The Bottom

Fig Dish

Got 'em
From the bottom to the top, I got 'em
Got 'em
From the bottom to the top, I got 'em
I was up in the hood, down at my boy's house
It was the summer time when everyone would hang out
Down at the corner store, we had the best of times
Yelling bingo at every car that came by
I knew that I had this dream
And I wanted them to believe that I was gonna make it
Got 'em
From the bottom to the top, I got 'em
Got 'em
From the bottom to the top, I got 'em
It happened so fast, I can't believe at last
I headed to the ATL just to hear the sound
Hooked up with Dallas and he had a record planned
Then JT Money said he would put Miami down
I knew that I had this dream, oh, yeah
And I wanted them to believe that I was gonna make it
From the bottom to the top, I got 'em

From the bottom to the top, I got 'em
From the bottom to the top, I got 'em
From the bottom to the top, I got 'em
Yeah that bottom, yeah
I'm from the city where the bass drop
Where the girls and the temperature stay hot
That bottom where that bass game started
And the girls shake their thing whole-hearted
MIA, baby,48 cabinets
Straight luggin' and it don't be happenin
Old school on the fools and the chumps
Let it out playing old school funk
Big Sammie put it down for the bottom
Fly honeys want money we got 'em
What'cha know about the Miami heat huh?
About how they shoot or what all that street?
A place where all the stuff retreat

Where they move to an up tempo beat
Never sleep, you know this thing don't stop
Coming from the bottom straight to the top fo' sure

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