

Sittin' On Top Of The World

Da Brat

Sittin' on top of the world
Huh, I done heard this shit
You wanna know what the fuck I heard bitch?
I heard you wanna carbon copy me, not possible to succeed
Bustin' niggas knee caps, 'cause greed is fuckin' with weed
Give me more cheddar than Ellie, no hillbilly from Beverly
Heavily sedated, still hated and rated R
You the next victim, and if you flinch you fall
I got the sure shot method, guaranteed to make a nigga pause
Peep the cars I'm in, uncountable amount of Benjamin's
Benzes for all my friends
If it don't make dollars, you ain't makin' no fuckin' sense
Get relentless when it comes to stackin' chips and shit
Try to take mine to thy nine be the glory
Unloaded at the end of the story, I'm on top of the world, nigga
Sittin' on top of the world, sittin' on top of the world
With fifty grand in my hand, steady puffin' on a blunt
Sippin' Hennessey and Coke, givin' ya what you want
Sittin' on top of the world, sittin' on top of the world
With my legs swinging, jewelry jinglin' baby
Go ahead baby, let me hit ya with some real pump, pump
It's the number one contender, so so def member known as Brat
Girlfriend offender because the mans think I'm all that
Crystal in my lap, chronic chokin' me
Niggas hopin' we fall off, but we won't, we don't
All we do is keep fuckin' it up
While all you do is keep lookin' at us
Known evidence is that I dispense hits
And make more house quakes than Prince
Leavin' muthafuckas dense
One of the baddest bitches on the planet
Act like you know, it's the funk bandit, dammit, and you can't stand it
You can run, but you can't hide from this bad mannered individual
Gal from the West side, hit 'em up
I came quick, stick like the bottom of some ostrich
Holdin' your fans hostage from your bullshit
And it's written all over your face, you want my space
But ain't got what it takes to take my place
Sittin' on top of the world, sittin' on top of the world

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Go ahead baby, let me hit ya with some real pump, pump
Now best believe, I got more tricks up my sleeve than that silly rabbit
All day dream about cheese and how I gots to have it
Got a weed habit, but I'm still on point
One of the most wanted to rock off somebody's joints
It be the B R A T, the mind blower, the rough rhyme thrower
Muthafuckas can't see, ridin' drop top roadsters
Fuck all that gold stuff, only triangles dangle when I bust
You see, niggas round town talked this and that
Said I sound like the pound and my shit was wack
Dropped the album Funkdafied and you thought it was bold
But thirty days later the LP went gold
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With fifty grand in my hand, steady puffin' on a blunt
Sippin' Hennessey and Coke, givin' ya what you want
Sittin' on top of the world, sittin' on top of the world
With my legs swinging, jewelry jinglin' baby
Go ahead baby, let me hit ya with some real pump, pump
Sitting
Ohh ya
Sitting
Down wit' my girl

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