

Take It To The Top

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
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 vete
ran 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
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