

## Top Tier

MoneySign Suede

I be lookin' fly every day of the year  
Show me that you different, 'cause, bitch, I'm top tier  
They was gone when I was down, now they appear  
You lookin' at a bitch when you starin' at the mirror  
I look at a thug, lil' nigga, when I stare at it  
They be on my shit like fiends, like straight addicts  
You ain't in the field, you only play Madden  
I'll tell a bitch straight up, I can't be romantic

Every day I'm lookin' crispy  
I just flex ten bands in all fifties  
I started doin' me, I don't care if niggas feel me  
'Cause at the end of the day, they wanna win me  
I don't trust nothin', quiet bitches be the eaters  
I ain't gon' lie, I was in love, but you can keep her  
I ain't gon' lie, I need money, I don't need her  
Bitches probably think they hittin' for the bag, that nigga swe  
eter  
I just made thirty for a show and a feature  
I could go to burgers, but I'ma go to Little Caesars  
And she ain't gon' tell you, but she know that I go deeper  
She cry around you, but with me, she a screamer  
I'ma pull up in a red leather Beemer  
Fuck a four door, I need a foreign two-seater  
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