

## Top Shelf

Larry June

I'm in the A, I hit a lick, now I'm thumbin through a check  
Got the pack, betta have it, cause a nigga need em bands  
Roll the [?], then I hit the Shmurda Dance  
I got so many hoes, I got a different phone for them  
I'm a pimp, I'm a Mac, I'm a muthafuckin' G  
Made a bitch round one, fucked a bitch round three  
OGG, TFM, 808 on the beatnn  
I'm from the muthafuckin' bay, we don't smoke no bamma weed  
Bitch hit me on my trap phone it's good  
Don't hit me on my iPhone, bitch ya know that I'm the good  
Got niggas in the deal, shout out Neil, that's my cause  
I'm a real street nigga, didn't change up fo' nothin'

Mad cause you smokin' off the top-shelf  
Money pillin' up like a car wreck  
We in traffic with the package, fuck a fat ass  
Flexin' all this muscle, this is no stress  
Mad cause you smokin' off the top-shelf  
Money pillin' up like a car wreck  
We in traffic with the package, fuck a fat ass  
Flexin' all this muscle, this is no stress

I'm in Cali, ain't no bad bitch, just that fire piff and dank  
I been runnin' round the country now my roaches in L.A  
I been kickin in the Bay, couple boxes on the way  
Trackin' numbers, say its lit, cool, back to fuckin' on yo bitch mmhm  
Free mind, but the game locked, its a hot summer with me and June  
Tall hoes into small rooms, bend em over, we dot the thigh  
Muthafuck what my haters say, we ain't neva seen eye to eye  
Oh, you bad cause you subtweet, niggas food like bird meat  
Chirp chirp, shootin'.3s, young Mac Nowitzki  
[?] buildin', my cup flimsy, syrrup sippin', I'm not tipsy  
This a grown man, that Walt Disney  
I'm OG Mac (who?) OG Mac, young nigga, brought trill back  
Lived dope, I spit crack

Mad cause you smokin' off the top-shelf  
Money pillin' up like a car wreck  
We in traffic with the package, fuck a fat ass  
Flexin' all this muscle, this is no stress  
Mad cause you smokin' off the top-shelf  
Money pillin' up like a car wreck  
We in traffic with the package, fuck a fat ass  
Flexin' all this muscle, this is no stress

Cracked the seal on a brick, so I'm leanin' out  
I got peas of the loud, do you need a pack?  
Shoes string around the mac', and it hold 30 rounds  
You a fake nigga, so ya neva heard of that  
Meet me in the projects, at the candy house  
Did a play for a nig', bout the cannon out  
Me and Balla in my 6 screamin' fuck a drout  
Me and Balla in my 6 screamin' fuck a drout  
My money long, my bitch bad  
I do this shit cause it's nothin'  
I don't do coke, I break hoes  
I'm a real nigga, you frontin'

Fuck the police and the DA, I ain't pullin' ova, I'm runnin'  
Spent 400 for these Y3s, I neva do the true religion

Mad cause you smokin' off the top-shelf  
Money pillin' up like a car wreck  
We in traffic with the package, fuck a fat ass  
Flexin' all this muscle, this is no stress  
Mad cause you smokin' off the top-shelf  
Money pillin' up like a car wreck  
We in traffic with the package, fuck a fat ass  
Flexin' all this muscle, this is no stress