

I'm on His Top

E-40

I got him! I got him! He right here in my visual
I spot him! I spot him! Like a scene in my periphreal
I was fixin ta, drop him, and send his ass to the hospital
Pop him, pop him, and put his ass in critical
But I switched up my whole little PROGRAM
For some apparent reason THE GUN JAMMED
But I'm glad my 50 calibre didn't speak (didn't speak)
cause I heard he had a baby in the car seat (in the car seat)
Caught him inside of the club the followin week (the followin w
eek)
Beat him down to the white meat (white meat) HOE!
Paws and claws, fingers and feet (fingers and feet)
Nighty night nigga, go to sleep (go to sleep) BEOTCH!

I'm on his top (I'm on his top) we on his top (we on his top) A
ll you gotta do is speak up if you want some
I run in the crowd in a hoodie by my lonesome (BEOTCH!)
Get on his top (get on his top)
Merk me - that's what they callin it
Get on his top! That's what the topic is
The fuzz, the feds, tryin to decode our slanguages
We thugs, knuckleheads, doin damages in mannishness
with worlds of hella respect for O.G.'s (O.G.'s)
But some O.G.'s be bullies (be bullies)
which ain't fly today, I'll fly ya head with this K
I look up to you mayne, but don't get in my way
Put your head on a stick and put it on a tray (on a tray)
Cook a motherfucker, souflee (souflee!)
But the O.G. been active since '89 and (since '89 and)
Clap the lil' nigga, flatline (flatline) BEOTCH!

He got some bread in his pocket and he feelin like a champ
On a smartphone, talkin dumb to his tramp
She sick of him partyin, hangin out with the groupies
Comin home smellin like liquor and coochie
Cold part about it? His bitch is a cutie
A nice lil' put together, a big ass booty!
Hella niggaz be gettin at her, he ain't doin his duty
She horny, her pussy hot, hella moist and goeey
She say "Screw him!" She wanna screw me!
He ain't doin it right - she wanna do me!
Now the nigga bitter cause I'm in his kitty litter
Get fucked off fuckin with a fixture - BEOTCH!

[Chorus]