

## Come Up Boys

DJ Drama

Niggas, I'm sick of them, hoes, don't think of them  
Countin drug money, with a PHD coriculom  
Ain't no sickin 'm, ain't no trickin 'm  
No TIP, I might thickin 'm  
As if, puff my splif  
You wanna throw, I knock your ass to bits  
I'm like DatPiff.com, I'm the bom  
Nigga, I'm a killer, put my hand on the bomb  
Hundred Gs on the arm, hundred Gs on the charm  
Big black nigga, who like to front  
Don't speak the mods, only confedonts  
I'm under envestagation, like Berry Bonds  
Kiss my wife, hug my moms  
Characteristics of a don  
War like Vietnam  
I blast the fifth, then plead the fifth  
Like Diddy say, "no bitch ass in this  
La!

Caviar wishes, Madoosa on my dishes  
Chillin with my niggas, let me introduce the bitches  
Atlanta party, takin pictures with the bitches  
Niggas actin like the game came with the glitches  
I never flintch, too big for my briches  
Marol Lintch money, tryna dodge Willie lintches  
Willie The Kid chain bright like the Big Dipper  
I'm a star, sippin Yak off the snifter  
In my opinion's stiffer, with the drifter  
Only fuck with the mediat fam members  
We tight like the zippers on the Members Only jacket  
Sharp as a cactus, sandpaper raps, tryna match up my tablit  
What you call rappin, I call talkin practice  
Call it how I see it, gotta live it to be it  
The weed Caribbean, the guns European  
And if I wasn't rappin, I'd probably studdy law  
And in my spare time, writin for the Final Call  
Welcome to the NSC, the SSR  
Hey MG, we the best by far