

# 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 ball Gotta 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)

Songwriters

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