

## Funny Money

### "On A Come Up"

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[Intro: Midnight Stalker]

HAHAHA, lets ride homes  
Another Southside gangster hit  
Hi-Power Entertainment motherfuckers  
If you didn't know, it's that motherfuckin Capone  
With that E and his homie Criminal from the 2-1-3  
So Criminal let 'em know homes

[Criminal]

Criminals' leavin 'em in concussion  
Watch out for the nine I'm bustin  
Fuck a discussion, I bust, leavin your blood rushin  
You don't wanna be with me, I guarantee  
Pick up the microphone  
In a world of my own  
Represent to the fullest  
Southern Killer Cali I roam  
Watch out for the chrome I'm packin'  
When I'm drunk and I'm stoned  
Make sure it's fully loaded when I'm leavin' my home  
Never know where I always be trippin'  
And never will I get caught slippin'  
I'm sippin' on this bottle  
Smashin' on the throttle  
When I catch you out of luck  
It's like a motherfuckin' lotto  
Like Desperado, this latino's got a gang of stretch  
Look at me the wrong way and I'll put you on your back  
On the attack, I don't give a fuck who you are  
I always had a hard time pullin' your body off the dock  
From far and near, Criminals' name is all you hear  
The young Sureño, spittin' deadly rhymes in your ear

[Chorus: Mr. Capone-E]

We some Hi-Power riders on a mission for a come up  
Vatos trippin' and they slippin' if they wanna play young  
Bang-Bang on you hoes, oh no it's Capone  
Straight creepin' while your sleepin' its the Mr. Criminal  
Layin' low with except, waitin' for our late night checks  
West coast representing piercing hallows through your chest

Pop-Pop we don't stop till we reach this top  
Puttin' it down, open up shop and we never gonna stop  
leva

[Mr. Capone-E]

Oo wee, it's Capone-E the E  
Southside bang, fuck all my enemies  
See you can't see me on a puck sucker status  
Hi-Power be the lable and we leave to do damage  
Hooked up with Criminal now songs plain simple  
SureÃ±o love rockin' that little Regal  
In a Lincoln Continental  
Now were ballin' out of control  
Little Simons' up in a Benzo  
Smokin' indo  
Till the sun rises up  
That'll fuck you up  
Cause we don't give a fuck  
From the S-G-V to the 2-1-3  
From the Big Valley to (?) ally  
Southern Cali  
Hi-Power riders in this tank  
Bangin shanks  
Slappin' fools up in this gangsta rap  
Who's got your back  
Cause your arm was full of (?)  
Mr. Capone-E makes you think  
And I'mma drop you like a biatch

[Chorus]

[Criminal]

Give it up the the SureÃ±os till the day that I die  
Kickin with the homeboys and I'm always gettin high  
Don't ask me why, it's just the life that I lead  
Earn my name for robbing motherfuckers for their  
green  
Indeed, and fuck your bullet-proof vest  
I come to correct but this ain't no motherfuckin test  
It's a game called life and death  
Blood, tears, and sweat  
Went from a youngster to a motherfuckin Vet  
And what's next, your life is took, by this young crook  
I had a ski mask on my face so ain't no tellin' how I  
looked  
I shook the scene and got a clean  
Robbed that motherfucker for his cash and his bling  
Watch it gleam on my wrist, watch it gleam on my neck  
Consequences of a motherfucker that just got checked  
Respect this tiny rapper from the South  
Staight SureÃ±o till I die fuckin' chump, watch your

mouth

[Chorus]

[Outro: Midnight Stalker]

HAHAHAHA now you motherfucker know

Who's runnin' this biatch

Motherfuckin' Hi-Power Riders

They call me motherfuckin Midnight Stalker

For those who don't know

Now you fucking know

Big soldados my torpedoes

Taking over this shit with balas

All across the globe

Hi-Power Entertainment

Non-stop, click-clock, pop-pop

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

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