'm Papa John  
That mafia money, that parmesan  
My shortie a dime, your bitches are not, pennies  
Probably take her to Denny's, we chillin at Lenny's  
You know I got 99 problems, but keep it a hundred  
You know that I done it  
Just me and my homies, we tryna make it to the summit  
Praying that we don't plummet  
Like "Oh my God look at your boy now you finally done it"  
I've been writing these records from actual facts  
So hopefully you learn something from it  
But what I learned is

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