

Top Looking Down

Yo Gotti

I Leave Nothing On The Table
Ima Greet A Nigga
Shout My Young Bull
Word To My Philly Niggas
My New Young Bitch Said She Be Fucking Ball Players
You See Me 'Round Some Niggas
Know They All Real
Club Lit, Club Lit
Stevie J Breaks The Record Back
Kids Tripping this Dope (Trip)
Where The Fuck My Banger At
Stevie J Dropped OOUU OOUU
Why The Fuck Can He Think Of That

Real niggas at the top
Fake niggas at the bottom
And if you bring them pussy niggas up with you
Better leave 'em where you go 'em
(Top lookin' down, Top lookin' down)
Real niggas at the top
Fake niggas at the bottom
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(Top lookin' down, Top lookin' down)

Yeah, came through for the payback
Pulled up in a Maybach
Bought the Dawn, took the Wraith back
Wrist rocky like A\$AP (bust down)
Bought the bitch a lil' Birkin bag
That's my paper, let her taste that
Plain jane, that's thirty cash, all bust down we ain't playin' that
Nigga we lit, I'm in M.I.A
Thats your bitch, knock her down she in my way (yea yeah)
Take a pic, she gon' post it on her page (oh lord)
That's your bitch, tell your hoe to close her legs (oh boy)
Count that paper with my eyes closed
Caught me with that bitch and she went viral
Threw that pussy at me like a spiral
Caught it like Odell Beckham young rich nigga they can't check I'm on one

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