

Omar Cruz f/ Frankie J.**"To the Top"**

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[Omar Cruz] 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 [Verse 1: Omar Cruz] 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 {*two gunshots*} 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) Chorus: [Frankie J.] 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 [Omar Cruz] Where we takin' this, man? [Julian Bunneta] "To the top" [Frankie J.] 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 [Julian Bunneta] "To the top" (Verse 2) [Omar Cruz] 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 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 [Female] Where

we going? [Omar Cruz] Westward, hoe (Come on)
Repeat Chorus [Verse 3: Omar Cruz] 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 Repeat Chorus Twice

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