

# On My Way

Saigon

Ha ha, S to the A man  
Yeah!

I'm on my way to the top, no frontin  
Y'all couldn't pay me to stop, no nothin  
Stayed on my own and keep my pace, I'm runnin  
Cause I'm on my way up, I'm on my way up  
It is y'all comin with me - elevator ride to the top  
Y'all can come with me - elevator ride to the top  
I don't think y'all hear me - we gon' take a ride to the top  
It is y'all comin with me - we gon' take a ride to the top  
I'm on my way up

And I ain't NEVER comin down clown  
Bang you from every angle like surround sound  
Bow down, pay homage to my hustle man  
Stop gettin mad cause I be showin off my muscles man  
I work hard for 'em, so damn right I'ma show 'em  
You think I do that shit for fun? I don't think so son  
I'm in the gym like young Muhammad and them  
He said to make it to the top that I gotta get it in  
And in the studio you should already know what I'm cookin up  
Every other year I got this rap shit shooked up  
Whoever hot at the time know if he got outta line  
then I'm droppin a rhyme to put a stop to his shine  
I'm, much more than punchlines and metaphors  
The skill level is light years ahead of yours  
So feel free to critique my mystique  
The wise rule the world, the strong only rule the weak

And like I said, I ain't comin down  
I did everything one can do on the underground  
Mixtapes, tours, made a couple hundred thou'  
But people want that "Greatest Story" and they want it now  
The powers that be don't wanna let my message out  
My words are equal to somethin put in the stress about  
I made a song "Color Purple," they refused to push it  
That was a song that could do stuff the Southern music couldn't  
"Pain in My Life," the proof was in the pudding  
Plus I'm a rapper that could act as good as Cuba Gooding  
The black-ballin was obvious, I walk, they say "Look he leavin"  
What kinda guy'll retire before his rookie season?  
I plan, plot, strategize different ways to make it  
Cause when you real as I am you face major hatred  
Feel free to critique my mystique  
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They target us like hate, target at Colin  
Corey got on the train and startin poppin shots into people noggins  
It's not surprisin why my people still get knocked for robbin  
'Sposed to just watch you cop shit to drive in? We barely survivin  
You crazy or just out of your noggin? Look dawg  
I'm really [?] shit, none of y'all spotted it  
That's the problem with kids, you niggaz got slum topics  
Talk about you from projects, you sold the bubblegum droplets  
All you hear is Hummers, drop six; for every nigga with a drop six  
it's two niggaz with hoopties probably fuckin y'all chicks

A hot spit, think you could stand a glock  
Rockets are brolic like rocks are solid, you sweet as a box of chocolates  
I'm takin off to the top like a rocket  
I gotta get to the profit and nada is gonna stop it  
So feel free to critique my mystique  
The wise rule the world, the strong only rule the weak  
Speak

Uhh, break it down now  
Break it (no frontin) no frontin y'all  
(No nothin) Nothin gon' stop me man!  
(I'm runnin) I'm on my way up yo!  
Check it (I'm on my way up)  
Who comin with me?  
How many people comin with me?  
Now everybody come (with me) c'mon  
DJ Corb', Saigon the Yardfather  
Break it down (way up)