

# Top Drop (feat. Paul Wall)

## Slim Thug

Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop  
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop  
Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop  
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop  
Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop  
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop  
Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop  
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop.Slim Thugga, Muthafucker!  
For you jackers that's hatin'  
Run up try to rob yeah bitch I'm a be waitin'  
In the country see me skatin'  
On my chrome lookin' good  
You fuck with my bitch & I'm a shoot up your hood  
Still leather & 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, D.J. Screw, Big Moe & 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 tryin' to take away my frown  
And I...  
Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop  
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop  
Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop  
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop  
Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop  
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop  
Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop

Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop. I got my mind on my money & my glock  
in my hand

Grindin' hard, paper stackin' tryin' to follow the plan  
Pullin' gloss & 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 & 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 ridin' 4's partner stay strapped  
The gone catch you at the light & put one in your cap  
See I keep it in my lap; I ain't slippin' for none  
I ain't got sprayed by any but homey I ain't done  
I'm 'about to raise a truck & drop a couple of screens  
I'm thinkin' rides with fine scapes with 'about 415's  
See the leather is perforated; them boys gon' sure hate it  
My slab is undisputed I'm the #1 rated  
With my Top Drop. Got the damn Top

Got the damn Top Drop  
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop  
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Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop  
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Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop

Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, 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 you in denial  
Since back in 9 -8 I been wreckin' freestyles  
With spit lines that'll put a smile on your 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 4 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 & dream I could swang on the glass  
Now cars clothes & hoes is a thing of the past  
And I... Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop

Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop  
Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop  
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop  
Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop  
Got the Got the damn Top Drop, Top Drop, Top Drop  
Got the damn Top  
Got the damn Top Drop  
Got the Got the damn Top Drop.  
Got my glock Clocked.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>