

# Top Back

T.i.

Mannie Fresh I got you nigga  
I'm gonna show these niggaz what to do with one of your beats  
I'm shuttin' the whole block down  
Here comes trouble homey  
I'ma tell you how the king like to ride homeboy  
I like my beat down low and my top let back  
Can see me ridin' 24's with a chopper in the back  
Holla if ya like ya Kenwood high and ya top let back  
If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black  
I like my beat down low and my top let back  
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Holla if ya like ya Kenwood high and ya top let back  
If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black  
I'm the man in my city ain't nobody fuckin' wit me  
You can ask the real niggaz and all the bad bitches  
I'm a known drug dealer I always have 50's  
And the thugs and the killers was all in class wit me  
SS'S on 26's watchin' some television  
Shorty I'm never slippin' got the berretta in vision  
And ready to pop the clip in, ready to get to trippin'  
Ready to show these folks a celebrity pistol whippin'  
Pimp stolen the automobile and the roof for the tag missin'  
Polices try to pursue me it's nothin' but gas given'  
Addicted to fast livin', yes I'm one of my dads children  
Think I'm bad now shoulda seen me before I had children  
Give dick to ya daddy's daughter and they oughta have children?  
Hope he got some insurance 'cause I definitely have some endurance?  
Kill her in Mississippi and drive her ass to Missouri  
Still my waint pet drippin' while I'm woodgrain grippin'  
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I got this Pimp Squad Click I know you hearda 'bout us  
Young niggaz filthy rich and we ain't worried 'bout much

On this glock I clutch in God I trust  
If a fuck nigga start bet his heart I bust  
Got ya partners and the broad in ya car fucked up  
What, ya under estimation thought a star wouldn't bust  
I got the heart and the guts on this purp I blow  
Move ten bricks daily tryin' to twerk five mo  
Ya see the Cadillac swervin' down Hollywood Road  
On the flyest bird in Cali fuckin' Hollywood hoes  
On a pill and half with my partner Young Dro  
Bumpin' Goodie Mob Soul Food number fo'  
Other rappers' old dudes told dudes I'ma pro  
With a loaded fo fo and a quarter brick of blow  
Hey nigga don't you hit me less you buyin' 6 or mo'  
My 24 blades glistenin' and my 808 kickin'  
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If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black  
I wear the crown down under man somebody better tell 'em  
'Fore I spit a hundred rounds and have everybody bailin'  
I got some bitches in a Benz and my partners in the Chevy  
And now we ridin' Giovannis and Asanis on Pirellis  
If ya ever think ya tryin' to run up on me just forget it  
The clip in the chopper long as ya leg and leave ya shredded  
Pistol way in the truck got my knife on tuck  
Ya think he ain't getin' stuck you got life fucked up  
A couple stiches in ya hip will have ya night fucked up  
Will he live? Will he die? Guess he might luck up  
Meanwhile I'm racin my Ferarri like a light for a buck  
Against Lamborghini Gallardo everytime I get a car  
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I like my beat down low and my top let back  
Can see me ridin' 24's with a chopper in the back  
Holla if ya like ya Kenwood high and ya top let back  
If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black, hey

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