

AZ

"The Come Up"

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[Intro]

Just give me the countdown.

Ya know where we goin.

Uh huh.

Feel so good.

Uh huh.

[AZ]

You know the come up, stack get right, put the gun up.

Laugh get nice, split the blunt up.

Pray blue and whites dont run up, remain humble.

You see the change when the range come through.

When all the fame ups ya game, cause ya names mumbled.

The chicks notice, jewels is like hypnosis.

Its furosious, when broke niggaz get focused,

the cars come out, bottles at the bar run out.

(ch)You know you large when you win cars, the dons a drought,

but heres the switch up, when beef and the money mix up.

Skirts lift up, a few fights, a few stick up,

then one little thing just leads to the next and...

here comes them hot boys to breath down ya neck.

Now ya gotta pack up, flee from the rest and...

just so we could go, you was free from the stress.

I guess it is, what it is.

[Chorus: Samples scratched by DJ Premier]

Sleepin on the come up.

Streetz is yours, so ya take it now.

Sleepin on the come up.

Im from the place where hardcore is beautiful.

Sleepin on the come up.

Streetz is yours, so ya take it now.

Im rather unique, Im from the place Brooklyn

(Brooklyn).

You know the saga, who live or who hotter, who shot at who at the Vermada.

I know about beats since Bambata.

Before beat streetz, streetz were never knee deep with them Ryderz.

Gunz and money, someone was hungry, disfunctional family's that come from junkiez.

Jail birds whos wanted for warrants, jumpin countryz, just tryna survive like a bunch of monkeyz.

Marked dollars, DEA narcs with collars, niggaz snitchin and still got the heart to holla.

Hot chicks in short skirts and damn near topless.

Play fly and they gossip, stay high and just ride D(dick).

Cant call it, too fresh to sprawl it, two checks to roll with, grew up next to all this.

So understand, I know from first hand, and lies of a church man, high off his first gram.

[Chorus]

Jails is packed, the streetz is whacked,
its even worse when ya workers tappin ya beef for sack.

Wifeys gettin feisty, shes beefin back.

Though its a likely, it might be your VISA's maxed.

The coke is up, so now cushion dro's wassup.

And the vegans got that game in the cobra clutch.

The D's and the capris too close to duck,
but what da fuck, they could suck on some coconuts.

The stress is real, it drains all the sex appeal.

Nuttin left but jail death and four record deal.

Vibes is weak, ho's wanna slide and creep,

even feinds gotta thing for that hide and seek.

Stick Up Kidz (SUK), kidnapped, switch up cribs

Its still crazy how them cocksuckers hit up big.

Pac is gone, they say that Hip Hop is wrong.

You want more? Then log on to AZ.com.

[Chorus]

(Thanka to Rseno for these lyrics)

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