

You better sing that song oh whoa whoa
How I do? how I do?
All my fly niggas can relate to this song
And all my pretty woman should get drunk to this song
All my dubs come and show a nigga love in this club
All the scrubs call you riled up and take your ass home
My swag top notch my girl to notch
A lot of niggas mad cos their girlfriends not
If your shawty look as good as mine you'll know just why I keep a smile

All you hatin' niggas keep on hatin' if you wanna
Do your job like you gettin' paid when its over
I be singing to your girl I got range like a rover
Since you don't be up with nothin', but my rove seats got em' loafers on
I been sippin' on patron so I don't think I'm going home
I go to yo ladies crib and power down her mobile phone
Make her sing the bridge to my songs till the dro come home
And top notch means everything I do is overgrown

I'm a top notch nigga, with top notch swag
All these hatters finna need to mark my ass, why you mad for?
I just wanna know, why you mad for?
You up in the club tryna block my shine
Worry bout you don't knock my fly
Fly as hell, hatin on me, when these fiends hate me imma make em' OD, tonight

Uhm, homie over mad
Over where his roomie but she want me over bad
She ain't tryna look, but shit I know what that's about
Red her like a book, she hopin' that I check her out
Words to my Nikes, show a playa love
Lil' mama rocking coach, I think she need to make a sub
While I should be in the mile high club
Why? cause I'm fucking fly nigga - duh
Never seen a nigga rock the shit that I am wearing
I don't even know her but I know by how she staring
She done seen me in that maro and it sound like a McLaren
See me with some money, hope she know that I ain't sharing
That don't mean I'm greedy, just hope that you ain't needy
Cause what you got when you come is what you gon' have have you leave me
Whishing for a genie and I'm flyer than Aladdin
I ain't fly, but homie why you mad then?

I'm a top notch nigga, with top notch swag
All these hatters finna need to mark my ass, why you mad for?
I just wanna know, why you mad for?
You up in the club tryna block my shine
Worry bout you don't knock my fly
Fly as hell, hatin on me, when these fiends hate me imma make me OD, tonight

I don't know what I do to make em' mad at me
But I guess imma keep doing it
Don't listen to these niggas when they laugh at me
I just chop it up and screw this shit
Musically inclined, still a kook but I refuse to quit
I do this shit for fun, till I get at least 2 milli

Who you is and why you mad is two question that I do ask
TNN how dare you laughing at me I'm blowing up fast