

## Game

# "Come Up"

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[Chorus 1 x2: Drake]

You tryin to come up, I am the come up  
I be standin right here when the sun up  
You gettin done up if you niggaz try and run up  
You livin good, go on 'head, throw your one up

[Chorus 2: Drake]

And scream out bla-bladow, bla-bla-bladow  
Bla-bla-bladow, how ya like me now?  
I'm like bla-bladow, bla-bla-bladow  
Bla-bla-bladow, how ya like me now?  
It go bla-bladow, bla-bla-bladow  
Bla-bla-bladow, how ya like me now?  
I'm like bla-bladow, bla-bla-bladow  
Bla-bla-bladow, how ya like me now?

[The Game:]

My nigga Funeral Fad told me back in oh-three  
Rap ain't nuttin but cash money bitches, foreign cars  
and trees  
Cristal by the cases, bad bitches by the flocks  
And I know I promised my niggaz I'd never leave the  
block; but  
Shit changes - I done been through six Ranges  
Hand on the Eagle, yeah I got them Mike Vick fingers  
Throwin bullets on par with the accuracy  
Hit your whole faculty, like ain't nobody jackin me  
Before you do, you be layin in a box  
While Ja (da) "Kiss That Ass Goodbye" {MUAH} L.O.X.  
First shot leave them niggaz in shock  
That second shot, that's when that body drop (you  
heard me?)  
And niggaz still askin 'bout "Detox"  
I'll tell you if you tell me who killed 'Pac; aight then~!  
I'm at this Pacquiao fight then, with Tyson  
The way he's stickin and movin the knife, Floyd might  
win

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

[Lifestyle:]

Yeah, uhh

Testarossas, keep an extra toaster  
It's Hub City finest, they respect the mostest

My nigga Game do that, my nigga Tyga do that  
Heard about the new cat, I whipped the Range through  
that  
I'm in Toronto, DeMar got a condo  
Sittin courtsides with Drake, Hector and Rondo  
Bitches know my name, it's Lifestyle, she fuck with that  
Dick too big like my lifestyle, you fuck with that?  
Poppin champagne, we do the damn thing  
Standin on the couch, it's money Game, that's the  
campaign  
Big in my pocket, Obama on my wrist  
At the Ronald Reagan Airport, yeah, I'm on my shit  
Louis Vuitton luggage peanut butter with the red  
wheels  
Started when the "RED" album dropped, I'm gettin  
head still  
In the club, lookin past you niggaz  
These bitches gas them niggaz, Drizzy ask them  
niggaz  
[Chorus 1]  
[Chorus 2]

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