

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

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

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

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

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

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