

Top Drop

Slim Thug

Got the damn top
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For you jackers that's hatin
Run up try to rob yeahh bitch I'm a be waitin
In the country see me skatin
On my chrome lookin good
You fuck with my bitch and I'm a shoot up ya hood
Still leather and the wood that's tradition down in texas
Roll Cadillac we don't fuck with no Lexus
Bitch by my side in my ride lookin lovely
Pour up out the paint we ain't sippin on no bubbly
Screwed tape loud while I'm swangin by the crowd
And the dro got me how it feel like I'm in a cloud
I'm a H-Town nigga.
Reppin for P.A.T.
Big Hawk, DJ Screw, Big Moe and Pimp C
I'm a Shine for my city fuck them haters talkin down
So holla at a nigga when you see me walkin round
07 was a hard one but I can be found
In my slab puffin pounds tryna take away my frown
And I...

I got my mind on my money and my glock in my hand
Grindin hard, paper stackin tryna follow the plan
Pullin, gloss and steams chasin million dollar dreams
Livin the thug life I get it by any means
When times get hard I got no one to hold me down
So I ride with the top down and cruise around town
The boppers in line; cause I been known to be a slab rider
Comin down clean, marchin like a freedom fighter
When you ride 4's patna stay strapped
The gone catch ya at the light and put one in ya cap
See I keep it in my lap; I ain't slippin for none
I ain't got sprayed by any but homie I ain't done
I'm bout to raise a truck and drop a couple of screens
I'm thinkin... ?... with bout 4-15's
See the leather is perforated; them boys gone sho hate it
My slab is undisputed I'm the number one rated
With my Top Drop

While they waitin on me to fall; I'm a still stand tall
Ball hard in the mall
I been shinin for a while; haters ya in denial
Since back in 9 -8 I been wreckin freestyles
With spit lines that'll put a smile on ya child
And do a song that'll make the hood go wild

The flow versatile; When they hear it they like wow
That boy got talent yeah I like your style.
But uh
No pressure; don't let the bullshit stress ya
A... ? with somebody test ya
God bless ya
Ya Grind lesser; ya shine lesser
Ya win when you don't let this material shit impress ya
Insides like a dresser; woodgrain on the dash
My motto; Fuck pain put my name on the cash
I used to wish and dream I could swang on the glass
Now cars, clothes, & hoes is a thang of the past
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Got my glock Clocked.