

## Omar Cruz

### "To The Top"

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Whoo! Yeah It's ya boy O.

Cruz

This goin' out to all those muh'fuckers that down with  
me from day one, man We're here now Let's ride out

It was all a dream My fantasy, for a young Latin kid  
Actin' like I was rappin' in front of thousands,  
I laugh at it now

But back then, the struggle really had a grip on me  
And all my family could really do was wish the best of  
me (Whoo!)

We had it hard, growin' up in the barrio  
When muh'fuckers would ride out and bury you with the  
saw

When they sense street light, I wrote my first song  
Every single night in bed, I'm hearin' shots go off  
But through the pain and sorrow, and all the cloudy  
days

I would find a way to make sunrays brighten up my day  
Ignorin' all the bassheads and the one time  
That's out to make us pure California sunshine  
Even the homies that know me, they know I said it,  
"Solely Only for all my soldados," mami's is showin'  
they chonies  
(Ha ha)

Cause now we made it, we struggled to make it right  
We hustle just to survive, we celebratin' this life (Come  
on)

Can't stop Ain't no stoppin' us  
Won't stop Ain't no toppin' this Candy drop Six-four's  
hop to this Now  
Where we takin' this, man? "To the top"  
Can't stop Ain't no stoppin' us  
Won't stop Worked too hard for this Shit to pop Ain't no  
stoppin' us  
Now "To the top"

So now, we mobbin' to the liquor store, for supply Same  
spot,  
where the homie took his last breath of la di

So many funerals and rosaries, lonely nights  
That's why the night, we smoke on somethin', toastin'  
(???) life  
So many rollin' with us, always ridin' so deep Range  
Rove, chrome feet, six-four, gold D's  
The homies hold heat daily on the boulevard

[To The Top (Feat. Frankie J) Lyrics On ]

There's hood insurance so we don't catch any bullet  
scars  
So little mama, get your pretty ass in the back  
Call ya homegirls, tell 'em, "We gon' be there in a half"  
Top down, you know my shit got the best sound  
The convoy in candy paint, headed west bound  
Smoke in the air, got the Cali weed, everywhere  
Blowin' in the wind, throwin' dubs up, we don't stop  
Pull at a stop Little mama, wanna roll, let's go (gurl)  
Where we going? Westward, hoe (Come on)

Can't stop Ain't no stoppin' us  
Won't stop Ain't no toppin' this Candy drop Six-four's  
hop to this Now  
Where we takin' this, man? "To the top"  
Can't stop Ain't no stoppin' us  
Won't stop Worked too hard for this Shit to pop Ain't no  
stoppin' us  
Now "To the top"

We hit the coast, dip in three wheel motion  
The sun is gettin' close to the ocean, sippin' the potion  
We posted, homie, I'm feelin' right  
For all the hard times Everybody feelin' right  
We had to get it tight  
So now, we pourin' tequila, some drinking grey goose  
Homies poundin' 12-packs, others sippin' gin and juice  
Light up the don fire, player lit a O.  
Cruz  
Pour a little liquor for the homies cause we miss you  
Yeah

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