

On Top of the World (feat. Ludacris & B.o.B)

T.I.

I used to dream (I used to dream), oh woah
About the money and the cars and girls (and the girls)
But now I sing (now I sing), oh woah
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
And now I sing, sing, sing, sing, '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 mistaken 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 God damn it, we did it
From trapping, standing, and pitching with rich, we stand in the kitchen
Splitting it eight ways, flipping it eight days
Thought that while in a room it was just the way to behave
Kept the weight and the yey for most the paper we made in all dimes
I aint lying, the pleasure was all mine
Have big work to move, but we served the small time
I always outshined 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, why would I even care
I'm too busy being a player, staring at niggas careers
But talk about it for years and now we finally here
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And now I sing, sing, sing, sing, 'cause I'm sitting on top of the world 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 with 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 to
 Put one of my partners right through culinary art school
 Now he my personal chef, so that bread he get it
 Put them 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 Grammys and rappers winning Oscars
 And they say rappers shouldn't act nah suckers
 We see Samuel Jackson like what's up mother fucker?!
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 And now I sing, sing, sing, sing, 'cause I'm sitting on top of the world I know them haters don't
 stop plotting and wish you would fall
 Cause I'm standing on top looking down at it all
 I see you down there to y'all, it seems like I got it all
 Homie I ain't get enough, I'm still trying to triple up
 It's why we got StreetCred and a cool 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 bun thanks to bigs and run
 But nevermind 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?
 Jeffrey standing around wishing huh
 And while you standing around looking dumb
 I make it happen, taking action over time, got damn good at it I used to dream (I used to dream),
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