

# Da Brat, Sittin' On Top Of The World

You wanna know what the fuck I heard, bitch?

I heard you wanna carbon copy me,  
Not possible to succeed.  
Bustin nigga's kneecaps, cuz greed is fuckin wit weed  
Gimme more cheddar than Ellie,  
No Hillbilly from Beverly  
Heavely sedated, still hated and Rated R  
You the next victim, and if you flinch you fall  
I got that 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 fucking sense  
Get relentless when it comes to stacking 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...

CHORUS:

Sittin on top of the world  
Sittin on top of the world  
With 50 grand in my hand  
Steady puffin on a blunt  
Sippin hennessy and coke,  
Gimme what you won't.

Sittin on top of the world  
Sittin on top of the world  
With my legs swingin, jewelry jingling baby  
Go head baby.  
Lemme hit you with some real PUMP PUMP

It's the number one contender  
So So Def memeber known as Brat  
Girlfriend offender cuz they man's think I'm all that  
Krystal in my lap, chronic chokin me  
Nigga's 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 mother fuckers 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 individu-AL Gal from the West Side  
Hit em up.  
I can't quick stick like the bottom of an ostrich  
Hung in your pants  
Hotness from your bull-shit  
And it's written all over your face  
You want my space but ain't got what it takes to take my place...

CHORUS

Now best believe I got more Trix up my sleeve  
Then that silly rabbit  
All day dream about G's and how I gots to have it  
Gotta weed habit, but I'm still on point,  
one of the most wanted to rock off somebody's joint.  
It be the B-R-A-T, the mind blower,  
The rough rhyme thrower, mother fuckers can't see  
Riding drop top roadsters, fuck all that gold stuff

Only Triangles dangle when I bust.  
You see, niggas round town called this and that,  
Said I sound like the pound and my shit was wack.  
Dropped the album Funkdafied and they thought it was bold,  
30 days later, the LP went gold, and I'm...

CHORUS