

Top Dog

AJ Tracey

I been on this mission all alone
Now I'm stuck up in this party with a ting I'm taking home, oh my
I was just a youngin on my own, I flipped the script
Made this planet, give a dog a bone, oh!
I'm the doggy doggy
I'm the top dog
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Look
I'm the top dog, nigga, my nuts hang
Pagans never saying what they said when they buck man
Used to see the fiends getting high off a Crush can
Only British kid up in my lane in a Mustang
Yeah, they wanna get at me
Dying over jealousy
I been in my pent
Repenting off the Hennessy
And I got enemies
Linking with my frenemies
But I stand strong
When I'm alone like there's ten of me, yeah
I ain't next to blow
I promote the peace but my brudda still lets it go
And my part of London's getting hotter than Mexico
All I smoke's gas, so my crib like a Texaco
Check me out
Silk shirt, this Italian boo
I'm a Caribbean man eating Italian food
And lately I been playing tennis, flying all over courts
I might jet myself to Cuba just to sit with my thoughts
I got bigger better dreams, living ain't what it seems
Opposition feeling weak, so they're merging their teams
I know bruddas with a CBO that's rolling with beams
And I know girls that pray all day and live at night offa beans
Look, you know me, fresh whites and a white tee
If a yattie said I'm not polite, she don't like me
I had the pretty women scheming tryna spike me
Now there's no behaviour you could show me that surprise me

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I'm a old soul, baby, I come from the 80's
This Avirex weighty, my Dickies is navy
If you wanna see me in the flesh gotta pay me
The spirit know I got it in my locker like Davies
Yeah, my flow immaculate, nice with the verb
I got fans that know my lyrics but they can't say a word
I'm international, baby, I been cold since teen
I mean whatever I rap and I rap what I mean
Neon lights say my name in the West End
I don't trust a chick who's dropping gems on her best friend
Show me that you love it, don't put no one above it
I'll hold her hand outside the block and I'ma kiss her in public
See this kettle on my wrist, cost an arm and a leg
My plug was moving hella funny, had to part with a zed
I was wicked with the whipping, make a rock from powder
Big bro got Zendaya, I had Jessica Alba
And I'm a cowboy, west and loose we from
Gang make it hot, if you spot it, then move along
Trace, I'm the emperor, I got my groovin' on
God-gave-me-gift, I ain't planning to use it wrong
Now I'm down in Knightsbridge, mint in my tea, you know the dilly
Two gyal on my side, one look hazel and one vanilly
20-suttin' dating these models and getting silly
Now I multiply my digits, my numbers all do the shimmy

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