

## Slick Rick "Top Cat"

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

He in a bid nap, human being waste spittin'  
As I'm sweepin' through an alley in New York, a stray  
kitten  
Dog chase a couple of blocks, shocks, tough being a  
fox  
He in a tux, check the scenario, he stuff me in a box

A hundred home, why you cry, we went just like wine  
'Cuz a appreciate of me, and kitten like writers  
'Cuz of my tongue, wonder why I hits and unhand the  
fly kid  
To cut a bishop like she needed a home or a knockin'

Word, bit her off another like, not a committee, hit her  
off  
Not to mention, sweatin' the kitty really off  
Had to do this, ain't no regular see the ruler's  
Wit this rich white lady sayin', "Ain't he the cutest?"

Clerk said on real estate, so in the car, we're awate  
Although the ho better know I want 4 mills a day  
Who else is firm? Me and Travis, the on the dot cat

Better be a good lil' cat, hooker don't pop crack  
'Cuz I'm Top Cat

Let me hug her for the million, and again, great this  
villain  
Huggin' me so much, she almost suffocate the brilliant  
Sad eyes, plus she had a bad pad, nice  
Said have to do my share of work, the hooker had mad  
mice

Was like a fleet of them niggas, though was kind of fun  
to be  
Ill treatin' them, clean 'em in, plus I thought was gonna  
eat them  
Cat food, this ain't none to me, see a rat, you come run  
More like hunt to me, you wanna get this shit from in  
front of me

From Thanksgiving to, please now shout for somethin'

Can a nigga get some in, she wouldn't let me out for  
nothin'  
I guess I could be called a brat, now a jolly want a fat  
So let me rub my head all up against her, so she think  
she all of that

And every day of the week, sweatin' was like a sand of  
stayin'  
Would you lay off? I'm watchin' Prince of the Wales  
You're in the way-o, mouse craze across the room  
Should of seen, he stopped traffic

She's still a hooker snap, didn't I tell you don't pop  
crack  
'Cuz I'm Top Cat

Now come and the sex triggers, and his penis stiffer  
Bigger, said boy she surely sleepin' wit a lot of  
different niggas  
In position as he coach this, doin' the mood by the  
'proach this  
And when the bitch she clean the house  
You wouldn't have so many roaches

But still she buggin' and he comin', and the naughty wit  
the hut  
He fall asleep, burglar come, up shorty get the shotty  
Find me out, and nothin' stun him, the hoes did love  
him  
Feed on a bitch, got up and chase me till she heard it

What was that? Got her gun, she had a dozen, mad  
loud  
And for a over honey lady, definitely that wasn't a bad  
shot  
Police came and all of that, and now I hear her off,  
wonder her  
So I snuggle a bundle of, 'cuz I kind of grow fond of her

My mouse run across, shouldn't seen me stopped  
traffic  
Thought the ho was gonna snap, better not pop crack  
The who? Top Cat

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