

On Top

Marc E. Bassy

Jesus freak rappers in the Hollywood streets
You need cleats keeping up with the whippersnappers
East Hollywood with the hookers and broken dancers
And the crooked eye fueling all the hopeless romantics
Pardon all my daily antics, daily doses
Just a little something, turn down [my neurosis]
I'm in love with the world, pour a shot for it
And these lines open doors, you would knock for it
Quoted lines inked up from your favorite writer
We just living out these dreams, vicarious it seems
The higher up I get, the lower the self esteem
I want suicide doors and five stories to lean
The feelings down deep, you should brandish those
And welcome all emotional bullet holes
Let the blood run down, cover up your clothes
Don't let your fashion cover up what your passion holds
Fucking wearing Belmont, talking to your bail bond
Getting money but you still got hell to run from
Five flights to Vegas, lets do it in one month
Baby you can get dough and I'll go and record something
I see the world in stories, I dream up these situations
Lines in my mind, back-and-forth like I'm pacing
Racing like Sears Point, joint lit, never complacent

Let me get my smoke in the air
Looking out the window to the world
We could get away and take a trip

Smoke in the air, we blowing up
Window to the whip, all tinted up
Baby take a trip, we can work it out
Champagne sipping we can toast now
Wood grain gripping while she go south
East Hollywood from my coat down

Now come get on top
I wanna watch you
Now come get on top
I need something to look up to
Yeah come get on top
I really wanna watch you
Yeah come get on top
I need something to look up to

Show me where to go
Show, show me where to go
Bust it for a real
Bust, bust it for a real [x2]

Scientologist in the Hollywood streets
I get creep when they talk about dianetics
I guess to get through life you got to have a code-of-ethics
My moral compass always said to stay out 'til breakfast
I'm co-dependent, I rely on push come to shove
Just to make sure that you mean it when you say it's "love"
I tried a million ways to make it out this war
But I'm done trying to find out what they pay me for

Bitch I'm really living, swimming in the funk like I'm Boosie
Got rid of my scene girl, shout out to Oozie
Bill Withers said it best "you can go and use me" (you can use me up)
Loose-leaf cigarette dragging while I make a movie
I think that you're best dress when you wear a two-piece
Me and my roommates installing multiple jacuzzis
Summer coming and we stunting, Nick running fucking power
And Bassy got paid just to talk for an hour
My circle is the one they wanna be in
Courtside, side-betting at the Colosseum
Ain't no more waiting in line, baby follow me in
And Fess got us worked out, that's the fucking te-am

Let me get my smoke in the air
Looking out the window to the world
We could get away and take a trip

Smoke in the air, we blowing up
Window to the whip, all tinted up
Baby take a trip, we can work it out
Champagne sipping we can toast now
Wood grain gripping while she go south
East Hollywood from my coat down

Now come get on top
I wanna watch you
Now come get on top
I need something to look up to
Yeah come get on top
I really wanna watch you
Yeah come get on top
I need something to look up to

Show me where to go
Show, show me where to go
Bust it for a real
Bust, bust it for a real [x2]