

Lyrics by Rainmakers

"Take it to the Top"

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[Intro: U-God]

Time to strongarm this shit
This how we gon' do, dead arm this man,
knowhatimsayin?
From the root to the fruit, twenty-one gun salute this
shit
Uptown, Downtown, New York, down South
L.A., that's how we gon' do it, Hillside, nigga, all day

[Desert Eagle]

Meet me at the pop off, INF on the block
Hillside, get your rocks off, take it to the top
Got the whole world hatin', can't take me in the drop
Can't take it how I'm cakin' it, catch me in the spot
And you might see a veteran stance, but you'll never
see a veteran dance
But you might catch me bangin' in the twat
She ain't got G, she ain't untangling my knot
In my baratone throw, here, bangin' out the box
Clubs to cell blocks, here tangle with an ox
Got gorillas in the mist, all my niggas arm with lead
So we gotta watch the killas on the strip
You already had a chance, try to kill us with a clip
One slug hit my lung, you could feel it when I spit
I'm a Hillside Scrambler, the widest in the click
Watch Ugodz-Illa set fire to this shit

[U-God]

As the music gets louder at the top of the hour
It's time to devour, cuz I'm hungry for power
I rise the towers, I'll retire your mans
And it never backfires when I devise a plan
I sprinkle money showers, I'm suppose to think big
All you coward ass niggas don't want me to live
Up the ladder of success, I won't forgive
Ya'll tight ass niggas, ya'll greedy ass pigs, nigga
Last bids, better tie it, the CREAM
I got here, hard work, plus dreams of steam
I'm a mean machine, eat Lean Cuisine
Similar to Steve McQueen on silver screen
I'm suppose to redeem, see my Sprewells twirl

I want a penthouse view, plus windows to the world
And, diamonds and pearls, and hardwood floors
An Italian Job, catch a big money score
At the tip of the iceberg, top of the mountain
Nigga, sky's the limit, when money I'm countin'
I want water and waves sprayin' out my fountain
Nigga, I can it with him, or I can do without him, bitch

[Chorus: all (INF-Black)]

Take it to the top (we ball 'til we fall, let the champagne
pop, nigga)
Take it to the top (every hood, every block, know we got
this shit locked,
nigga)
Take it to the top (Uptown niggas, Downtown niggas,
get it poppin', baby)
Take it to the top (Niggas get your front on, bitches get
your stunt on, come
on!)

[INF-Black]

It's the silent mover, analyst, sharpshooter
I parachute in your hood, ride off on a scooter
Smookin' buddha with two nines, I'm still rockin' Puma's
Heard it first on grapevine, my rhymes ill manauvers
On jake, we call 'em one time, escape the street crime
Dropped in black hoodies, Timbs and gold shines
Poppin' that champagne, get high like jet lines
Glide and break spines, make ya'll respect mine
I grind from nine to five, rely on the iron nine
INF-Black, I'm doin' fine, so far from hittin' prime
Rippin' right through your flesh, these bitches they
wantin' sex
I take you to the top, and cut you off at the neck
Oh you the boss? You ain't a threat
Who cares of what you did, who cares of what you rep
I sidestep ya'll faggots, leave your food in a mess
Got ladies that play it cool and keep the tool in they
dress
Ride with me... Hillside, uh

[Chorus]

[King Just]

I've done started at the bottom, I deserve the tippy
Ya'll niggas got some nerve to try to forget me
Man, is he, or isn't he, the greatest who done it?
With sixteen bars that run concurrent
Who wanna serve the warrant? Ya'll ain't got nothin' for
him
How you gonna score points, on the after Mike Jordan

Won't happen, stay scrappin', I can see what you lackin'
Hillside, rep Staten, see my wolves, still packin'
I ain't actin', unless they sold out the box office
Or Spike Lee steps to me with better offers
Tune in, play it again, Q, fuck me? Fuck you
That's how I'm supposed to do
We'll go eye for eye, we'll go tooth for tooth
Who the fuck wastes they money to put you in the
booth?
You ain't the truth, you more like an L-I-E
Let it be known, I meet you at the T-O-P, nigga

[Letha Face]

Enter the stage, I hell raise
With the force of double barrel 12 gauge
Pump shotgun, dump hot ones
Fireballs flamin' out the mouth, lockin' your lungs
Let me explain what the pain is about
Oscar the Grouch, out the trashcan, Dead Presidents
style
Twin pounds in my hands, write my measurements
down, clown
I bang in the name of my son, exchange flames til I'm
done
The clip's empty and I'm the remaining one
Anger from the Slums, soak up liquor with a sponge
liver
Your flow of blood is leakin' worse than a running river
Silver spines worse than Cabin Fever
Play the receiver, of a stabbing meat clever in your
abdomen
All that from steppin' on my sneaker
The beat box jam, causes me to murder you with my
intellect
Kill for respect, plus work hard for the power
Then I carve Loose Links inside the heart of a coward

[Chorus]

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