

# Top Back

## 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 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  
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 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 blackI 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 blackI 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 carI 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 blackI 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>