

# Top Floor

## Nipsey Hussle

Yeah, now one time for this fast money  
And all these outer state promoters spending cash on me  
And fly crippling, what's the country I'm the flag  
Nigga still talking bad, but they got they whole swag from me  
And I wish a nigga would try and pass on me  
... homie  
I'm getting racks, I ain't trying to make a rap homie  
I fuck with who I fuck with and that's that homie  
Yeah, hundred thousand on my chain and piece  
Bitches love to see you shine and I aim to please  
This world turnt a nigga violent but I came in peace  
And keep it real until I kill this game, I just say complete  
She ain't gonna make it to the sweet if she ain't a freak  
Get cracking in the back seat so she ain't for me  
She try to hit me with that wait and see  
Told her ... get a blunt and I got in the breeze  
That type of chick that make me laugh Brody  
And I ain't me a bitch yet that can swag on me  
Mascara tracks, but she asked for  
Now I just hope she has some cab money  
Now when I'm out here my grind, that's for sure  
Mind on my money, 7 days, 24  
Don't fuck with dumb niggas, I don't fuck with dumb hoes  
It ain't nothing to be done out here, that I ain't done before  
Teach you niggas how to ball, show you what to do with dough  
Get everythang you want then go back and get some more  
Can you relay, just let me know, I got it  
We ain't afraid of heights, we on the top floor, here I go  
Look, now 2 times for these pink slips  
And all these bossy ass deals that we inked in  
It ain't no playing with me, I got a 80 20  
That mean my shit sell any day they gonna pay me plenty  
It's strictly bizness in this game still they faking friendly  
Don't let them take advantage of you in and make them envy  
God is so ... nigga never make a millie  
With Nipsey though a middle man will never make a penny  
Yah, I'm going hard like I'm posed to  
And I ain't hanging out with money, that's what hoes do  
We popping ... at the condo with the cold...  
You from hanging out the window popping pistols at the old school

And I ain't ... here nigga, kill your own fools  
Sacrifice your own years pay your own dues  
Sell your own pounds, buy your own pro tools  
Do it like I did it, drop your nuts and make your own rules  
Now when I'm out here my grind, that's for sure  
Mind on my money, 7 days, 24  
Don't fuck with dumb niggas, I don't fuck with dumb hoes  
It ain't nothing to be done out here, that I ain't done before  
Teach you niggas how to ball, show you what to do with dough  
Get everythang you want then go back and get some more  
Can you relay, just let me know, I got it  
If you ain't afraid of heights, meet me on the top floor, here I go  
See I've been on my grind, way too many years  
To let these fake rapping niggas act like they my peers  
I see them rolling dice, grab pot and disappear  
Stay fresh... make a diamond and it's clear  
I'm nothing like them niggas tell lies in your ears  
See me I really share blood sweat and tears  
That's why everything you see match everything you hear  
And nothing lasts forever, so join me while I'm here, clear  
Here I go, what  
Say I go  
Now when I'm out here my grind, that's for sure  
Mind on my money, 7 days, 24  
Don't fuck with dumb niggas, I don't fuck with dumb hoes  
It ain't nothing to be done out here, that I ain't done before  
Teach you niggas how to ball, show you what to do with dough  
Get everythang you want then go back and get some more  
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If you ain't afraid of heights, meet me on the top floor, here I go  
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