

Top Notch

Lil Debbie

Kid Classic

Right back at 'em like that, let's go

I be super faded, head be in another galaxy
Mind up in the clouds, could give a fuck about your gravity
I be paper chasing, ain't no bitch getting that bag from me
Bitch so glad we made it, that's a seven figure salary
Manoeuvres be smooth like I'm skating
Team be on point like formation
My spot is as solid as pavement
The queen of this shit, no debating
I said it and did it like told you so (told you so)
Been on the road, so you hoes should know (hoes should know)
Kush in my system, you know the deal
I just blow hoe, I over blow
Pass me the flame, shit on the game so much, soul left a stain
Shit ain't really been the same since I came
I be repping, moving, doing my thang
Haters snoozing, I'm finessing the game
We the movement, see my new shit it bang
Bitches hate me so they speak on my name
Circle got a couple shooter, will aim
Everything, bitch I want everything
I be on the road switching every lane (every lane)
I be with the crew on some gang shit (gang shit)
Getting to the bag, same shit
Same bitch came from the dirt (from the dirt), with the work (with the work)
, til it work
I ain't ever had to show 'em what was under my skirt
I'm the queen, don't it hurt

Everything, I am top notch (top notch)
Only gunning for the top spot (top spot)
Dope bitch with a crock-pot (crock-pot)
I'm connected like a hotspot (hotspot)
Everything I'm eyeing, top notch (top notch)
Still got the city on lock, lock (lock, lock)
Hoes mad that they not hot (not hot)
Time ran out, stop watch (stop watch)

Wait, hold up I got the recipe (recipe)
Hijack the game so successfully (successfully)
Don't fuck with these fake hoes especially (especially)
Bitches be talking about street, must be sesame (sesame)
You bitches just puppets to me and mine (me and mine)
Ain't touching nothing for me and mine (me and mine)
Illiterate bitches can't read a sign (read a sign)
Can't sit at my table at eating time (at eating time)
Feasting one (feasting on), uncaged and straight beasting on (beasting on)
Momma ain't raise no fool, been ahead of my class so I told 'em "Fuck school"
"
But I got the last laugh, I ain't follow they rules
I ain't settle for shit, I made my own moves
Now a boss bitch on, I could do what I choose
Racking up wins, while these silly hoes lose, woo, woo
Lil Debbie call me queen for sure
Roll a tree and kill your dreams for smoke

Run the game, don't even need a spoke
Run the game, don't even need a coat
Catch me in the street and bitch I'm fly
Crossing all my T's and dot my I's
Always down to kush to keep me high
Hater bitch is steady telling lies
Lies, lies, real
Men lie, women lie, motherfucking numbers don't
And Debbie don't grind, ain't heard a fucking dumber quote
Cause Debbie been dope, like a kush cloud blunt smoke
So I'ma keep it jumping like a six-four hundred spoke

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