

Da Come Up

Young M.A

Came from the bottom, man
I feel like Martin Luther King, man

Started off with a dream
One gold chain
I was actin' up with the gold fangs, no name, knew I had to put in more pain
Had one bitch, few side hoes
Taking niggas with me with my eyes closed
I was running like a snot nose
Fresh t-shirt, Ralph Lauren
New pair of Jordan's 1
Car not a foreign
Had the Hennessy pouring
Mixtapes out the Chevy Cruze
My grind wouldn't let me lose
Had this lil' nigga making heavy moves

Came back from the set back
The realest out, I can bet that
Ceelo with the dice game
456, that's a headcrack
My ex bitch, had to ex that
Didn't feel right so I left that
On to the next that
Now it's fuck that, where the checks at?

Finessing
Get back to the work, ain't no resting
When I caught an L I learned my lesson
Now I count my money, count my blessings

No off days on the calendar
'Bout to cop the new challenger
MAC-10s with the silencer
Even wilding out, ain't as wild as us
Purple kush, call it lavender
LV's on the pedal bring the mileage up
Racks in the passenger
Whole game full of savages
Hunt them down like a scavenger
Lay him down if he acting up
Never back down, never backing up
Get the back end
Remember back then I ain't had shit?
Got the AP with the white face, call it Dracula
Nigga hating all in a Acura

Big body show, beep, beep, beep, beep when I back it up
Clown nigga, he-he-he-he-he got me cracking up (Stupid)
Make her skeet, skeet, skeet, skeet, skeet, skeet, skeet when I'm tapping her
In that big body with a thick thotty
Got six jobs and like six hobbies
Ooh

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Hey big shit
Big teams
Big things, nah mean?

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I count my blessings