Top Notch

Lil Boosie

Top notch whips that's

What I drive

24 inches rims and tires

Hatin' ass niggas can't believe they eyes

They starin' me down, and I don't know why

They starin' me down, and I don't know why

They starin' me down, and I don't know why

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Hold up wait a second,

Let me think for a secondRed Bandana, Red Lexus

Top notch nigga hoes call me black and sexy

Top notch whip on that good drink from Texas

Got everybody lookin' like a nigga butt naked

Please be good 'cause it could go down

Mr Baton Rouge, I hold the streets crown

I feel it with gas, keep it clean as my ass

If I'm in that yellow thing I got on yellow to match

I would name my cars, but I ain't got time

Just got my fresh fade, check out my line

Ol' lady cross the street like "ain't that conley boy"

"That boy be on TV too, ain't that the same boy" (yea)

Fillin' even better when I look in the mirror

Diamonds on my teeth when I'm smiling at the niggas
From the car lot, to the rim shop we crawl and we creep
Southside young beast that's how I come on these streetsTop notch whips that's

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Hold up wait a second,

Let me think for a secondLook, I got a jag and it's sleepin' on deuces

Funeral home my whips up my whip game stupid

I'm in the back seat, I'm in the back seat

At the light, open the door, showin' my ass

You know how phat be

Impala drop on shontaez

O it's the dumb way
Lil Mama takin' pictures she saw me on
Rip the runway
Shinin' got my neck right
Shinin' got my mouth right

Shinin' got my mouth right Ankles bracelets in dimes so Shinin' got my walk right

I use 2's by 2's

Like I'll you stupid

Toilet paper niggas streets up,

When It's time for me to use it

Take a picture of my hair cut

My Steve Harvey look right on

Yea I know you see the ice

I'm on they cut the light on me

Gucci bag 50 grand in it

Look don't put yo hands in it

Do it the dummy way

You Catch me doin' my dance with it

Lil' Phat young boss if you don't know me

Ain't no waitin, Ain't no thinkin'

Nigga You gone have to show meTop notch whips that's

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Hold up wait a second,

Let me think for a second(Why why hmm)

BO what these niggas mad at me for

Frowned up lookin' cry baby like TO

Don't blame me nigga, blame my C-E-O

He want to take a trip, To the money Let's G-O

I got black women, white women,

Asain and creol

Pretty face, pretty feet, no corned foot Fritos

See Mouse like cheese so my nick name Cheetos

Fuck a favor, or a hand out, Ain't shit free hoe

I hop up out the Chevy?, wildin' full of c-notes

Yo baby momma and my friend wanna have a trio

When I work that lumber an huh yea she no

I beat that pussy up (beat it up) like deebo Hold up, damn nigga why you hatin' on me dough I see it in yo face and I could read ya like cleo Every Everybody know, we don't keep it on D-Low Trill ENT yea a nigga know how we rollTop notch whips that's

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Songwriters

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