

Top Ten (feat. Big K.R.I.T.)

Logic

I hope you feel this shit
Top ten flow and it's still this shit
Went away, had to get away
Been away, came back and a motherfucker still the shit
Hold up, what's real as this?
Feelin' myself, who ill as this?
Mastered the flow from the east to the west
But right now I'm wondering how trill is this
I've been around for a minute now
One hunnid, I'm in it now
People that wasn't there back in the day talkin' bout
Man, remember I'm winning now
I could only imagine if I was beginning now
Back in the beginning now
Fuck that
Spent a mil' on the chain and I tell my company deduct that
Get the fuck back First off I give a fuck about all that top five
If I ain't in it
Niggas barely ever play my records (It don't matter)
But I'm still winnin' from the M-I-crooked
Just to make 'em peep what I'm cookin', I love Mississippi
I put a studio in my partner kitchen
So by the way I'm whippin you would think I'm juggin' these hoes
Cuttin' crack and make 'em double back like excuse me nigga
I need a stove, nah, I ain't selling dope
But this a metaphor for my flow
But I'mma probably have to hit with a fork (maybe dumb it down)
'Til it bubble up and then rise some more
So I can bag it up for these insta folk
And sell it for the low 'cause they simple
If I hear "KRIT, you need a hit" one more time
Lookin' at us like "how these motherfuckers gon' under ship mine?"
Still do an interview here there
And they don't even know that I'm signed (Nigga you had to know that)
If I wait on the label to support my vision I might go blind
Lately I've been on my tell it all get rich
Start plottin' on my way I did
To show like Empire may the very thing I dreamed of
Look like bullshit

Kill 'em all, why not, King when I'm busy
Krizzle up in the blizzard and the cold
Said who was here, never really snowed in the sizzie
Fuck what ya heard, multi 'til I dizzie, bitch Aight, check it, it's the take
I heard y'all been checking my net worth
What the fuck is y'all doing?
Y'all ain't on my level, boy, go pay your rent first
And then maybe I'll sign you
I'm looking for talent, I hope that I find you
(Wait a minute, you asked me now let me tell you
Now here's another problem)
They probably expecting that shit for the first album, man fuck that
They'll say that I changed
And I'll say I had to show 'em my range
'Cause if I do what I did then they'll say it's the same
Just can't win in this game (What's wrong with it) Money talks, that's a figure of speech, that went over their
head
Like the dough that I throw in the air like I'm Papa John
That mafia money, that parmesan
My shortie a dime, your bitches are not, pennies
Probably take her to Denny's, we chillin at Lenny's
You know I got 99 problems, but keep it a hundred
You know that I done it
Just me and my homies, we tryna make it to the summit
Praying that we don't plummet
Like "Oh my God look at your boy now you finally done it"
I've been writing these records from actual facts
So hopefully you learn something from it
But what I learned is

Songwriters

Justin Scott, Robert Bryson Hall Published by

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