Top Dolla

EST Gee

(E-E-E-Enrgy made this one)
(Woah)
What

Penthouse suite, top floor
Prices got cheap, we just let 'em go (Woah)
Watch my nigga spend a hundred K on a plain watch
Told him, "Give me ten more days, I'ma get me one"

Two-hundred occasion (What you do?), I gave 'em (I gave)
Thumbin' through the payment in the rental car from Avis (Backend)
Withdraw on that Wocky, I shrivel up like a raisin (Real)
My nigga Trip black as hell, but he sell caucasian (Jungle fever)

White dope, I sell it to my white folks
I ain't racist 'bout that paper, I ain't goin' broke
Pint of Hi-Tech red (Mud), I put this shit up on yo' head
I got bad bitches textin' me like, "Where you at?"
Walkin' out of St. Regis with fifty in my britches
Get the drank dirt cheap when I go cross the bridge (Woah)
Count a hundred-fifty bucks out, it got me dizzy

Spend it, I fucked off a eight and balled with Izzy (Necklace)
Let her wear my chain, got my pendant on her titties (Look)
Off the yacht, to the jet, just to see the Grizzlies
Jason said, "You cuttin' it close", you got a show, you trippin'
I'm not missin' that cornbread, be there in a jiffy (Go)

They said that it gotta be in you, it can't be on you
But I got it in me and it's on me, what you want? (Woah)
Poker face, when I see the plug, we talkin' business
Plain Richard Millie, so them white folks take me serious
In a meetin' with' 'em, legs crossed, hand on my chin (Grin)
Tryna negotiate me a label deal for ten
I want in, I won't drop the ball, off every win
They be like, "Trip, is you sellin' Fent?" "Nah"
Five red bitches, that's a- (Take ya time, hold up)
Five red bitches, that's a fan, ball

Two bricks of soft in the loft
Hit it and you winnin' in the kitchen like it's golf (Kitchen like it 's golf)
Was tryna get it off, so I front him what he bought
I don't talk numbers with' runners, shit, nigga, I'm a boss
And we gon' drop you off, talkin' 'bout you ain't tryn' spin
I'm throwed, I be thinkin' 'bout a soul when I grin
Niggas hoes, I had bow's way before it was a trend (Soft ass nigga)
Only rap beef I had, died before it ever begin (On my mama)
Real street nigga trappin', gettin' high and smokin' cigs
Could turn it back to drop, blow it up and make it big

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