

# Wiz Khalifa, Top Down

La música de Harry Fraud

You havin' fun (Oh)  
If your nigga find out, he gon' be upset (Oh, oh)  
Put the top down (Oh, oh)  
When it get cold, let it up, yeah (Yeah, oh, oh)  
We goin' up, yeah (Yeah, oh, oh)  
All these girls, they with us, yeah (Yeah, oh, oh, oh)  
And we don't never stop, 'cause we never get enough

Big joint that I fill  
New lights on the grill  
Gold D's on the wheels  
Roll with me need skills  
I can tell you how it feel  
Diamond chain for a pill  
Buy the waves for a mil  
Ain't even tryna flex  
Some of them niggas want the trophy  
I want mind and respect  
Rapping these verses  
Breaking these purses when it's time to collect  
Don't even buy just one, we get 'em in sets  
Ain't talkin' clothes, I'm talking the ice on her neck  
I give you a start and make you work for the rest  
Make you a boss, have you signing them checks  
Checkin' the books and make sure my papers correct  
Look, I done turned you to a threat

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Letting 'em up  
Who knew that after years of hard work, the truth would be us  
Two girls in the back, let our seats up  
Cell phones off, so they can't reach us  
I got an extra one, bitch, keep up  
Put the kush in the joint, call it secret stuff  
How you a boss and you rollin' in the cheapest one?  
Me and my squad do our job, that's keepin' the bleachers filled up  
They know way better than to steal from us  
They work, so if we take a loss then shit we still get up  
They wonder what's in my garage, if I'm gon' switch it up  
I don't pull nothing, I make y'all go get some different work  
We leave up out here and make all the bitches disappear

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And we don't never stop, 'cause we never get enough, yeah

Get enough, get enough  
Get enough, get enough