

# The Ultimate Come Up

Daz Dillinger

Yeah, what's up nigga?  
Turn it down nigga, what's going on over there, nigga?  
Damn, that looks like the homeboy (what?)  
That nigga's grabbing!  
Oh shit, there's probably some crazy shit going down in the hood  
Fuck what these niggas are doing, get that thing man!  
What's up nigga? That's my spot, I'm taking over the spot  
Lay down nigga, Watch out!  
I'ma tie these niggas up, Bad A\$\$ on the ride nigga, that's right  
Funny ass niggas, yeah, uh huh Bitch ass niggas

I see my niggas on the corner to the 25 deep  
All hustlers, all killers, all raised in the street  
Make sure my heat is in my stash spot  
Gotta watch for my homies and feening for my stacks of rocks  
Watch out for these shells and undercovers (why?)  
They're out to get a motherfucker  
Stop this gangbangin and cocaine, it's some motherfuckers  
niggas run up if you want two and watch you get floored  
Get my pistol because I just can't take no more  
I get the gun and then get to running, just like bitches  
Bail out before the cops come, I can't go to prison  
Still dealing and wheeling, on the curb I smoke earth  
Hitting California, nigga, 'cause you heard the word  
It's going down, enemy alert so get your weapon  
Blast three people, step and gunning for more and keep on bailing (say what?)  
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Get down, get in, get up  
Get your money it's the ultimate come up (that's right)  
It's slanging and banging upon my corner  
Fuck around with this and you might be a goner (yeah)

Get down, get in, get up  
Get your money it's the ultimate come up (that's right)  
It's slanging and banging upon my corner  
Try to sell your dope and you might be a goner

I don't fuck with no beats that don't bump, so sounds echo  
Let you stand in my shoes, I loose, so I don't let go  
Check yo bitch, not the pimp, niggas gained and slipped  
Way below the smarts and just free slaves if you're a mark  
Might be mad, but nigga, just be hate  
And let the heaven send riders ride, because it's the end  
Beg forgiveness for all your sins, and hope he lets us in  
Until then, live your life to fullest man, get your issues  
Snatch money, catch money, attach the money  
Keep 'em with your fishes, riches  
Laying up with bitches holds a nigga back  
Greedy assholes only wanna hold a nigga's stack  
You'll fall, sure, bounce back, hit a jack, get a sack  
Told the corner I used to work on "I'm back"  
For you can slang out your sack, and get away and feel right  
Black and white, crack down them sirens and lights

But all night we get down, get in, get up  
Get your money it's the ultimate come up

It's slanging and banging upon my corner  
Fuck around with this and you might be a goner, nigga

Get down, get in, get up  
Get your money it's the ultimate come up  
It's slanging and banging upon my corner  
Wear the wrong type of colors and you might be a goner, nigga

Get in where I fit in, like Too \$hort  
Dip in, in a ? Six Black Supersport  
Automatic nines I took, Colombian neck tie  
Whatever's the death threat, it's still do or die  
Don't ask why, sipping on ?  
For Christie, you catching the blues like Misty  
Me and my nigga Daz for the cash to any degree  
Chase to, not the molester, the one who gets the cheese  
Got it coming from overseas  
Blunt your whole neighborhood, so nigga please  
Better be nervous 'cause my finger's ready to squeeze, and that's no joke  
Gang of cash in my stash, with bitches to poke  
No one can do it better (no one can do it better), ha ha  
Your chest is getting wetter (your chest is getting wetter)  
I be the piper, run all the reps out of town  
The spot's taking over, click click, nice to know ya (for sure)

We get down, get in, get up  
Get your money, nigga, the ultimate come up (yeah)  
It's slanging and banging upon my corner  
Fuck around with this and you might be a goner, nigga

Get down, get in, get up  
Get your money, nigga, the ultimate come up (yeah)  
It's slanging and banging upon my corner (right)  
Fuck around with this and you might be a goner, nigga

Chop it up nigga, yeah  
Straight from the motherfucking streets of the ghetto (West Side)  
If you're out there selling your shit (yeah), stand up  
Get your rifle nigga, get your money nigga  
Get your money nigga, lay low, lay low  
Lay low nigga (that's right)  
I gives a fuck, I don't give a fuck, let's ride  
Yeah (West Side), I don't give a fuck  
Yeah, we don't give a fuck  
My nigga Daz in the house, Eiht in the house, yeah