

Coming Up

Pimp C

Hold up, we jammin?

I can't let nobody hold me down
These hoe's could never hold me
?Cause I'm comin? down, playa surroundin?
Livin? these hoe's fantasy

?Cause I'm choppin' blades and playin? maze
And these bitches, they can't stand it
Peep up in this game and this thing is so demandin'
(On them dubs)

Choppin? on dubs and showin? 'em love
2000-Fizive and you are not fly enough
Young bitch, hold up, hold up, young bitch
Bitch, I just don't wanna stop comin' up

Uh, it's never too much, the paper I make
These other pussy niggaz ain't real, them hoe's fake
I'm Sweet James Jones when you come through bitch
I treat you good because you know I'm rich

I was in the ghetto, had nothin'
Sold a lot of records and grabbed somethin?
Now, I go and do movies in L.A
Playin? the game the way the hustlers play

And everyday I try to stack my grip and make three songs
I'm tryna get my mothafuckin? paper on
I want the new [Incomprehensible] and the new cell phone
I want the new two way pager and the new mansion home

In Houston ?cause that is my city
And them other pussy niggaz they records sound shitty
When I see you in the town, I'ma hit you up
You never could take my dream ?cause you niggaz fucked up

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(Comin' up)

I remember when I had to come up just to come down
That?s the reason for my uncontrollable ballin? right now
Use to be scared to walk in the store, I paid the price now
My life is too valuable for me to play with life now

Of course there?s gon' be some niggaz who gon? think I done changed
They find me guilty simply ?cause, now, I got diamonds on every thing
My mouth and my pinky ring, my wrist and my neck
I'm 'bout my business, so, give me my cash or give me my check

See I can vividly remember me and Trae on the block
Even more then hustlin', sometimes we had to lay on the block
Eat, sleep, shit, piss, pray on the block
To make it through the night, to see another day on the block

Movin? rocks got us full pockets plus knots in our socks
But now, money be comin? in wad?s like blocks
Let?s go half on a Yacht, I got the pot you got the chicken fried steak
I can't even hear you haters, you've been muted by my paper chase

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Who would've known that this rap shit would take me far?
At 18, I had a fifty-thousand dollar car
I went from Jag to Benz but not the regular kind
Now, I'm smokin? hydro not the regular pine

I spit one freestyle, now, I'm rockin? clubs
After 'Diamonds N Yo Face', I was coppin? dubs
I had to make the transition from a boy to a man
So, if you wanna 16 that's forty-grand

Rappers talk a lot of shit but you ain't stoppin? us
Look, you don't wanna bump heads with a mafia, huh
Look, you don't know shit about UGK
Or Mr. Fat Pat and Grey Screw tapes

I rep the Screwed Up Click, peep the watch I'm wearin?
I'm the first cat in Houston with a black Leclarion
Lil' Flipper, tote pistols, for them non-believers
?Cause down here we poppin? trunks on Cadillac?s and Regal?s, oh boy

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What?s up? Let?s go, choppin? on dubs and showin? 'em love
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