

Creepin on ah Come Up

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony

Right about now, Thugs-n-harmony is on a come up
So to all you bustas out there, beware

Stalkin' (gat fools), walkin' jack moves

Woke up this morning with the thought of robbin' a bank to get rich
Ain't ate in days so it ain't no thang to click click, bitch, gimme your shit

Fresh out the pen, and I'm low on ends, fuck calm, I tried to stay thug
Got flowin' skills, but niggas, they bitches, now I just can't buy my bud
With my steel, grabbed the forty-four mag plus a sack

And I snag my leather rag, can't reveal when I glide with the moneybag
ride to the hide, count my flags. I be livin' on the darkside
And I can't escape, some say it's a phase

If it is, only way I'm gonna survive is if I play with my gauge
It's a raid. Put your face to pave

If you try to play brave, you'll get slayed

Pull down them shades, empty your pockets, watches, jewels, and you'll be safe

I snatched the clerk up by her neck, put the gun in her mouth and said
"Bitch, you better move quick back to the safe

if you wanna be killed try some stupid shit

And pushin' that panic switch will get you nowhere but hell"

Trail to the back with the money in the sack

Locked 'em all in the vault, time to bail

Well, tickets I'm out the door

hopped in the smug, and I break fast

Get to my pad, sit back and laugh, loc'd out as I flip through my cash

At last, nigga made good, and I got away smooth

Now, I'm straight. Covered my tracks

Only description is that nigga with that leather face, fool

I gotta get mine, and if you stall, then I'm gunnin'

Just work your job, get paid. I'll rob ya

See, a nigga creep on a come up

Stalkin' (gat fools), walkin' jack moves.

See, I'm sittin' in my room, and a nigga feelin' down
steady thinkin' 'bout how to get paid

Gotta gauge at my waist that be spellin' out murder

That'll get a nigga locked the cage

Lay my head to bed, start to thinkin' hard, money is the cause

What can I do me for? Need to hit a lick, not a bullshit

But a real lick, like robbin' a jewelery store

Select which one will I raid. Got be headin' downtown

'cause tonight's the night

Dressed in my black, wearin' makeup on my face

so a nigga can't be seen in the spotlight

Stole two cars, and I parked one north

Parked one east for the smooth switch

When a nigga bail, how the fuck he gonna tell if a
nigga don't dwell in the same shit?

Climb to the roof, and I'm peepin' out the scene

And there's no one I can spot, so I get my ass down

Looked around through the window, and I broke the bitch out with a rocl

Now I jump my ass in. Start to fillin' up the bag

And a nigga comin' up on these diamonds

Grabbed a couple herring bones, and some rings
And some (brooches), still thinkin' how them diamonds was shining
Went to the cash register, broke the bitch open
Grabbed all the money they had
And a nigga gettin' goin' gone to Bone, yeah
Got to let my niggas check out my bag
And I got away smooth, 'cause I had the shit planned
And ain't no bullshit get brung up
That's what I gotta do if I wanna get paid
'cause a nigga be creepin' on a come up

Stalkin' (gat fools), walkin' jack moves

Downin' Jamacian spliffs, little nigga Ripsta on this lick and bang bang
Nigga that's the click on my brain, ? another victim insane
Feel the murderous nerve
this twelve shot pump, and I gotta bigger gat to back me
Peelin' in my smug, thug, hoody, black skully, black khakis
Creepin' in my smug, so reapin', peek into the window, let me cock this
Nigga must've been meant to be jacked, 'cause here comes me hostage
Up outta the door, with a pump to her temple, shoulda seen her tremble
Push any alarms, and I drop them bombs on moms
It's just that simple. I took my ganjas and fried 'em
Don't gimme no hassle, bitch, 'cause I've been scopin' for weeks
and I know y'all got some shit
Clack back me gun, hollow point mixed with dum-dum kickin'
Ladies and babies scream onto the floor
("Shut up and listen!") It's a jack move, fools
Give me the jewels, the dope, the weed, the cheese
and answer me: why and you hoes is cryin', 'cause bitches are dyin'?
Blood clot, here to be dead what one of them niggas said
Buckshots up into them dreads, and I love when I hear them pump red
One that callin' me bluff, I stuffed him with the quickness
He made out with a smooth thirty G's
So all bodies must bleed, I need no witness
So with a me slug, mo thug jumped into him smug, rolled the blunt up
good stuff reefer, hitted the Bone to give up love to my thugs
'cause I done made it clean as fuck, and I flees the scene with a buck buck
'cause a nigga be creepin' on a come up.

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