

Dixon Ward**"Top Notch"**

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* for any corrections on the French lyrics

[Kurious]

Kurious the motherfuckin magician with the wand, is
(tell 'em) the man, if I uhh, blow like (BLAOW)
Jizz in your grill, constipated for real
With the shit to fulfill, combined with mad skill
Brew in the freezer, no time for cock-teasers
Asthmatic wheezer gives more props to a skeezer
Why? Simply cause she know what she want
She won't say, "I'm so horny," and then front
When my brain is racin triple time
with thoughts of fuckin you, on my mind
You say it's fine, I find it rather odd
Leave me with my dick mad hard, mentally scarred
Poppin that shit when I said from the gitty-up
I wanted to slay that ass, lick your titties up
Fakin moves bitch you need to stop
Tell you straight up, cause my notch is top

Chorus: repeat 4X

"Now I hold my crotch.."

Why the fuck you hold crotch?

".. cause I'm top notch" -> De La Soul

[Kadi]

Mister, Huh Huh is it all about blunts?
Simulatin ideas, just confusin the drunks
Check this out I don't get down like that
cause me and the magician come with tricks in out hats
and pats on the backs is somethin I don't need
when I realized that it's triggered by the greed
in your heart, you can't play me, like a dart
All you wanna see is the progression on the charts
Remarks on your memos, change the numbers on your
checks
but does it really matter when you girl gives me
straight neck?
(Straight up baby) Aww fuck, I guess you're outta luck
Now you understand? You're walkin like a duck

The, truth hurts uhh, your girl flirts
and I walk by you, with frustrating smirks
Jerks get played by the tricks of my mind
A call costs a quarter so I'd never drop a dime

Chorus

[Psycho Les]

Ba-ba-BAM! Smack you in the face with mud
Now look at your grill, fuckin shit got blood
on my shirt, back the motherfuck up jerk
It's the wicked, Psycho Les puttin in work
Nijjas got me flippin right to the other set
I smoke punk niggaz like my name was Boba Fett
I drop bombs, that land on your moms
I smoke the 808 blizznuts, fuck the tom-toms
Beatnuts, number one sin-ner
Fuckin around with the (???)
Bitch drink one to the head - BOOM
SO WHEN I POP MY DICK, HIT THE BED!
Suck, on your tits and eat the cake
Stick my dick and filled the bitches like shake
Oooh oooh, nut and check my watch
I gotta be ghost, cause I'm fuckin top notch

Chorus

{*needle drags across record*}

Yo what the fuck you doin? Why you
YO WHAT'D YOU STOP THE TRACK FOR??
Don't be scared, it's only me, playin..
AHHHHHHHHH! WHO IS IT??

[Lucien]

Hey yo here comes the French flavor
Mad Lucien black, don't sleep on my behavior
I pack a glock then a black bust a cap
on a cop if you try to step you get popped
Pops you don't know me, I'm raw like sushi
Straight from France so don't play me like a pussy
(C'mon, a French gangster) Aiiyo, how did you figure?
And when I drop shit you say, "Damn that's a French
nigga!"
Yo, nigga from The Woods kept swangin
with the C.M., and yo check out what we brangin

[Lucien starts rapping in French]

Je continue, je flambe, vous connaissez ma ligne
(Don-key style) - (??)
Eh yo, ta meuf me fait signe
Direction les toilettes

Plus rien ne m'arrête
Et je pète fait la fête
Et coups d'têtes dans ta tête
Comme un requin vicieux depuis 82, sacre bleu
Bière dans l'estomac et de l'herbe dans les yeux
(Ahhahahahaha !!!)
Que ce passe-t-il je titube, c'est bizarrre..

{*needle drags across record to end song*}

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