

# On Top of the World

8Ball & MJG

Hey MJG  
MJG and that nigga 8Ball  
On top of the world

Uh, Let me drop it on the one  
It's the fat mac dope  
Like an 8Ball, that's why  
People call me that  
Some used to call me Mr. Big  
But I had to flip  
Now they call me Mr. Ruffle  
Cuz I'm all about my chips  
Matter 'fact you need a jack-  
Hammer just to dig me  
Orange juice and DT people playa tipsy  
It only seems like yesterday thinking back  
I had to work a job and hustle just to keep sack  
Stuck in Orange Mound, ten toes down  
Nowhere to go but up  
I'm underground I'm so down  
But God bless me with this gift of poetry  
So with this CD the world could see what I see  
Came hard for them bustas on the outside looking in  
Made man is with some paper and a pens and  
Did it again, For all of ya'll  
MJG and 8Ball sitting on top of the world

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Keep that animosity that you got against me off your chest  
Cuz you can't bring me down even if you tried your best  
I guess is what I gotsta do  
Separate myself from the bustas hang tight with my own crew  
Some people hate to see me make  
And any opportunity they get where they can hurt me they go'n take  
I hate it, but 'too late n it get's rougher  
My chrome plated thang blew your cover in the gutter  
Of the brothers who don't know me well  
Claim that they do and persistence turn a lie into the truth ain't no use  
First of all I believe in God  
I'm coming out hard and I can finish anything you can start cross your heart  
As I keep a tight grip on my chrome  
Cuz when I ain't at home it's gonna let me know that I ain't alone, I'm gone  
Mentally speaking, MJG, on top of the world thousands of pearls is all that  
I can see

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I've seen so much from coast to coast and state to state  
Birds slanging ballas is the fakest of the fake  
Getting paid, getting played, getting sprayed in the streets  
While me and MJG getting paid freaking beats  
Were versatile south style rap ability

I had to catch a plane that took me far from my community  
Made alot of cheese, people say I changed  
But if you thinking this you never knew me from the gate man  
Much respect to young G's on the streets banging  
And all my niggas who survive day to day swinging  
And Ill keep serving all my doh vocally  
Cuz its survival of the fittest, mentally

I've seen alot of luxuries, fine cars, movie stars, social bars, many women,  
fake friends in my face, nine ten  
Even though I stack don't stand down on my income  
I never would forget about the streets that I come from  
The drugs, the violence, not one day of silence  
The robbing, the shooting, mothas prostitutin'  
The Mound is my home, the hood I'm around  
But if you jack me your whole families going down  
Your motha, your daddy, your aunty, your cousins, they all going out by the  
whole dirty dozen  
M, JG, music in the streets scholar, on top of the world tryin to make a dol  
lar

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