

Top Shelf

Larry June

I'm in the A, I hit a lick, now I'm thumbnin 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