Major (Manhattan Clique Remix)

The Asteroids Galaxy Tour

You got style, a la carte
To live your life you've got to be smart,
Keep cool, keep calm
You know the streets of your hood is your palm
Stick to the simple rules
Remember who's protecting you
These filthy streets will eat your soul
If you don't take control (yeah)Get a car, get a gun
Show the world what you have become
Fly high having fun
Celebrate you're finally won
Build up a heart of stone
Forget what makes you feel alone
Ain't nobody save your soul
You're on your own
(Yeah, blow it)This is what you've got
Major ambition
This is what you've got
This is what you've got major ambition
You roll the ball
Gotta wreck it 'till you fall (yeah)You're the best, you're the most
You're the toast of the Barbary Coast
Hip suit, holy ghost
Everybody know you're the host
A rising star above the law
Connections in the city hall
Someone's gonna make a call
If you end behind the wall
(Again, aye)In the club, VIP
You know your ways like the ABC
Get a girl, I guarantee
Eventually she be down on her knees
You've got the crew lined up
You don't want no city cup
Living life too fast for sure
You make 'n drop them off
(now blow it, oh yeah)This is what you've got
Major ambition
This is what you've got

This is what you've got
Major ambition
You roll the ballGotta wreck it 'till you fall
(Oooh yeah)The big transition (yeah)
You passed ignition (yeah)
No more opposition (yeah)
(no) only pure demolition (yeah)
It's major ambition (c'mon blow it)
This is what you've got
Major ambition
This is what you've got
This is what you've got
Major ambition
You roll the ball
Gotta wreck it 'till you fall (oh yeah)

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