Top

K Camp

Yeah
4.27
Link up (Perfexion)

Jumped in the game, didn't even rap (Nah), go hard until the next level (Yea
h)
Cookin' hits like I'm the chef, and I did this by myself (Okay)
Late nights in the studio (Yeah), swear I'm puttin' in overtime (Yeah)
You love that girl, but I just wanna know what's in them jeans like Ginuwine
 (Yeah)
Perfect the craft, I took my time (Hah), shit, I got how I worked for that (
I worked for it)
And these cats still snoozin' on me (Yeah), I'm like, "Where the Folgers at?
" (Folgers at)
Cool dude, real laid back (Laid back), just don't get on my bad side (No)
Keep the L's like Cool J (Cool J), purple got me pretty high (Yeah)
Fly as a bird, sky is mine, page one in my story (Story)
I came in too clutch, like the old school Robert Horry (Swish)
I'm just livin' my life (My life), and these memories so priceless (Yeah)
Fell in love with that money (Love), guess I done found the right bitch (I l
ove you)
They say I'm on the light switch (Light), I say, "Nah, I'm just workin'" (Wo
rkin')
I put on a show (Yeah), until they close them curtains (Close)
City on my back (My back), and yessir, it's a wide load (Northside)
But I'm linked up, ready fo' war, so get out my way, ho (Haha, my way, ho)

These niggas can't do it like I do (No, K CAMP, no)
I guess that's somethin' that they don't know (Somethin' that they don't kno
w)
These niggas can't do it like I do (They can't)
But you gotta understand I'm (What?)
Tryna get to the top (Hey, top), I was sittin' on top (Hey)
Turn the vision to the money (Hey, huh?), man, this shit won't stop (Hey, no
)
Tryna get to the top (Hey, top), I was sittin' on top (Hey, yeah)
Turn the vision to the money (Hey, hah), man, this shit won't stop (Hey, yea
h)

Know this shit won't stop (Nah), I don't believe in no red light (I don't)
She can come to the spot (She can), but only if the head right (Hah)
Focus on these pesos (Pesos), gotta love the quesos (Hola)
All I got is my brothers (Brothers), I don't need no amigos (No)
Been fly like a eagle (Brr), land perfect every time (Yeah)
All I keep is what's real (Real), and you can hear it in my rhymes (You can)
Perfect to her like Mozart (Mozart), Picasso flow, spit art (Hah)
Girl, don't tell me you love me (Why?), 'cause I ain't got no damn heart (No
 damn heart)
Haha, these niggas know I do it and I do it well (Do it well)
Yeah, my name ringin' like a doorbell (Doorbell)
Every chance I get, I'ma give 'em hell (I'ma give 'em hell)
And the only way is up (Up), like a stairwell (Huh, like a stairwell)

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