

Top Drop (Feat. Paul Wall)

Slim Thug

[Chorus]

Got the damn top
Got the damn top drop
Got the Got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop
Got the damn top
Got the damn top drop
Got the Got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop
Got the damn top
Got the damn top drop
Got the Got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop
Got the damn top
Got the damn top drop
Got the Got the damn top drop, top drop, top dropFor you jackers that's hatin'
Run up try to rob yeah bitch I'm a be waitin'
In the country see me skatin'
On my chrome lookin' good
You fuck with my bitch and I'm a shoot up ya hood
Still leather and the wood that's tradition down in Texas
Roll Cadillac we don't fuck with no Lexus
Bitch by my side in my ride lookin' lovely
Pour up out the paint we ain't sippin' on no bubbly
Screwed tape loud while I'm swangin' by the crowd
And the dro" got me how it feel like I'm in a cloud
I'm a H-Town nigga.
Reppin' for P.A.T.
Big Hawk, DJ Screw, Big Moe and Pimp C
I'm a Shine for my city fuck them haters talkin' down
So holla at a nigga when you see me walkin' round
07 was a hard one but I can be found
In my slab puffin pounds tryna take away my frown
And I[Chorus]I got my mind on my money and my glock in my hand
Grindin' hard, paper stackin' tryna follow the plan
Pullin', gloss and steams chasin' million dollar dreams
Livin' the thug life I get it by any means
When times get hard I got no one to hold me down
So I ride with the top down and cruise around town
The boppers in line, cause I been known to be a slab rider
Comin' down clean, marchin' like a freedom fighter
When you ride 4's patna' stay strapped

The gone catch ya at the light and put one in ya cap
 See I keep it in my lap, I ain't slippin' for none
 I ain't got sprayed by any but homie I ain't done
 I'm bout to raise a truck and drop a couple of screens
 I'm thinkin' ? with bout 4-15's
 See the leather is perforated, them boys gone sho' hate it
 My slab is undisputed I'm the number one rated
 With my Top Drop[Chorus]While they waitin' on me to fall, I'm a still stand tall
 Ball hard in the mall
 I been shinin' for a while, haters ya in denial
 Since back in 9 -8 I been wreckin' freestyles
 With spit lines that'll put a smile on ya child
 And do a song that'll make the hood go wild
 The flow versatile, When they hear it they like wow
 That boy got talent yeah I like your style.
 But uh
 No pressure, don't let the bullshit stress ya
 A ? with somebody test ya
 God bless ya
 Ya Grind lesser, ya shine lesser
 Ya win when you don't let this material shit impress ya
 Insides like a dresser, wood grain on the dash
 My motto, fuck pain put my name on the cash
 I used to wish and dream I could swang on the glass
 Now cars, clothes, and hoes is a thang of the past
 And IGot the damn top
 Got the damn top drop
 Got the Got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop
 Got the damn top
 Got the damn top drop
 Got the got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop
 Got the damn top
 Got the damn top drop
 Got the got the damn top drop, top drop, top drop
 Got the damn top
 Got the damn top drop
 Got the Got the damn top drop
 Got my glock clocked.

Songwriters

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 U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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