

Statik Selektah f/ Cassidy, Saigon, Termanology

"Take it to the Top"

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[C]Yeah
[C]The hustler - Cassidy
[C]Saigon
[T]Termanology
[C]Statik Selaktah
[C]Stick to the script

[Cassidy]

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 cuz 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 cuz I ain't high yet
I wear alot of jewels, but I ain't getted robbed yet
Cuz I bear arms like guys with big biceps
Yes

[Chorus]

Ain't nobody gonna stop me now
"And all the way to the top, cuz" 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

[Saigon]

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 procent of niggas lyrics is lame
When I spit the room temperature chance
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

[Chorus]

[Termanology]

Termanology, chea
Ayo my flow's like 10/10
Threwed 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-giggy and Shyne-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

[Chorus]

[T]Statik Selektah

[T]Saigon
[T]Cassidy
[T]Termanology]
[T]Stick to the script

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