Top Shotta (feat. Joey Bada\$\$)

Termanology

[Intro] Status collector **Top Shotta Boy** Ya feel me? **Top Shotta Boy** [Verse 1: Termanology] Sippin' this liquor off the 8th floor balcony Thinking how I made the whole world bounce for me I had the bubble on the low and blow silently No longer wanna be but wanna live violently 2 baby mamas, 2 babies, that's 4 mouths to feed A hundred friends but none of them looking out for me Got tax issues, got dust and got accounting fees I just wanna hear my pain with this clouded tree Is it all in my mind or am I paranoid Is this comma in the air, one I can't avoid Can I Lord? Ask you to give me the strength Not to lust for anything that I can't afford I don't need no awards or nothing immature I was more thinking less nightmares and men in wars Thinking how my Aunt Temmy died last month Got me smoking every L like it's my last blunt I keep it humble, don't chill with people that's gassed up Some of my friends rich, some of them on they last buck How can I stop showing you love cos you had bad luck Anybody can vouch for me Any hood I get mad love [Verse 2: Joey Bada\$\$] The fusillade get sprayed, never delayed I'm just coming for a blaze, every time I blaze Take a minute just to look back in the days As I remember this the maze But I'm still a caged rat, that's a staged fact And you should page 8 that Trying to get the papers Caught up all the vapors Hiatus to my haters The pupils dilators See 'em how they traitors And then they rate us greatest and then they slave us And enslave us in and engrave in our mind

That we can't be the greatest "We wasted too much time" Taking time for granted The food of life I planted I pomegranate - Last man repping for the planet I guess they granted All my African Bambaataa patois Pot of gold, I make that Harry Potter "poof" You rappers not a son You not hotter Pick up like papa to the realest top shotta[Outro] Top shotta boy

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