

# Top of the Game (feat. Rahzel)

## Sean Paul

Come down Sean Paul, number one champion  
Sean Paul, Rahzel  
Number one champion It's the return of the microphone fiend  
I be the first nigga to split ya spleen  
Impair ya vision, leave ya cataract split screen  
You'll be assed out, passed out like Mitch Green Fight Club, from a Brad Pitt scene  
I'm a SWAT team, spittin' the hot sixteen  
A pimp's steen is makin' ya chick scream  
Download my digital, digital voice stream Automatic wide screen  
Low rider, with them buggy eyed beams  
A bad freak, in the back seat, named Ming Ling  
Well, last week them bad streets was in full swing  
For my brothers locked down in G.P. to Sing Sing  
Sean Paul, a Dance hall king  
The track like a puppet on a string From a set a dem any time dem come arouna  
Dem hole a dis dem a waan try fi take ya crowna  
Dem waan fi see ya han a growna  
But di badman a wears a crowna  
Come a bun a dutty babylona Yo becaw me see dem a plan a to try fi come tek over me zona  
Say dem a try fi tek me ting like it now dem owna  
Dem di kinda ting dat kinda a hurt me corizona  
So me turn dem into organ donors Escape an a bed to Barcelona with Fiona and Iona  
Floakin' wit a pound of home growna  
One a dem gal a rub pon my shoulder  
One a pour a club soda, plus I like di flight controla  
Tell dem  
On top of the game I'll stay  
(Number one)  
Nobody cyaan out my flame  
(Champion) We tell dem again and again  
(Number one)  
We ready fi drive dem insane  
(Champion) On top of the game I'll stay  
(Number one)  
Nobody cyaan out my flame  
(Champion) We tell dem again and again  
(Number one)  
We ready fi drive dem insane  
(Champion) It's all about my love for it  
All about di tings that me give up for it  
All about di years up inna di club for it  
Me sweat for it, me tough for it

Boy waan come treat man like bruk for it  
 An gal you so say man all a suffer it No dem discover it  
 Waan fi bring dey bread fi me fi butter it  
 Just true di true, me a hotter it  
 I know me nuh guh sweater it  
 Even dis try tell dem nuh guh suffer it  
 None a dem cyaan dung sight of it Caw music is my heart and it's in my brain  
 Inna me soul, it tek control, me feel it there an plain  
 When di vibe dem start, weh yuh cyaan complain  
 When di music a hit, yuh kno yuh feel nuh pain On top of the game I'll stay  
 (Number one)  
 Nobody cyaan out my flame  
 (Champion) We tell dem again and again  
 (Number one)  
 We ready fi drive dem insane  
 (Champion) On top of the game I'll stay  
 (Number one)  
 Nobody cyaan out my flame  
 (Champion) We tell dem again and again  
 (Number one)  
 We ready fi drive dem insane  
 (Champion) Sean Paul  
 Sean Paul Watch di rat race, dem a run, dem nuh age, run in it  
 Di pussies dem a come fi try fi tek out di fun in it  
 Dem a two face, a gwaan push see me gun in it  
 Any ting start, an I'm dun in it Best believe, I'm run in it  
 I is fly, high like di chron in ic  
 Mek man yuh break like dey super son in ic  
 Rahzel di superhuman, dey cyaan manage it  
 Combine with mine, every time, we keep dun in it On top of the game I'll stay  
 (Number one)  
 Nobody cyaan out my flame  
 (Champion) We tell dem again and again  
 (Number one)  
 We ready fi drive dem insane  
 (Champion) On top of the game I'll stay  
 (Number one)  
 Nobody cyaan out my flame  
 (Champion) We tell dem again and again  
 (Number one)  
 We ready fi drive dem insane  
 (Champion)  
 Yo

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>