

# 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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