

Bump J f/ Kanye West, Sly Polaroid

"Top This"

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"Electro-convulsive therapy part one." [Kanye West] I can't stop till we all ball And walk around with gold in our mouth like Paul Wall Nigga fuck all y'all I'll just stay on the grind and sell out beats Til I'm all over the hood like LRG Matter fact all over Chicago And I'm about to be on Oprah tomorrow There's nothin' nobody can ever say to top that line I'm in housewives livin' rooms, stop that shine Y'all already know Kan is a Legend like John is Rockin' that Louie Vuitton that only a don get Got beef, bitches gettin' they boost on They bring me that Gucci I give 'em a Boost phone Fel feel the new song so he give it airplay Got calls from Diamond from Nas and Jay on the same day Fan's askin', "Where yo ass been?" Weak niggas been eatin' while you been fastin' But you can ask Kaz 1 When my shit drop, y'all has beens Been gainin' popularity now I'm bout to cash in [Bump J] I used to sell coke before I got in this rap shit I wrap bricks now my wrap thing is a mattress You runnin' from the cops, tryin' to get that lil' pack flipped I'm runnin' round tryin' to stick my dick in an actress The mac spit, it can make that ass do back flips Smoke a nigga, I'd rather just poke a nigga like cactus Come up off that daddy Take a nigga's jewels then walk right past him with them on the next day Goons Mob get in, get in tune It's plenty room The back seats feel like a living room He's a great These left rights will beat your face Poppin' bottles, my brother just beat his case I up the iron, every one of you will bail I got fully semi hand guns and none of them for sale Yeah, homie peep my steez My ice game sick, I got a lot of stones like [Sly Polaroid] You know what I'm about Money and gun play The right stain will make a nigga rich in one day Rappers Stop askin' about Boogz and Kanye You know I can't let your stupid ass get Bump J I'm ten with a gun when I fired it work Around the same time I got tired of church Yeah, as a shorty I ain't play with the fireworks I ran up on niggas and show them how the fire work I remember when we was just kids with no names Then we start robbin' dealerships, usin' cocaine The money was best, the power was next For that paper I shoot slugs out of the tec I mean Sly jumped out of the rest

And have a nigga butt naked, puttin' cigarettes out on
his chest I'm a Goon Squad gangster you can't make a
nigga say we cowards Niggas already know what it is
when they play the album I hustle the streets with the
shit that look like baby powder You was at home with a
bitch, tryin' to suck a baby bottle They took me out the
streets now I'm back on 'em Fuck a credit card, know
Sly got the stacks on 'em Know that And know Sly got
the straps on 'em My white Air Force 1's don't got a
scratch on 'em If I ain't a gangsta nigga what do you
call that? I fresh out on bond with a pistol and all black
If you was gettin' money I was comin' for all that Cheif
gave me a hundred thou Told me to fall back You
heard about the shit we carry around I kidnap, rob 'em,
starve niggas Last victim lost thirty pounds This is a
dirty town I wouldn't of never took 'em but he called for
the cheese and His bitch didn't hurry down

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