

Top Back (Produced By Mannie Fresh)

T.I.

Creame de la creame homie, top shelf ya know
I like my beat down low, down low, down low, down low, down low, down low, down low
I like my top let back, let back, let back, let back, let back, let back
Ay holla if ya like ya beat down low, down low, down low, down low, down low, down low, down low
I like my top let back, let back, let back, let back, let back, let back Ay holla if ya like ya beat down low, down
low, down low, down low, down low, down low, down low
I like my top let back, let back, let back, let back, let back, let back I like my beat down low and my top let back
Can see me ridin' twenty-fours with a chopper in the back
Ya like ya Kenwood hot and ya top let back
If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black I like my beat down low and my top let back
Can see me ridin' twenty-fours with a chopper in the back
Ya like ya Kenwood hot and ya top let back
If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black I'm the man in my city, ain't nobody fuckin' wit' me
You can ask the real niggas and all the bad bitches
I'm a known drug dealer; I always have fifties
And the thugs and the killers was all in class wit' me
SS's on twenty-sixes, watchin' some television
Shorty, I'm never slippin', got the berretta in vision
And ready to pop the clip in, ready to get to trippin'
Ready to show these folks a celebrity pistol whippin'
Pimp stolen' the automobile, and the roof for the tag missin'
Polices try to pursue me; it's nothin' but gas-given
Addicted to fast livin', yes, I'm one of my dad's children
Think I'm bad now, you should a seen me before I had children
Give dick to ya daddy's daughter and they oughta have children
Hope he got some insurance 'cause I definitely have some endurance
Kill her in Mississippi and drive her ass to Missouri
Still my wet pet drippin' while I'm woodgrain grippin' I like my beat down low and my top let back
Can see me ridin' twenty-fours with a chopper in the back
Ya like ya Kenwood hot and ya top let back
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Ya like ya Kenwood hot and ya top let back
If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black I got this Pimp Squad Click; I know you heard about us
Young niggaz filthy rich, and we ain't worried 'bout much
On this glock I clutch
In God I trust, if a punk nigga start, bet his heart I bust
Got ya partners and the broad in ya car fucked up
What ya under estimation thought a star wouldn't bust

I got the heart and the guts on this perp I blow
 Move ten bricks daily, tryin' to twerk five mo'
 Ya see the Cadillac swervin' down Hollywood Road
 On the flyest bird in Cali, fuckin' Hollywood hos
 On a pill and half with my partner Young Dro Dro
 Bumpin' Goodie Mob Soul Food number fo'
 Other rappers', old dudes, told dudes I'm a pro
 With a loaded fo' fo' and a quarter brick of blow
 (Hey), nigga, don't you hit me 'less you buyin' six or mo'
 My twenty-four blades glistenin', and my 808 kickin' I like my beat down low and my top let back
 Can see me ridin' twenty-fours with a chopper in the back
 Ya like ya Kenwood hot and ya top let back
 If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black I like my beat down low and my top let back
 Can see me ridin' twenty-fours with a chopper in the back
 Ya like ya Kenwood hot and ya top let back
 If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black I wear the crown down under, man, somebody better tell 'em
 'For I spit a hundred rounds and have everybody bailin'
 I got some bitches in a Benz and my partners in the Chevy
 And now we ridin' Giovanni's and Asani's on Pirellis
 If ya ever think ya tryin' to run up on me, just forget it
 The clip in the chopper long as ya leg and leave ya shredded
 Pistol way in the truck, and my knife on tuck
 Ya think he ain't gettin' stuck, you got life fucked up
 A couple stiches in ya hip will have ya night fucked up
 Will he live? Will he die? Guess he might luck up
 Meanwhile, I'm racin' my Ferarri like a light for a buck
 Against Lamborghini Gallardo every time I get a car I like my beat down low and my top let back
 Can see me ridin' twenty-fours with a chopper in the back
 Ya like ya Kenwood hot and ya top let back
 If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black I like my beat down low and my top let back
 Can see me ridin' twenty-fours with a chopper in the back
 Ya like ya Kenwood hot and ya top let back
 If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black

Songwriters

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