

## **T.I. Feat. Young Jeezy, Young Dro, Big Kuntry & B.G. "Top Back"**

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Creame de la creame 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

Ay holla if you like your  
Beat down low, down low, down low  
(Yea you already know what this shit is nigga, remix  
nigga)  
Down low, down low, down low, down low  
I like my top let back, let back, let back  
(Mannie Fresh, T.I.P whatup nigga?, I got'cha nigga)  
Let back, let back, let back  
(I'ma show these niggaz what to do)  
Ay holla if you like your

I let my chain hang low, keep that thing up on my waist  
All then haters talkin' reckless, tell 'em say it to my face  
Can see a bank roll, 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 any 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 drop top, I call it a "Sprite"  
When I pull out the garage you can call it a night

I like my beat down low and my top let back

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

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Dro, my trunk gon' break the damn law  
I'm ridin' through the hood with eights are damn raw  
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 got a 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

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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

Ridin' in the wettest paint, like I'm surfin' on a tidal  
wave  
Cocaine whip yeah straight out the microwave  
The man in the trunk sound like the man knockin'  
Five pass rockin' with stacks in my pockets

I got money in my pocket and my mind on mo'  
To hear myself think I like my beat down low  
Cigarello 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 'em bounce to the music ba-bounce to the beat  
The top down, hop in and ride with a G

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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 cats

Comin' down in the Chevy motor sound like it very tight  
It is you can tell I hear the tire yellin' er' line  
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, the 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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