

To The Top (Stick 2 The Script)

Statik Selektah

Yeah
The hustler - Cassidy
Saigon
Termanology
Statik Selektah
Stick to the script

When I was drug dealing, man (yeah)
I made a killing, man (yeah)
I'm not broke, I cop coke by the kilogram
Fuck how your feeling, man (what)
I'm a villain man, and I'll kill a man
Air him out like a ceiling fan
I might not of went platinum, but I'm still the man (yup)
And every cat that platinum is still a fan (yup)
When I was a kid, I was a big Thriller fan (yup)
But now-a-days Michael Jackson ain't still the man (hihi)
He fell off and let Chris Brown steal his fans (damn)
And Soldier Boy bit too cause they feel his dance (yup)
Hip-hop on life support, but it's still a chance
It can survive, it's alive, it ain't die yet
Big and Pac ain't alive, but I ain't die yet
I'm about to dissect the dutch cause I ain't high yet
I wear alot of jewels, but I ain't getted robbed yet
Cause I bear arms like guys with big biceps
Yes

Ain't nobody gonna stop me now
"And all the way to the top, cause" Jay-Z
We gonna take it to the top
"Get the money, that's it, stick to the script" Lil Fame
Give it all we got, give it all we got, give it all we got
"And all the way to the top" Jay-Z
We gonna take it to the top
"Get the money, that's it stick to the script" Lil Fame
Rock it how we rock

Don't get it fucked up, I ain't in it to entertain
Ain't in it for the fame, ain't in it to get a name
I am with many consider a spitter of flame
What niggas done did to the game, shit is a shame
Everybody shit is the same
99.99 percent of niggas lyrics is lame
When I spit the room temperature change
You would swear I inherited 2pac's soul, both Christopher's brain
Mindstate of The Rock, wittyness of Lamont
Spirit of the sidewalk, grittyness of the block
Wanna play gorilla for what
Trauma with Saigon, shit will get uglier than a fertility hut
I'll catch you with a ill uppercut
Then watch your nose bleed enough blood for you to fill up a cup (yup)
You don't want the nine mill to erupt
Jump out the back of truck like whuttup
Commenced to clappin' you up
What-the-fuck

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Termanology, chea
Ayo my flow's like 10/10
Throwed of the medicin
And my bags come back fat like M&M
Nobody could body me, throw me in the ring with them
Simpleton rap cats, like Owen Hart, I'm killin' them
We three of the last alive, Ology, Cass and Sai
Mastermind cats known for giving you classic lines
I might of not have went platinum, but I'll snatch the shine
Off of any platinum rapcat with this plastic nine
I rhyme gritty like Sai-gitty and Sean-Piddy
Who wanna rhyme with me, my nigga my minds silly
I'm from a fast city like Philly the Cass city
My tracks witty, I snatch Fizzy to mash with me
I take a eight of dro turn it to a acres slow
Make a O, bake a O, homie this the wakeup show
That's how I spit, all these chicks on my dick
You just switch for the chips, I just stick to the - script

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