

Bottom 2 Da Top

Lil' Keke

Yeah, yeah that's what it is...

We made it out the bottom, we reaching for the top
We rise and fall, but the game don't stop
We made it out the bottom, we reaching for the top
Real estate cars, and them big shiny rocks
We made it out the bottom, we reaching for the top
Family first, fuck with that and get popped
We made it out the bottom, we reaching for the top
We live and die, but the game don't stop

Fat boy killer man, cut like a guillotine
Off with a nigga head, my style ain't free
Bloody body parts, pop hearts and stop breathing
Nutty niggaz only need a reason, reach under the seat and
Grab the heat, and make that fire jump up out my window
I bet them bitches, won't be coming round here talking no mo'
Ay yo, dirty lyrics bring out evil spirits
I must be evil, wouldn't talk it if I didn't live it
Wouldn't live it if I couldn't take it, please believe it
Please believe, that if a nigga disrespect he bleeding
I put that on them little niggaz, at the crib I'm feeding
Do whatever, trying to get the shit that they be needing
Touch the streets, and get my feet muddy
For them dead presidents, pimp a hoe like Cuddy
Like Bubba Sparxxx we get ugly, remember that
For that bread niggaz willing to go, to hell and back

If your cash is mean, let me hear you scream and rush it
Hood rich fake ass niggaz, y'all gotta love it
Get mine, battle the streets and keep it locked
Loading and cocking glocks, jamming slowed down Pac
Twist it and make it pop, close it and open shop
Bottom straight to the top, smoking on that Cali crop
City that's do or die, kill you behind a lie
Open the pigeon coop, and let the street birds fly
Murder and racketeer, FED's won't disappear
Push it and hit the gear, pray for another year
Lifetime, and the click be rumbling
Raised in the hood mayn, where the heads be tumbling
Boys be stumbling, living in sadness
Broke as fuck, they can't shake the madness
A savage, plus I don't give a damn
Get rich and live it up, with the rest of the fam

Gotta rise to the top, cause the bottom too crowded
It's like crabs in a bucket, and they holding me down
That's why I'm on the block with the rocket, I'm holding a pound
Inside the booth spitting, he's controlling the sound
And we controlling the town, got the keys to the city
Rains trains or airplanes, I got the keys to the city
It's Killa, Ball and Ke we CMG
Custom Made Gangstaz, we CMG's

It don't take a set of binoculars, to see we G's
Got a eye for this do' nigga, so we see them G's
And I done finally made it, cause I'm sick with the rap
Spit lyrics like cold bro, I'm sick with the rap
When the glock start coughing, I'm sick with the strap
Behind money, I'd make your face stick to your lap
Gotta make it to the top bro, you can't deny my mail
Cause I rap so well, they had to put my teeth in jail it's Killa