

The Come Up

Twista

Let me take you to the wicked wicked Westside
Where them niggas carry chrome and the best die
Where we push up in the corners that we fight for
City from the shores breeds gangsters and Vice Lords
Bustin' pistols while we runnin' from the five-oh
Hit the adversaries up because we drive slow

Oh I'm a killa mayne, standin' on these corners
Hustlin' for my denim mayne, and if you try to move
Soon as I hear one shot
I'm a let the tec and desert eagle ride non-stop
If I have to I'll commit a murder just to maintain
Tell me what you thought I'm from a city where they gang bang
And I got that thang thang
Get it however you want it cop a fo' and then split
Hustle hard and work your way up 'til you holdin' a brick
Cop an ounce of this 'dro I got the flyest shit in town
Bet you within a week you'll be able to get a pound
Go ahead and drop you can whip on 24's to get around
Gettin' paper make me feel like (la-da-da-dah-dee)

Let me see all of my gangsters come up, in Chi-Town
Let me see all of my hustlers come up, in Brooklyn
Let me see all of my riders come up, in the Bay
Let me see all of my killers come up, in Houston
Let me see all of my bitches come up, in A-T-L
Let me see all of my niggas come up, M-I-A

Now let me take you to the motherfuckin' Southside
City of the chrome, get shot up for standin outside
Don't talk no shit or you can end up on prime time
My nigga Ty Nitti be holdin down the nine-nine
That's where the thugs lurks
I done been out there and seen them niggas put in blood work

When I'm in the 100's you can always smell the scent of purple
These niggas always gettin' money in they inner circle
Fuck with 'em they fin' to hurt you; gotta get they cash on
Necessary evil they quick to put the mask on
Then they gotta put the mash on; steady bustin' at each other
I take a tool and bust my strap and scream out "Free my brother~!"
Bitch-ass motherfuckers; I'm about to break 'em out
If they hit me before they get me I'm a take 'em out
If we successful we gon' smoke a blunt and cruise home
Introduce him to his new Charger with no shoes on
'Til the haters move on
Fin' to set up shop now, gotsta hold the block down
Gettin' paper make me feel like (la-da-da-dah-dee)

Now let me take you to the motherfuckin' projects
Where the true thugs, and the elite members of the mob at
Know somebody; better call them out or try to tell them later
When they tell you "Where you from" when they catch you on the elevator
The fiends lurkin', niggas serve in pissy hallways
Can't say shit cause they be gettin' money all day

Mercedes parked out front, chilli'n with a hat cocked to the left

In the ride with the glock cocked smokin' a blunt
300Z with the Lamborghini do's and some hoes with a big ol' project booty
And the beat kinda hot but the cops wanna come
To hold the work he got that duty
So they can't do nothin' to me
Seventh flo' with the 'dro now, nineteenth flo' by the rocks now
Gettin' paper make me feel like (la-da-da-dah-dee)

Yeah, some oh-six shit
For all the real niggas and bitches to ride to
Not none of that ol' lame-ass, metaphoric-ass ol' goofy shit~!
This some of that real shit, that Chi-Town shit
That gangster shit, fool!
Twista bitch