

# Top Cat

## Toon Tunes

He in a bid nap, human being waste spittin'  
As I'm sweepin' through an alley in New York, a stray kitten  
Dog chase a couple of blocks, shocks, tough being a fox  
He in a tux, check the scenario, he stuff me in a box  
A hundred home, why you cry, we went just like wine  
'Cuz a appreciate of me, and kitten like writers  
'Cuz of my tongue, wonder why I hits and unhand the fly kid  
To cut a bishop like she needed a home or a knockin'  
Word, bit her off another like, not a committee, hit her off  
Not to mention, sweatin' the kitty really off  
Had to do this, ain't no regular see the ruler's  
Wit this rich white lady sayin', "Ain't he the cutest?"  
Clerk said on real estate, so in the car, we're awate  
Although the ho better know I want 4 mills a day  
Who else is firm? Me and Travis, the on the dot cat  
Better be a good lil' cat, hooker don't pop crack  
'Cuz I'm Top Cat  
Let me hug her for the million, and again, great this villain  
Huggin' me so much, she almost suffocate the brilliant  
Sad eyes, plus she had a bad pad, nice  
Said have to do my share of work, the hooker had mad mice  
Was like a fleet of them niggas, though was kind of fun to be  
Ill treatin' them, clean 'em in, plus I thought was gonna eat them  
Cat food, this ain't none to me, see a rat, you come run  
More like hunt to me, you wanna get this shit from in front of me  
From Thanksgiving to, please now shout for somethin'  
Can a nigga get some in, she wouldn't let me out for nothin'  
I guess I could be called a brat, now a jolly want a fat  
So let me rub my head all up against her, so she think she all of that  
And every day of the week, sweatin' was like a sand of stayin'  
Would you lay off? I'm watchin' Prince of the Wales  
You're in the way-o, mouse craze across the room  
Should of seen, he stopped traffic  
She's still a hooker snap, didn't I tell you don't pop crack  
'Cuz I'm Top Cat  
Now come and the sex triggers, and his penis stiffer  
Bigger, said boy she surely sleepin' wit a lot of different niggas  
In position as he coach this, doin' the mood by the 'proach this  
And when the bitch she clean the house

You wouldn't have so many roaches  
But still she buggin' and he comin', and the naughty wit the hut  
He fall asleep, burglar come, up shorty get the shotty  
Find me out, and nothin' stun him, the hoes did love him  
Feed on a bitch, got up and chase me till she heard it  
What was that? Got her gun, she had a dozen, mad loud  
And for a over honey lady, definitely that wasn't a bad shot  
Police came and all of that, and now I hear her off, wonder her  
So I snuggle a bundle of, 'cuz I kind of grow fond of her  
My mouse run across, shouldn't seen me stopped traffic  
Thought the ho was gonna snap, better not pop crack  
The who? Top Cat

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