

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' strobelight
Put me up against your favourite 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
Everytime 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, fuck in' 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 Rittz!

Bitch 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 8 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?) Sí señor
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 15 years wishing I could do an interview with Narduar
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 200 my shades 250 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

Cli-N-Tel man definetely in effect man
If you ain't fuckin with Rittz, pretty much you ain't top of the line