

# Top of the Line

Rittz

Raised, in the home, of the brave, and begun  
Paving, the way, was embraced, by the slum  
Labeled as strange, but his name, will become  
Top of the line, yeah I suppose that your eyes were closed the whole time  
I've been on the rise for almost five years  
But most of my peers they hope I nose dived  
Like an aircraft that crashed  
They congrats you, dap you  
When your back is turned they throw knives  
I ain't handicapped or slow or no average Joe  
I see past the smokin' strobe light  
Put me up against your favorite rapper  
You sayin' snap and harder than me, close but no dice  
The difference be in my consistency and I don't need MC's to ghost write  
Who you know that pitch that always throws strikes  
Every time I get the ball across the goal line  
I done made it out the bottom on the slow climb  
If you talking to my dogs they all gon' cosign  
And I'm sitting on a gold mine (gold mine)  
Songs I write are from the heart it ain't meant for the closed mind (closed mind)  
This more than bars they're metaphors, it's a cure for the soul, I, (soul, I)  
Seal with the end of your rope and now I'm right here, closing by  
Third time's a charm, I already let them know, twice Let me set the record straight I'm the best, there ain't no  
one better, fuckin' let the rest debate  
I accept the hate that'll desecrate I just set the pace  
Set to detonate, some that disagree  
Must be deaf cause they, underestimate  
Me, but that's okay  
I'mma let you scream, let it resonate  
Till they remember my name, I'm RittzBitch and I'm back in the face like paow  
Ain't nobody gonna come and take my crown  
They be takin' me for granted I be killin' everything you hearin'  
Gonna lyrically blaze eyebrows  
We ain't got to double time I do it eighth mile style  
Born in P.A. and was raised down South  
Wanna make a city hit the stage  
I bounce, from the north side up, A-Town down  
Some of these MC's need CPR  
Listen to the wack MP3's I'm bored

Your video is hard for me to sit through  
Like Kanye's speech at the MTV Awards  
(You on point Rittz) sÃ- seÃ±or  
I got a pair of new shoes you probably never seen before  
I used to be dead broke with some cheap Louis V decor, inside a Regal that was leakin' oil  
But now I cost five G's for a feature the middle finger up begging for a confrontation  
And #FuckAnyoneWhoSaysHashtagInAConversation  
Man I throw the peace sign Assalamualaikum  
Cli-N-Tel was the crew and the congregation  
People thinkin' I've become complacent  
I'm just lookin' at the game feelin' nauseated  
Lotta' rappers goin' pop like a condom breakin'  
Sick of concentratin' on my skills when it's gonna be useless (gonna be useless)  
All the music I hear just sounds the same  
A bunch of wannabe Futures  
You wanna be Eazy  
You gotta be Ruthless  
You wanna be me  
Then you gotta be the smoothest  
Gonna seem breezy watchin' me do this  
Got a deep teacher and follow me students  
Hit 'em with the woah (woah)  
That work everytime  
Then we down start singing for the hoes (ho)  
Trippin off that line and some punk  
Might overdose, off this dope I write  
A lotta rappers wanna act like rock stars  
When they square as fuck but that's me for real  
I got the pills and I'm fucking with a soft heart  
Fist fight with my girl in the hotel punching the mirror  
Breaking the door and the armoire  
Shit I can't recall the last fifteen years wishing I could do an interview with Nardwuar  
I got an early morning flight to Hartsfield  
Taking airplane shots witha chilli chese hotdog  
Never gonna fall off, man I know I'm on now  
Got a bunch of unknown numbers in my call log  
People got me all wrong  
See my hair and the beanie and they get the wrong idea  
Say I look homeless shit my shoes two-hundred my shades two-fifty a pair  
Watch out you'll go blind  
By the diamonds the side of my pinky that sparkle and shine  
They call me Rittz, bitch  
Top of the line  
Ya-Uh-Yeah

Songwriters

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