

On Top Of The World

T.i.

I used to dream, I used to dream, oh whoa
About the money and the cars and girls and the girls
But now I sing, now I sing, oh whoa
Because I'm sitting on top of the world, the whole world
And now I sing, sing, sing, sing
'Cause I'm sitting on top of the world
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'Cause I'm sitting on top of the world
Man, I remember before I say that wait, let me issue this statement
No way should reflection be mistaking for glorification
Now I remember so vivid me and my niggas was living
Sub standard condition still handling business
Still laughing and tripping, still having the bitches
I'm rapping now reminiscing and goddammit we did it
From trapping standing and pitching with rich we stand in the kitchen
Splitting it eight ways flipping it 8 days
Thought that wild and unruly was just the way to behave
Kept the weight and the yey for most the paper
We made in all dimes, I ain't lying, the pleasure was all mine
Have big work to move but we served the small time
I always out shined the niggas with small minds
Who would of thought we would be arguably the greatest of all time
Around here we developed such a sound down here
But duplicate it off the steel it can only be found here
Only listen to G's that other shit I don't hear
Shit they so far in the rear how would I even care
I'm too busy being a player staring at nigga's careers
But talk about it for years and now we finally here
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They say what goes up must come down
But I ain't reached my cruising altitude
Take a look at what I did but can you imagine what I'm about to do

The places I'm 'bout to go and the money I'm bout to see
Gave Bill Gates some binoculars and said, look out for me
Exceeded expectations even at def jam
'Cause I married the streets and Atlanta has been my best man
My momma quit her job and now she works for six figures
'Cause I'm a self made nappy headed rich nigga
Private planes help me travel in peace
To four cities in one day and four countries in one week
'Cause I work for myself and no one else cause I'm too smart too
Put one of my partners right through culinary art school
Now he my personal chef so that bread he get it
Put 'em all in houses cleaned up all of my friends credit
And now they witness all the glitz and the glamor
Catch us eating at straits Atlanta with women with table manners
Order in Singapore and lobster
Celebrating coming from nothing to winning Grammy's
And rappers winning Oscars
And they say rappers shouldn't act, nah suckers
We see Samuel Jackson like what's up motherfucker
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I know them haters don't stop plotting and wish you would fall
'Cause I'm standing on top looking down at it all
Know from down there to ya'll it seem like I got it all
Homie I ain't get enough, I'm still trying to triple up
So all we got is street cred and akoo building up
Say I'm doing too much shit, I say I ain't did enough
Remember saying damn if I could just get to a million plus
And now I'm like shit what the fuck is a million bucks
Triple that on my bond thanks to Bigs and Ron
But never mind what I've been through, just look at what I become
All the shit I've avoided, what I done for my sons
And daughters and momma just call her
I sold dope and dropped out of school seems its all they can see
They don't notice none of my family did that since me
I broke that cycle now my family live a life of
Mandatory minimalists but not when the judge sentence them
Cousins in college where you think they get tuition from
Just from standing around wishing, huh

And while you standing around looking dumb
I make it happen taking action over time got damn good at it
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