

## To The Top Please

A-Reece

Yeah

Thank you, thank you

Damn, I'd never thought I'd win a Grammy ever in my life

I'd like to thank God, my momma, my niggas

God gave me a gift and nothing was the same when it got unwrapped

Been dropping annually for five years my idols know that

And every time I drop I make a comeback

Barely tired I could never run flat

Driven for it as they claim to run that

Grateful that my momma let her son rap

Momma look up your boy is where the sun at

Now the family can get a sun tan and yes we are

Shining brighter than the sun can

I tell the cash get over here, it's like I'm Scorpion on Mortal Kombat

If it ain't bout the cash then I won't call back

Counting all this cash got me fronting like I know math

Still fearing no man, these verses gotta murder then a bloodbath

They came here first, I'm going out last

Went from being told I won't last 'cause I'm an outcast

To be hit up under pressure just to make a collab

They hate me but they hated Jesus everybody knows that

Nobody's holding me back

They throwing stones at the gang, they mad we blowing up fast

Move at our own pace, ain't worry about what everyone has

Taking time to polish up the qualities that we have

Hope you aware that us coming together is a part of the plan

Five classics and a bag, now thats a literal slap

Ain't no tellin' whats gonna happen now that Sway followed back