Top Drop

Secret Music

Got the damn top, got the damn top drop
Got the, got the, damn top drop, top drop, top drop
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For you, jackers that's hatin'
Run up, try to rob, yeah, bitch, I'm a be waitin'
In the country, see me skatin' on my chrome, lookin', good
You fuck with my bitch and I'm a shoot up ya hood
Still leather and the wood that's tradition down in Texas
Roll Cadillac, we don't fuck with no Lexus
Bitch by my side in my ride lookin' lovely
Pour up out the paint, we ain't sippin' on no bubbly
Screwed tape loud while I'm swangin' by the crowd
And the dro got me, how it feel like I'm in a cloud
I'm a H-Town nigga, reppin' for P.A.T
Big Hawk, DJ Screw, Big Moe and Pimp C
I'm a shine for my city, fuck them haters, talkin' down
So holla at a nigga when you see me walkin' round
07 was a hard one but I can be found
In my slab, puffin' pounds, tryna take away my frown
And I
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Got the damn top, got the damn top drop
Got the, got the, damn top drop, got my glock clocked
Glock clocked
I got my mind on my money and my glock in my hand
Grindin' hard, paper stackin', tryna follow the plan
Pullin' gloss and steams, chasin' million dollar dreams
Livin' the thug life, I get it by any means
When times get hard, I got no one to hold me down

So I ride with the top down and cruise around town
The boppers in line 'cause I been known to be a slab rider
Comin' down clean, marchin' like a freedom fighter
When you ride 4's, partner stay strapped

The gone catch ya at the light and put one in ya cap
See I keep it in my lap, I ain't slippin' for none
And I ain't got sprayed by any but homie I ain't done
I'm 'bout to raise a truck and drop a couple of screens
I'm thinkin' [Incomprehensible] with 'bout 4-15's
See the leather is perforated, them boys gone sho' hate it
My slab is undisputed I'm the number one rated
With my top drop
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Glock clocked
While they waitin' on me to fall, I'm a still stand tall
Ball hard in the mall
I been shinin' for a while, haters, ya in denial
Since back in 9-8, I been wreckin' freestyles
With spit lines that'll put a smile on ya child
And do a song that'll make the hood go wild
The flow versatile when they hear it they like wow
That boy got talent, yeah, I like your style
But, uh, no pressure, don't let the bullshit stress ya
A [Incomprehensible] with somebody test ya, God bless ya
Ya grind lesser, ya shine lesser
Ya win when you don't let this material shit impress ya
Insides like a dresser, wood grain on the dash
My motto, fuck pain, put my name on the cash
I used to wish and dream I could swang on the glass
Now cars, clothes and hoes is a thang of the past
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