

Top Floor Freestyle

Don Trip

Yeah

Yeah

This message will self-destruct

Top floor of the condo, I'm starin' at the city
My life is like art, I'm livin' out my lyrics
Visions explicit, my taste is exquisite
All I spit is dope 'cause I used to deal it
The streets is what raised me, it took a whole village
You never seen me smile, I need you to take me serious
'Cause I ain't never jokin', point blank, period
Say I ain't never jokin', if I said it, then I meant it
Shawty, I'm vintage, it ain't a nigga like me
I like my guns quiet and I like my women feisty
I know you like me, so what, bitch? Bite me
I'm kickin' down the door 'cause y'all niggas ain't invite me
Honey, I'm home, I took a seat on the throne where I belong
The journey was awful long, I'm goin' at it alone
I got it, whoever want it, I'll turn 'em into a donor
I put my work in the street, my cubicle was a corner
My brother was in a coma, I couldn't do shit to save him
I had to sit back and watch as the reaper came back to take him
I wish, I wish he made it to witness how far I made it
Cake every day, we don't need a special occasion
I'm still gassin' up, my ego done got inflated
'Cause you ain't never read my name on no affidavit
Still, I move like I'm under investigation
All the carats I done gave to my lady, no vegetation
Sorry, you ask me too many questions, I get evasive
Dr. Don Trip and you niggas testin' my patience
Keep tryin', you not fazin' 'em, hardbody, vibranium
Shootin' like I aimed at a hoop in a gymnasium
Real still recognize real and you an alien
The skeletons inside my closet could fill a stadium
I'm still shinin' on niggas, I feel radiant
You not who you are in your rhymes, you a plagiarist
Ballin' in this bitch, I'm the favorite for a daily pic
I just had a dream that I was broke and that shit made me sick
Here's what the tub told the toilet, on some player shit
You might get more ass than me, but I don't take no shit
Steady mobbin' with the Carbon, got a laser kit
Money on your head, I pulled out more hits than Taylor Swift
Pistols flashin', lights, camera, action
Got my ears ringin', I might need an Aspirin
My wife a spoiled brat, she wanna take a trip to Aspen
Just so she can take a bunch of selfies in the cabin
I remember vividly when we ain't really have it
Food stamps were low, we had to stretch it out and ration
A couple M's up and still not comfortable relaxin'
Maybe that's a concept that I ain't truly grasp yet
I was movin' pounds before they called 'em hashtags
Feelin' like Lito with the trash bags, long live Pif