

## Top Let Back

King Los

Ay  
We're still on the G5, baby  
We're riding smooth  
Don't Get it fucked up  
Next stop:  
B-more!  
Bad Boy, the block, your boy Los  
Check it out  
(Let's do it)

Ay  
I've got my o's fitted low  
Got my white tee fresh  
My Caprice hangs way down  
To my Nike checks  
I've got money on my mind  
Big pimping in my veins  
If I was leaning any harder  
I'd be limping with a cane  
Rocking [?] on them bitches  
Aviating on them digits  
Niggas ain't believable, they're like Flavor and Deelishis  
I've got flavor, it's delicious  
I've got different flavored bitches  
That got different flavored bitches  
That whip different flavored Benzes  
I'm a cocky lil' bastard  
And these bitches [?]  
Got the flow mastered  
Rappers picking cotton  
Cotton picking rappers  
Keep on try to flip me backwards  
Till I pop and clip that 'matic  
At your top and hit your attic  
Knock your attic in the basement  
When I pop the 'mat and blaze it  
And leave you slumped over like an addict in the basement  
I'm trynna' get a full court added to my basement  
And take a vacation  
The same place [?] went  
Had it with this fake shit  
They acting like bitchat-ches  
I guess it's just me, I just  
Gotta keep my V topless  
Old school with them [?]  
Flow so sick I need doctors  
Swagger jackers hold me hostage  
Nigga please give me my dick  
Back to the future, you can quote this and borrow  
I'm so ahead of rappers that I wrote this tomorrow  
I'm a motherfucking mountain, you're a anthill  
Your whole body couldn't get one leg of my pants filled  
I'm the headache they couldn't solve with aleve  
You ain't balling with a broke ankle, you're Grant Hill  
I do this at will  
Call me young stack skrill  
All my raps ill

Like Nash' where they [?]  
And that's real  
I kill these kids if they glance  
Now they're 'bout to meet defeat  
Like the kid 'n play dance  
(Haha-haha-ha)  
I know I keep you thinking  
That was the dance where your feet were meeting  
I'm out this bitch  
G5!