

## **T.i.**

### **"Topback"**

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[Intro:]

Ha... Mannie Fresh I got you nigga  
I'm gonna show these niggas what to do with one of  
your beats  
I'm shuttin' the whole block down  
Here comes trouble homey  
I'm a tell you how the king like to ride homeboy.

[Chorus:]

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. [x2]

[Verse 1:]

I'm the man in my city ain't nobody fuckin' wit me  
You can ask the real niggas and all the bad bitches  
I'm a known drug dealer I always have 50's  
And the thugs and the killers was all in class wit me  
SS'S on 26's watchin' some television  
Shorty I'm never slippin' got the berretta in vision  
And ready to pop the clip in, ready to get to trippin'  
Ready to show these folks a celebrity pistol whippin'  
in a stolen automobile and the roof and the tag missin'  
Policies' try to pursue me it's nothin' but gas given  
Addicted to fast livin' guess I'm one of my dad's  
children  
Think I'm bad now should've seen me before I had  
children  
Give dick to your daddy's daughter and dare her to  
have children  
Hope he got some insurance 'cause death her ass is  
endurin'  
Kill her in Mississippi and drive her ass to Missouri  
Still my wait paint drippin' while I'm woodgrain  
grippin'.

[Chorus:]

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. [x2]

[Verse 2:]

I got this Pimp Squad Click I know you heard about us  
Young niggas filthy rich and we ain't worried 'bout  
much  
On this glock I clutch In God I trust  
If a fuck nigga start bet his heart I bust  
Got your partners and the broad in your car messed-up  
With your under estimation thought a star wouldn't bust  
I got the heart and the gut's on this purp I blow  
Move 10 bricks daily tryin' to twerk five mo  
Ya see the Cadillac swervin' down Hollywood Road  
Or the flyin' Spur in Cali fuckin' Hollywood Hoe's  
On a pill and half with my partner Young Dro  
Bumpin' Goodie Mob Soul Food number 4  
Other rappers' old news told dudes I'm a pro  
With a loaded .44 and a quarter brick of blow  
Hey nigga don't you hit me less you buyin' 6 or mo  
My 24 blades glistenin' and my 808 kickin'.

[Chorus:]

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. [x2]

[Verse 3:]

I wear the crown down under man somebody better tell  
'em  
'For I spit 100 rounds and have everybody bailin'  
I got some bitches in a Benz and my partners in the  
Chevy  
And now we ridin' Jovanni's and Asani's on Pirellis  
If you ever think you trying to run up on me just forget it  
The clip in the chopper long as your leg and leave you  
shredded  
Pistol way in the truck got my knife on tuck  
Ya think he ain't gettin' stuck you got life messed-up  
A couple stitches in your hip will have your night  
messed-up.  
Will he live? Will he die? Guess he might luck up  
Meanwhile I'm racin' my Ferarri like a light for a buck  
Against Lamborghini Gallardo everytime I get crunk.

[Chorus:]

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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. [x2]

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