

Top Down

Nipsey Hussle

My top down, your name hot now
But when I was out here
Nigga you was not 'round
Was in the game, but I just watch now
I did rims so my shit stock now
Suede, hit, lining on the roof
Don't be lyin' on the facts
Niggas lyin' in the booth
When we travel around the world
We flyin with a suitcase, stamped
Louis Vuitton, with Cuban cigar
Miami, Ocean Ave, couple beautiful broads
On the back of motorbikes
Ain't no use for a car
I'm outta town, so the coupe is at large
And this, jealous of success, niggas usually are
But, I don't give a fuck
I ain't trippin though
Nigga gettin desperate
While I'm getting dough
Oh you love that bitch? Better get yo' ho
And I ain't gotta tell you why, You already know

Once in a lifetime shit
She ain't never been fucked in a drop top benz
That's why when I pull up she quick to get in
I'm a boss, young nigga get some paper and a pen
Class is in session, rap till I'm restless
Cuz constant repetition is the path to progression
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Take that and run with it, you should get some cash
Way back as young niggas, we was livin' fast
Heavy on the grind, South Central State of mind
Type of nigga to buy a pound, and break it all down in dimes
Baby blue regal, 1985
Gold rollie on my neck, 380 on my spine
It was a lot of things that was runnin through my mind
All of which I would bring to myself, in due time
And now I'm watchin ring put a strain on her eye
Fireworks on my sleeve, the 4th of July
Waist line Louis, stay fly truly
Can't fuck with me with a rubber or a roofie
Hoes try to choose me, haters try and shoot me
Feds wanna book me, and these bitches wanna screw me
Ex-street nigga turned boss, that's the routine
And you would have extras if your life was a movie

Catch my breath that's a whole lot of words, you know
This is the marathon
New shit, Neighborhood Nip Hussle, let's get it