

## 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