

## Top 2 Not 2

BabyTron

(Damn, JakeSand)  
Yeah

I see a risk? I take it  
I take a sip, I'm drankin' (I take it)  
Bitch, I'm flier than a Martian, it's only right I play the spaceship

Summertime I'm in the Nike mask 'cause, bitch, I'm famous  
Roll it up then pour it up, I'm selfish, shit, I'm facing  
You can't keep it a hunnid? Bye-bye 'cause, shit, I'm Franklin  
Million dollar dinner plate on the table, the shit I'm craving  
Shit, these bullets hot, he cooked with Cajun  
Off a quarter of the Fortune Cookie, in here looking Asian  
You was open, let him in yo head thinking you shouldn't take it  
That shot? You could've made it

I see a risk and take it  
I take a sip, I'm drankin'  
(I see a risk and take it  
I take a sip, I'm drankin')  
Bitch, I'm flier than a Martian, it's only right I play the spaceship  
(Bitch, I'm flier than a Martian, it's only right I play the spaceship)

Buying Number (N)ine when I'm spraying fragrance  
I know skimmers, I know scammers hacking databases  
If he don't speak no Guapanese then that shit ain't my language  
Heard you Dead by Dayin', heard you play by playing  
Not me

Bitch, I been that guy  
You got a couple laps to run, I'm at the finish line  
Said that money grow on trees? You seen a pig that fly?  
I was on that double up shit, now I triple mine's  
Bitch, I'm sipping on a Wock' pop in a droptop  
Grab the Striker from the chop shop, rock the opps' block  
Was at the bottom, it was ha-ha, we on top now  
Line wrapped around the block, I dropped it in a Crockpot  
Bitch, I Glock tote and I crack rock  
Pull up like the SWAT, not SoFaygo, we not gon' knock-knock  
Mini Draco give him a halo or make him Hopscotch  
I used to be up in the crowd, I'm who they watch now  
Look at my watch now  
If I die by the gun then I went out like Tony  
Said he need them in three? Tell him, "Pull up by Coney"  
Every day, everything, my whole life trophies  
It ain't '018, we don't go and ride stollies

Vanilla buffs, chocolate tint like a sundae  
Lava underneath my fucking feet, where's the runway?  
Bible on the dash, shit, the 'Hawk ready for gunplay  
Looking back at time like I knew I'd do it someday  
Thinking 'bout the grind like I knew I'd do it some way  
What's yo iOS? Yo life need a update  
I was pulling hair to stack a ten, now that shit chump change  
Boss meeting, pull up a chair if you got something to say  
I ain't top ten, I ain't top five  
I ain't top three but, bitch, I'm top two

And I am not two  
Bitch, you know the vibes  
Wyoming king, push a button just to close the blinds  
I can clap and turn the lights off  
All this cheese, I think I'm finna get the mice caught  
Ten assists to the gang, I'm getting dimes off  
Cuddy play a dirty game like fuck what the fines cost  
Tryna clean it up, the spot smell like Pine-Sol  
Spot a opp and let it go, like some Lysol  
Aventador and the 'Ghini when I drive off  
Push up out me out in traffic? That's a life lost  
We out the window with it  
If Tron stepping out, just know them killers with them  
He ain't gang? We can't hang, I ain't chilling with him