

# 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]

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