

Top Shelf

(shit)

I'm chilling, literally
My neck is glittery
Niggas got that screw face looking at my jewelry (ugh)
While I'm flexing chain sexing is unprotected
I hear that bitch moaning
Sounded like she's sound affected (yeah)
Niggas talkin' diss and when I know they are respected
Put they hoes and friends on my guest list
That wasn't directed, all you can do is accept it, or I will intercept it
And throw it back to left bitch, the first nigga she slept with
We rock shows without a set list, cross goes off our check list
Whats the point of death when niggas can exist in whats destined?
I took a shot, boom, boom, bam, (POP!)
They all wanna' rock and claim that music hip-hop (Brrroooooop)
But you're just imitation, deflation, you're in migration
Just, pucker lips and suck a dick, as I'm meditating
Escaping from emancipation, doctors and faggot cops (Eaagh!)
Been a couple of months since I turned the block (Eeerrmm!)
I kill niggas you can call me homicidal, I'm married to the game
Nigga shes my bridal, wife and I will love her for life
Well all I know is me and MellowHype, brothers for life

And we don't give a shit about your problems mutha' fuckas' (fuck yall' niggas)

Go run about it or solve them mutha' fuckas'
We ain't fuckin' with yall' (nigga!)
We ain't fuckin' with yall'

Fuck everybody else, all Hodgy need is Left
Break it down on the stoop, rollin' up on the stairs
Smokin' up a lotta' weed, Chillin' with Domo G
Buying dog for the feed, MellowHigh till I read
R.I.P on my grave, nigga still gettin' paid
Family got it made, haters still talkin' shit
But that ain't meanin' much, Bitch nigga meet em' up
I shoot him with -In his face and leave his -
Poppin' rubberbands (what!?)
Poppin' rubberbands (what!?)
Wolf Gang run tonight nigga mutha' fuck your clan
Gettin' money payin' Uncle Sam
On the canvas cam, wait till I paint the sand (Yeea!)
On the beach, on the atlas where ya' hands can't reach (Yeea!)
Pay for my hotel ticket, she gon' suck my dick at least (Yeea!)
Bought my car, only broke niggas lease, I got your bitch on a leash
And her perfume on my fleece, Shes sweet like reecees

You know we takin' shots (what?!)
Know we takin' shots (what?!)
Empty the clip, reload that bitch (Brrrrrrroooooop)
Know we takin' shots, Niggas know we takin' shots
Know we takin' shots (what?!)
Empty the clip, reload that bitch
Know we takin' shots

(We ain't fuckin' with yall')
(We ain't fuckin' with yall')