

Top Drop (feat. Paul Wall)

Slim Thug

Got the damn Top
Got the damn Top Drop
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop
Got the damn Top
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Got the damn Top
Got the damn Top Drop
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop.Slim Thugga, Muthafucker!
For 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 & I'm a shoot up your hood
Still leather & 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, D.J. Screw, Big Moe & 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 tryin' to take away my frown
And I...
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Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop. I got my mind on my money & my glock
in my hand

Grindin' hard, paper stackin' tryin' to follow the plan
Pullin' gloss & 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 & 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 ridin' 4's partner stay strapped
The gone catch you at the light & put one in your cap
See I keep it in my lap; I ain't slippin' for none
I ain't got sprayed by any but homey I ain't done
I'm 'bout to raise a truck & drop a couple of screens
I'm thinkin' rides with fine scapes with 'bout 415's
See the leather is perforated; them boys gon' sure hate it
My slab is undisputed I'm the #1 rated
With my Top Drop. Got the damn Top

Got the damn Top Drop
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Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop. 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 you in denial
Since back in 9 -8 I been wreckin' freestyles
With spit lines that'll put a smile on your 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 4 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; woodgrain on the dash
My motto; Fuck pain put my name on the cash
I used to wish & dream I could swang on the glass
Now cars clothes & hoes is a thing of the past
And I... Got the damn Top
Got the damn Top Drop

Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop
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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.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>