

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