

Engelbert

"Top Dollar"

Visit "[Top Dollar](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Looney Coleone]

Who bust it down potna, it's Coleone go ask yo momma
We blowin up, pockets fatter than Eve Honda
I'll murder man, bout my cash and 50 states
I'll hurt a man, whoop his ass if he wanna hate
I'm stompin in my steel toes, don't fuck with snitches
Got my ski mask down, lickin niggas like dyke bitches
We hardcore, killin em off in the east
Ain't no such thing, as bowin down,
when I hit the ground, when I bust this round
Poppers from my pistol got niggas frozen like Freeze-
Tek
Got yo baby momma house lookin like we done
wrecked that
Run up on a soldier get roped down like recess
Niggas get dropped in the water like they was tea bags
Fuck you niggas, y'all can't fuck with us and you know
that
I'm hittin these niggas like a card dealer on blackjack
It's real life, go shell for shell and deep
Fuck a patch, give me scratch on some bomb ass weed

Chorus(2x)

Top Dollar, nigga can you hang with my team
We got the plug on everything that you need
Money, cars, drugs, hoes
Label me a drug dealer for screamin that's the way it
goes

[Killa Tay]

Flavored like Jolly Ranchers, damage common like
cancers
Militant like the Panthers, I smoke fools like Tampas
Bodies on campus, they mentally shut down
When I touchdown, like Galloway
Can still spot y'all haters from a mile away
They comin, I'm gunnin em down without the scope
Aim straight, even off dough-dough
Now they R.I.P. like FloJo
Smashed out bumpin my music, gettin sideways
Straight to the highway man, it's Freaky Friday

Cell phones ringin off the heezy
Simply bout my dollar, poppin my collar, bump that
hollar
Got yo breezy, that's for sheezy, I'm all about my mail
cousin
I stay buzzin off the hennessy
Lemon squeeze, gettin ki'd
I'm too OG for y'all to know me
I'm ballin like Kobe, do my dirt all by my lonely
So enough, even though I'm a thug
Cause my game is twice as nice
As times get obsolete I go deep like Jerry Rice
On a Monday Night, keepin it tight like a virgin
I put yo life in jeopardy, especially
When I'm perved to leave you brain dead
Wishin for intermission when my tongue twistin
Mass murders, got niggas comin up missin when my
gun spittin

Chorus 2x

[Agerman]

Break bread like water
Strike you like a match, chase you like thunder
Ridin with some killas that'll smoke that ass on the
under
I don't give a fuck, slap yo bitch attitude (slap sounds)
Pimpin when I'm walkin, 1-0-2 Avenue
Open up shop, with the A-1-Yola, no baking soda
Chipped up motorola, seven shots that'll hold ya
Ain't no actors, biatch, bottle of fire like a firecracker
I keep it cracking in the back like a motherfucking
chiropractor
Walnuts, gangstas to playas, like Pretty Tony
This is for my homies, it's about shootin and gettin the
police
Fuck em all, devil tryin to steal my dreams, I cast him
out
Point blank range in yo mouth, dirty like the south
Smell the aroma of a pimp in the air
Shock your bitch ass like electric chair
17 shots, hollow tips, don't care
I ain't the type of nigga that's gonna be blastin in the
air
Walk right up on a nigga and pop him
Walk right from the block and do it
Talkin bout somebody shootin, and get the scootin
Give em more than 2 scoops, motherfucking fruit loops
Coming from my leather, whatever
Tie your shoelaces together
Shit, hell, I'm bout to explode

In the game we rolled(rolled), talkin on the mo(mo)
Bout to hit the road, hell, I don't give a fuck
Sneaky fingers, bitch, walnut

Chorus 3x

Visit [Engelbert](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.