

## Flo Rida "We Came Up"

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We got them diamonds straight glossy now we know  
how to shine  
We got them hits steady rocking, yeah the radio's mine  
We got them magazine covers read the article line  
We got the whole club poppin cause we stay on our  
grind  
See we done came up  
(so what ya hatin) So why you trippin on our paper?  
We gone do it again  
Yeah, see we done came up  
(now why ya hatin) So why you trippin on our paper?  
Hey!

Hey, now if it's on, then its on  
I'm poppin like perion, congratulations to haters I'm  
rocking like the Ramons  
The topic of every song, got paper like paper like Eddie  
Long  
Try to put down in my set, you get the [?] [?]  
I never would have made it if the bucket never fell  
Cause there's rap headquarters in the ghetto  
everywhere  
Turned nothing into something, then I do a hell yeah  
And some sykes to nikes, gucci one-hundred pair  
[?] on my label Josephine Baker that [?] [?]  
You can be greater too if the jealous take off the veil  
Sippin on lady be good might convince me to go to jail  
Elevated my loot up in Africa with Chapel  
I used to be the joke of conversation in the past, but  
now they congratulate me  
But now they get a dose of [?] poppin the [?]  
The hood crowd, I hope now its styrofoam in the glass  
I can see it my eyes, these bitches is really mad

See we done came up  
(so what ya hatin) So why you trippin on our paper?  
We gone do it again, Hey!  
See we done came up, Hey!  
(now why ya hatin) So why you trippin on our paper? Oh-  
oh-oh-oh- ohhh, Yea!

Uh! The hood ain't been the same since the Old G's

died.  
Some locked away doing life  
Me as young nigga, I'm gettin me  
BPs and boulders gone help me shine  
Its been hot around the way, niggas ain't got discipline  
Swear to God, it's the world that we're living in, Nigga  
Bullshit niggas cross the head

Gotta bring the work in, then want more bread

You feel me!  
Let the truth be told  
Remember when I used to pay 5 flat for a [?]  
The first day double up in an hour  
Work like a fiend, damn

I was the shoes  
My watch was a Guess  
Cool water cologne, smell so fresh  
The Cuban lint layin on my chest, ya feel me?!

See we done came up (Ohhh)  
(so what ya hatin) So why you trippin on our paper? (On  
our paper!)

We gone do it again  
See we done came up (came up!)  
(now why ya hatin) So why you trippin on our paper? Oh-  
oh-oh-oh- ohhh, Yea!

Yea, we gettin money  
My dog came and snatched a bird from me  
My old lady caught me cheatin on her with her with her  
friend  
Starting going on, you ain't go no ends  
You must be hater you ain't got no life  
I know ain't a soldier you ain't go stripes  
Something going on, what it is Briscoe?!  
I tell 'em bitches that I'm touchin nosey ass [?]  
Just know that, ya boy one-hundred  
I had to show my lil whoday how to cut a hundred  
Open like a girl, straight like that  
Hit me with a spoon, bring that back  
Bring that dope, I bring that hood  
I bring that good, you bring the wood  
Something going on, I'm going on right now  
Them poor boys

(ohh) See we done came up (came up, yeaah!)  
(so what ya hatin) So why you trippin on our paper?  
(Why?)  
We gone do it again, Hey!

See we done came up, (again and again)  
(now why ya hatin) So why you trippin on the paper?  
(Yea! Know how to shine, yeah! and the radio's mine!)

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