

Beyonce

"Comin' Up"

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yo, I'm used to cold to the right, hot to the left
turn 'em on let the warm water run down my chest
and wash away the stress
I swore to my momma she'd die a happy woman on my
very last breath
I'm lookin back, reminiscin how many have left us
O.G.'s who used to squeeze with the best touch
holdin chrome and hold they own, its messed up
now a nigga livin through his ancestors
saukrates, 23, turnin like 45 in the year
cravin for the days when I'm out in the clear
even though I'm livin
I might sacrafice my life but I won't give in
until those spokes is spinnin
and my homies chillin
and me dealin with no less than half a million
in a crib on some acres and had the children
livin the life they deserve in this fake realism
I get you with the wisdom
you ain't with it then kiss em...the nuts
if you dissin watch me from a distance
I'ma hit you with the words that'll make your soul
vibrate
the things that we contemplate..when we comin' up
I'ma hit you with the words that'll make your soul
vibrate
the things that we contemplate..when we comin' up

if you could imagine a day that's black forever
waiting for the sun to come up
as hard as you try its a lie you can't change the weather
maybe I should stop giving a fuck
(plus) you've been telling me that life goes on
but as this rap star trek prolongs
guess I'm wonderin what else could go wrong
(all you can do is sing your song)
(pick them pockets nigga)

make a lifetime journies into me
these endless questions, they plague my dome piece
like, what I'ma do with all the groupies I might meet

will I turn the other cheek, or do I turn the other cheek?
please, freak, you gettin touched by this, west indian
connection
let me rub on your tits, and get in it for a minute to win
it
let you fall in love with it...then I'm out
cuz I got work to finish
the music is my business
do you love me? i'd bust out, to maximimize my
biggness
now ladies if you listenin I'ma make you my witness
I got no love for bitches, they be out with the quickness
groupie parade plague, get your catagorized sickness
who sayin that brother socks got it locked from L.A. to
Brixton
I'm broke, but niggaz'd kill for my position
I rap to that vince carter at skydome
if you see me on the beat, E.T. phone home!
and tell yo mamma the drama
your old high school friend's on the tube, representin'
Toronto
and doin it right, pursuin his life
seems to take flight when he carresses the mic
sendin this one out to cats with unsigned hype
just do it for you, keep this rap shit tight

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