

Top Down Money Up

Chamillionaire

Yeeeeaaaah, look up in the sky
It's not a bird, it's not a plane
It's one of them little Batman symbol things
Except it's got a lizard in it
Chamillitary, let's get it, ye-yeah!

Top down, money up, gotta stay on the grind (grind)
Top down, money up, gotta stay on the grind (grind)
Top down, money up, gotta stay on the grind (grind)
Gotta stay on the grind homie, gotta stay on the grind homie (for real)
Top down, money up, gotta stay on the grind (grind)
Top down, money up, gotta stay on the grind (grind)
Top down, money up, gotta stay on the grind (grind)
Gotta stay on the grind (grind), gotta go and get mine homie
I move from lobby to lobby and the shottie ridin beside me
I bet that shottie go lollipop if you tryin to rob me
No, that's probably a hottie, she tuggin on me like a dolly
Black Magic on my tires, while she Mr. Miyagi the body - wax on, wax off
I'm a player, don't play so play up above me
All this vegetation I'm makin, I bet ya say that you're hungry
Jenny Craig for my bread, my wallet lookin so pudgy
Got that cake, got that cream, the fat one say that she love me
I'ma put the city on my back, I mean put it right back on my back
And it still say R.I.P. to that Pimp C on back of that 'Llac
And I keep these broads goin crazy, talk so much smack on my tracks
Because I'm a mack/Mac like your laptop so tell 'em that on iChat
Uh, you should mind your bidness here, you should mind your bidness dear
All this money I'ma get this year, that mean your money gon' disappear
Ain't no women strippin here, ain't no women strippin here?
Wait till they see my whip appear, that's what I call whip appeal
It's the Barack O-baller, I know she tryna holler
Roll her number on a dollar but I really just want the dollar
I hope it's not your daughter, cause I'm probably not gon' call her
Universal Republic, yeah I'm the shot that's in your revolver

Yeah I'm reloading homie, the pistol holder's on me
And you know I'm talkin to you know who cause you know you're phoney
It's lonely at the top but I like ridin solo
Shake off complainers and tell 'em that you won't be rollin no mo'
Some want some in the ruler and his first statement said "You suck"

Musical chairs, see the chopper, gon' beat a goose, you duck
Texas used to be screwed up but you ain't us, you can't fool us
Got a problem with Koopa? When, where, how, who, what?
He said he hate my confidence and how I wreck the beat
Talkin down in front of me, I hope you got some special teeth
I got my hand on the trigger, the fakeness about rest in peace
Actin just like my publicist, I think I'm bout to press release
The mover, you the shaker, I'm the realest, you the faker
Chamillimators, fact then I'm back to rebuking haters
I promise I pull the baddest broad in stew to bake her
I'm true to paper and pretty ones always glued to paper
Nah I ain't got to love her, Texas I got ya covered
They tryna be all on the D so I'm bout to pull out the rubbers
Got a ghetto chick that I know that'll sock a soccer mother
And after that probably go to her house and sock her mother
I showed the underground how to attract the dollars bills
But I got some haters in the city that want me to keep it real
Sayin that the kid went commercial to get a deal
You a clown, need to go do commercials for happy meals
They ain't heard my voice in a minute so the ladies say they been gettin restless
Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Killeen, Austin and Tyler Texas
Like Biggie said "Rub on your breasts", remove your clothes, you don't need your dresses
A lotta people say they the best but their words are not impressive
Lames know that I burn money, I'ma show you how to melt a stack
First I'ma go hit the bank, then hit Harlem Nights after that
They know I've been on the grind in every city that's on the map
Looked down at the welcome mat and noticed it said "Welcome back"
Ho, all this applause for me? I appreciate it, thank you, thank you
I don't need no birthday cake though, I got enough cake
I'm on you boy, yeah, you know what it is, Koopa

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