

TOP TAKER

Doe Boy

D-O-E Beezy

I ain't never worried 'bout a fuck nigga scheming

I ain't gon' lie, bitch, I'm top- out my niggas

Need one sec

Ayy, ayy

I ain't gon' lie, bitch, I'm top taker out my niggas (Oh, really?)

I can't say top shotter, bitch, I run 'round with them killers

Man, get back, not for us, that's for them niggas

Ayy, what they do? Shit, get back, no, they didn't (Think I'm playin'?)

Ayy, rob a rapper, you know that shit on my bucket list

Ayy, GloRilla, I'm off this Perc', let's go fuck, I ain't gon' nut quick (Come here, baby)

I ain't gon' nut quick

Ayy, no Cardi B, want Hennessey, fuck 'round and bust in it (Come here, baby)

I love money like I'm Mitch, slime shit like Rico

Shh, he gon' die soon, I'm pretty sure that he know

All these questions, bitch, do you fuck with them people?

Ayy, bruh addicted to shootin' like that fiend is with that needle

Ayy, all I be with is the maniacs

She got retarded neck, but I swear this bitch a brainiac

Bitch, just fuck me, stop that talkin', fuck your zodiac

They just put they mans on the side, they never caught no hat

Ayy, if I fuck, don't go act crazy

I'm too turnt, if I slip up, abort that baby

Summertime, I'm sweatin' hard up on this mag, bushes I'm layin'

Ayy, they can't relate, they ain't never did that shit I'm sayin'

Ayy, lot of artillery, bitch, we still that art gang

They got targets on they chest, you know that dart gang

Six stick, get out that whip, that rookie shit, that's why they park gang

When I upped racks up on my 'Gram, that's when them hearts came (Oh, really?)

I ain't gon' lie, bitch, I'm top taker out my niggas (Doe Beezy)

I can't say top shotter, bitch, I run 'round with them killers (Gang, gang, gang, gang)

Man, get back, not for us, that's for them niggas

Ayy, what they do? Shit, get back, no, they didn't (Think I'm playin'?)

Rob a rapper, been crossed that shit off my bucket list (Think I'm playin'?)

Fifty K in all dubs, I'm quick to dub a bitch (Bye)

In New York, I ain't 'posed to have my gun, but I got a thirty clip (Buh, buh, buh, buh)

I'm in Brooklyn with my switch, tell Lola Brooke she tough as shit, okay, yeah (Come here, baby)

Talkin' shmurder business, I could never be a snitch (Hahaha)

I love B, yeah, that's my dog, could never be a bitch (No sirski)

Ayy, I don't kiss and tell, you ask, I never seent your bitch (No sirski)

Pussies got to scramblin' just like ants soon as they sent the blitz, ayy (Brrt)

No Cardi B, she geeked off Hennessey, she said she need some dick (Go, go, go, go)

Trick off on your favorite IG bitch, Wafi, I need a kit (Icy)

Laughin' at your favorite IG rapper, that boy need some drip (Fool)

Might come through, let this Glock sing on your strip, just fucked this sing

er bitch, okay (Oh, really?)

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