

## **T.I. f/ B.G., Big Kuntry, Young Dro, Young Jeezy**

### **"Top Back"**

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[Intro: Young Jeezy & T.I.]

Crem' de la crem' homey, top shelf you know  
I like my beat down low, down low, down low, down low  
down low, down low, down low, I like my top let back  
Let back, let back, let back let back, let back  
Chea you already know what this shit is nigga, remix  
nigga  
Mannie Fresh, T.I.P whatup nigga?, I got'cha nigga  
I'ma show these niggaz what to do on you nigga..

[Young Jeezy]

I let my chain hang low get that thing up on my waist  
All then haters talkin reckless tell 'em say it to my face  
Can see a bankroll yeah I almost caught a case  
It's the remix so Mannie Fresh drop the bass  
I say now twenty-eight inches got me sitting so high  
Reach straight up through the clouds God damn I'm in  
the sky  
Got my eighty-seven zone God dammit I'm fly  
Bet you anything won't nann' nigga try it  
I push the look come wednesday the drop that Monday  
Ice cream Impala same color as a sundae  
So you can miss me with that hatin and that "He can't  
rap shit"  
Tell them faggot-ass niggaz wrap they lips around my  
dick  
God damn my money sick, ayy I need to see a doctor  
Black on black Bentley call it "Phantom of the Opera"  
Lemon lime droptop I call it a Sprite  
When I pull out the garage you can call it at night

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I like my beat down low and my top let back  
Can see me ridin 24's with a chopper in the back  
You like your Kenwood hot and your top let back  
If your rims sit high and your windows pitch black

[Young Dro]

DRO! My trunk gon' break the damn law  
I'm ridin through the hood with eights a damn law  
Them twenty-sevens tall but them eights are damn raw

Bitches know they see the platinum is grey like  
grandpa  
Spray the Chevy all kinda sour apple colors  
Diamonds up in my charm look like pineapple suckers  
Tec-9 for some, mac-90 for others  
Leave the weapon on Bucatti's I got on my Danny  
Glovers  
Nah this ain't a movie but I shot "4 Brothers"  
And plus I gotta Chevelle that flop four colors  
Cars without the covers, my beat down low  
I let my rims sit high I'm the best thing blowin now Dro!!

[Chorus]

[Big Kuntry]

I got my treble up high and my beat down low  
I don't slam no doors hop in where the roof go  
What I need a roof fo', replace it with the sky  
Streets be mine with that Georgia on my mind  
I ride in the wettest paint, like I'm surf in on a tidal wave  
Cocaine whip yeah straight out the microwave  
Man in the trunk sound like the man knockin  
Five pass rockin with stacks in my pockets

[Verse 4: B.G.]

I got money in my pocket and mind on whoa!  
To hear myself think I like my beat down low  
Cinderella full of dro and the chevy two-toned  
It's sittin on chrome that's how I get my roll on  
Gotta dip through the hood you know Gizzle keep it real  
I see some hot girls so I'm a turn it up a lil'  
Let them bounce to the music ba-bounce to the beat  
The top down hop in and ride with a G

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

Even though I like my beat down low and my top let  
back  
Chrome feet down low and my impala wet back  
Ditch or dash, hit the gas tell them niggaz check that  
Make them bitches sit back woofers give 'em wet cast  
Comin down in a Chevy motor sound like it very tight  
It is you can tell I hear the tire yellin er' lane  
And the way they ain't kickin I bet  
You could still hear it loaf of bread I cut it up a bit  
I get left feel here  
Okay my money real big, choppers is still here  
They catch me with it fuck it I'm doing my lil bit  
And my drop top ridin with my glock cocked ridin  
I'm looking for them niggaz where they at stop hidin

hey!

Now that's a motherfuckin remix nigga

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