

# On Top

JayKae

Sinclair, Sinclair, Sinclair  
B9, B10, B25  
Oh yeah!  
Yo!

Man I'll get your rave locked off  
Pull up in a grey drop top  
Jay's on top, back then I never had shit  
But now I'm gettin' paid non stop  
Man make gwop  
Still out here on the block  
I'll still send your boyfriend shop  
I can still roll round these ends on my ones  
I'm blessed man I ain't got opps  
I don't give two fucks  
But man I'll get your rave locked off  
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Nah I don't need a reason to  
The shooter's there if I need him to  
Minimum 5 like 3+2  
I'll spin him alive when I'm breezing through  
God bless you if I squeeze at you  
Don't know you when they speak of you  
Better cover that face like peek-a-boo  
Then I'll strike man down like Pika-  
I might put money on my own head  
Out there man out with no bread  
Yeah I sleep peaceful when I go bed  
From a young boy, to an old head  
I'm a big man but I've got no dreads  
Can't cause beef then phone feds  
Yeah I can't stick around here too long  
Cause I gotta go Brum like a moped

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What dirt you done, what risk you took?  
Throw bodyshots that'll lift you up  
Won't throw one back cause he's too shook  
Yeah my aim's on point if I miss you duck  
Pop champagne 'cause I've been through enough  
Said I pop champagne 'cause I've been through enough  
Come around here I can show you tough  
Said you weren't there but I know you was  
Now I ain't gotta care in the world  
My bad if I stare at your girl  
I run free households ain't sharin' a cell  
Don't wanna go broke it was scary as hell  
Gonna get air if you air me as well  
First things first I'm here for myself  
No other pricks gonna care for my health  
Strapped in, I'm wearing my belt  
Yo brother I'm safe I pull up the tune like a handbrake  
Flip that p like a pancake  
How much p can a man make  
It's your right hand, when you handshake  
I'm a big man but I got mad cake  
In portrait and landscape  
Yeah I ran straight, to the bank mate  
You look pissed off, are you admay?

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I'm blessed, I'm blessed