

Top

Ace Hood

Cali for the week Rodeo drivin'
Flowin' baby
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Everything foreign
It's lit!

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Homie brought us smoke, ok we vibin'
I just made a play, go bring the bag in
Pray for my lil' homies they so savage
They say it's so lonely at the top
Shit, reason all my people at the spot
I don't want no pussy, just the top
I pull out that bird and drop the top, top, top, top

I can't ever let you niggas box me
If I do, I'm going out like Rocky
Couple pretty pieces in my driveway
I can't let the drama in my mind space
Thinkin' 'bout my future, so my kid's straight
Living life like everyday a holiday
Put that on my dawg though, we been at the condo
Me and Cali Kush can go together, that's a combo
Yeah, goddamn, probly' with the fam'
If she got that jelly, this a muthafuckin' jam (ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)
If she got that jelly, this a muthafuckin' jam (ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)

Ayy, and we vibin'
Out in Miami, I've been whipin' on Collins
Speakin' of struggle, you don't know nothin' 'bout it
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Coolin' in the [?]
Hit 'em with the game, and we off the chain
Coolin' wit some things
Saint Laurent the frames
Swirvin' out the lane
Catch ya' lady slippin' I'm gon' beat her out the frame
Don't promote the violence
Made our way from Broward
Grippin' so much sauce, I might need a towel
I can't hold my bowels, shittin' on you cowards
You can still be pussy with that money and that power
Ayy, I got the money on my mind
Money on my line
I need every dime
If it's me or you bitch, I'm gon' make it every time
Cheffin' in the kitchen, these are culinary rhymes (ayy)

And we vibin'
Out in L.A. I got the neighborhood watchin'
We out in Broward, we gon' stop by the projects
Keep a one-hundred, stack your money the concept

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