

## **Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim**

### **"Creepin On Ah Come Up"**

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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

[Krayzie]

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.

[Layzie]

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

[Bizzy]

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.

Stalkin' gat fools, walkin' jack moves

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