Fat boy behind a lot of your favorite flows man Pay attention

Ghost writer blunt lighter Write a rappers song then go buy a home Lyrics they recite these are words I own Every album that I made I did it on my own Melodies that I would barter any label the starter Any nigga with cheddar I bet I can make it better Wanna live the life so they gotta pay the fee Last ten years everybody came to me Politicians propositions bottom bitches washing dishes No auditions for these bitches many scriptures we've written Came from the mud I use to piss in the tub If you never felt love then I considered you blood Charging for the verses, I'll throw in the chorus Slip-N-Slide fucked me friendship was aborted Publishing was something I would have to earn back So I wrote so many songs I would deserve that In return I wrote them things that were all to the world Cause they were some names many names That's my word to confirm That's my word to confirm That's my word to confirm

It gets so lonely at the top
It gets so lonely at the top
I get so lonely at the top
It be so lonely at the top
I be so lonely at the top

Fell in love with the travel carry ons and what have you If a nigga came at you then he was trying to pat you Ghostwriter put a check on a niggas head You never knew all at the table cause he hid his hand Remember receiving words of wisdom from Jimmy Henchman I lit a blunt in his honor when he received his sentence So many successful entertainers with tax problems DMX went homeless and heard he back robbing Rosay won't be a old nigga with back problems In the back of the Maybach with black Tanya When it comes to the anthems I done penned me a few LMFAO been my style they about to get sued

It gets so lonely at the top
It gets so lonely at the top
I get so lonely at the top

It be so lonely at the top
It be so lonely at the top
I be so lonely at the top

My ego's intact, my pen is unique Any pressure we come with sticks like they do at Philippe's God gave me a gift therefore I shared it with them Ghostwriter publisher such a beautiful friend We give them the slang we lease them the swag Tell them where they can hang tell them what they should claim Cheers to hustlers, bitches who wanna fuck us Ghostwriter never knowing when they are coming to touch us My team in fatigues diamonds drip to my knees Mike Caren a leach you'll all be deceased Culture is mine these words I define If you need you a hit I could give you some lines I could pick you the beat I should write you the hook You just sit back and smoke, all royalties took All royalties took All royalties took

It gets so lonely at the top
It gets so lonely at the top
I get so lonely at the top
I be so lonely at the top
It be so lonely at the top
It be so lonely at the top
I be so lonely at the top