

Come Up

Blade Brown

Way before I knew about stick ups
Or calling the dopeman to pick up, yeah
I didn't know about dark, man
I was probably in the park with my niggas doin' kick ups
Before a nigga knew to get the gun out
I was begging mum so I could come out
Because everybody was playin run outs, rude to the girls
They would probably stick their tongue out
My first boots were from Gola
I thought I was Ravinelli n' Zola
No pressure on my shoulders
I was happy with a Happy meal and cola
Yeah, but life got colder
Started following the steps of the olders
Looking road names with the gold chains sellin cocaine
Niggas whippin' round in a Rover

I remember when I had my first fist fight
With a nigga that I really disklike
It didn't go too well but I swear man
I was fuckin' up niggas by my fifth fight
Running up the road, robbing niggas for their phones
Got my first gold cap off of Old Kent Road
You know how it goes, stuck up on the road
Niggas started hustlin', yeah we fuckin' up the chrome
Robbed so many niggas, I've forgotten all their faces
Late teens yeah, swear I had too many cases
High speed chases, regular bases
Wettin' up niggas, bare blood all on my laces
Yeah, thinkin where did it go wrong
Little bad breed with' all my gold on
Shits changed on the streets that we've grown on
But I ain't finished nigga, hold on

Look yeah, I remember when we made the line blow up
Light and dark made me give the crow up
Baggin' up bouj made me wanna throw up
Olders on the ends tellin' us to slow up
I 'member when I made my first five figures
Controlling the block with four five niggas
We was, ready to ride niggas
Circle of g's, with no side-niggas
Knew how to rap, I was nice with' the mic
But didn't really care, I was nice with' the white
Copped a rollie, icy and bright
Fuckin' all different girls, probably twice in a night
Yeah, remeniscing on the come up
Before the transactions or run ups
But I ain't dead or in jail, so
All I gotta say is Thank God just to sum up