

# 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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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  
 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 minimal, 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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