

Saigon

"On My Way"

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[Intro]

Ha ha, S to the A man
Yeah!

[Chorus]

I'm on my way to the top, no frontin'
Y'all couldn't pay me to stop, no nothin'
Stayed on my own and keep my pace, I'm runnin'
Cause I'm on my way up, I'm on my way up
It is y'all comin' with me - elevator ride to the top
Y'all can come with me - elevator ride to the top
I don't think y'all hear me - we gon' take a ride to the
top
It is y'all comin' with me - we gon' take a ride to the top
I'm on my way up

[Verse 1]

And I ain't never comin' down clown
Bang you from every angle like surround sound
Bow down, pay homage to my hustle man
Stop gettin' mad cause I be showin' off my muscles
man
I work hard for 'em, so damn right I'ma show 'em
You think I do that sh*t for fun? I don't think so son
I'm in the gym like young Muhammad and them
He said to make it to the top that I gotta get it in
And in the studio you should already know what I'm
cookin' up
Every other year I got this rap sh*t shaken up
Whoever hot at the time know if he got outta line
Then I'm droppin' a rhyme to put a stop to his shine
I'm, much more than punchlines and metaphors
The skill level is light years ahead of yours
So feel free to critique my mystique
The wise rule the world, the strong only rule the weak

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

And like I said, I ain't comin' down
I did everything one can do on the underground

Mixtapes, tours, made a couple hundred thou'
But people want that "Greatest Story" and they want it
now

The powers that be don't wanna let my message out
My words are equal to somethin' put in the stress about
I made a song "Color Purple," they refused to push it
That was a song that could do stuff the Southern music
couldn't

"Pain in My Life," the proof was in the pudding
Plus I'm a rapper that could act as good as Cuba
Gooding

The black-ballin' was obvious, I walk, they say "Look he
leavin'"

What kinda guy'll retire before his rookie season?
I plan, plot, strategize different ways to make it
Cause when you real as I am you face major hatred
Feel free to critique my mystique
The wise rule the world, the strong only rule the weak

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

They target us like hate, target at Colin
Corey got on the train and startin' poppin' shots into
people noggins
It's not surprisin' why my people still get knocked for
robbin'
'Sposed to just watch you cop sh*t to drive in? We
barely survivin'
You crazy or just out of your noggin? Look dawg
I'm really (?) sh*t, none of y'all spotted it
That's the problem with kids, you n*ggas got slum
topics
Talk about you from projects, you sold the bubblegum
droplets
All you hear is Hummers, drop six; for every n*ggga with
a drop six
It's two n*ggas with hoopties probably f*ckin' y'all
chicks
A hot spit, think you could stand a glock
Rockets are brolic like rocks are solid, you sweet as a
box of chocolates
I'm takin' off to the top like a rocket
I gotta get to the profit and nada is gonna stop it
So feel free to critique my mystique
The wise rule the world, the strong only rule the weak
Speak

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Uhh, break it down now
Break it (no frontin') no frontin' y'all
(No nothin') Nothin gon' stop me man!
(I'm runnin') I'm on my way up yo!
Check it (I'm on my way up)
Who comin' with me?
How many people comin' with me?
Now everybody come (with me) c'mon
DJ Corb', Saigon the Yardfather
Break it down (way up)

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