

Top Down (feat. Casey Veggies & Skeme)

Pac Div

Verse 1: Mibbs]

Shout out to my thick girls, thick girls
You tha shit girl, shit girl
With them hips girl, hips girl
Got a mixed girl with curls
Got me a rich girl with pearls
Neither one is cooking better than my big girl, big girl
Come get this dick girl, dick girl
Better come quick girl, quick girl
I like girls who come with girls and I like girls who fuck with girls
It's too easy, I'm too sleazy
Drinking Fiji, watching TV
I been nice since BeBe CeCe Winans
Why these girls pee pee when we be
Rhyming, you see me I'm rocking diamonds
With my (?) I be grinding
BXB and we be shining
2-seater bitch, we reclining
Top down, armor all'd up
Got that brown up in my cup
Got that bomb fired up

[Verse 2: Skeme]

Drop that Breitling for the Hublot
Boy I got nothing but time
And I tell her mom to keep her cat
Till I show my dick what's on her mind
Lemme get that head! Lemme get that head!
Girl I need that head
Screaming Inglewood forever
I sip that purple and bleed that red
Niggas know wassup, these girls wanna fuck with me
I'm on that same shit
Crooked or call me Mr. Never-Seen-With-The-Same-Bitch
Swear I had on Polo out in Soho smoking skunk
And I had 4 hoes in that 4-door with my .44 in the trunk
Underground niggas, independent getting checks tho
Boy I spit that sick shit, flow like I got strep throat
Duke and Pac Divvy, we get busy, get the bidness

Baby girl you in the presence of the king: bear witness

[Hook]

Top down, yeah I'm the man
I'm from LA, I got that juice and I got a plan
Girls just hop in I drop the roof
We can get a tan
So when you see me, I'll be speeding like a Demon
With my head out the window screaming: Top Down!

[Verse 3: Be Young]

I got a hundred dollars on me
Finna head straight to the store
Smoking on that headband, it goes straight to your skull
Lincoln Continental flow, player player ?
These niggas finna hate, and that list is gonna be long
Just been in my chromosome
(?), Home Alone
Corvette's your rolling stone
Zip boy fresh they know they wrong
And I got guess in my cologne
She be guessing wrong
When niggas cut you short, make sure your checks is long
It's that upper eschelon
Rambo with ammo. Fat boy shit
Had them niggas rocking camo
Cold-blooded mammal but the bitches keep me warm
They only doing shit that they seen in a song

[Hook]

[Casey Veggies]

I don't got nothing to prove
Been stack bucks since I left school
These hoes say I think I'm to cool
But I guess some girls get fooled
Cause this young nigga that do
Riding around with my crew
Wanna way to pay for more dudes
That's my day to day, (?)
(?)
My swag sayin' I'm best
The streets sayin' I'm next
Excuse me if I flex
I just do my thing in my own zone

Always wait for the right time
My main chick got a real nigga
She know I got guidelines
Homeboy I'm on tour
In a hotel, tryin' to make more
Do 60 shows, nigga that's the goal
If you can't tell we livin' well
You should put your hand up for me
Pants 340
You should do it too girl, ya man suck don't he
(?), throw the alley oop
Might throw it back
Then I probably

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>