

## Daze

### "The Come Up"

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{\*raining in background\*}

Uh, Steve Stone (Steve Stone)  
Left Gunn.. Left Gunn  
Baldhead Slick..

[Steve Stone]

Yo

You might find me in a green Range Rover, with a  
mean hangover  
But niggaz know when Stone hit the scene, game over  
You cats wanna dance I'll let the heat sing for ya  
Then beat the murder case with first string lawyer  
I'm the worst thing for ya - a thug in the flesh  
If youse a nigga but you bitch, I'll put a slug in ya dress  
If you think you got wiz, put your luck to the test  
But you could catch somethin hot, tryna fuck with the S  
I got dimes to suck me off and let me nut on they  
breast  
Can you say that.. no wait, hold up, lemme repeat it  
Can you cats say that shit and really mean it?  
I'm at the spot gettin treated, while you vets gettin  
heated  
Like the scrub that you are, little fuck that you are  
Before the deal, I still had dubs like a star  
My crew recognized at the clubs and the bar  
Son of y'all and you still gotta love who we are

[Left Gunn]

Yo, goin from broke

Went from rocks and the coats, to choppers and boats  
At this year's parade, I'll have a spot on the float  
Penthouse, with a pitch ready to aim for the do'  
Movie screen with the voice-activated remote  
See I'm finished makin papi rich, coppin his coke  
Next time he see me, I'm like "He better savor ya  
throat"  
Sorry amigo, but a nigga like me, need dough  
Fuck it, I'll burn the bridge and come back on a yacht  
Y'all the type of cats think shit's sweet when it's not  
Bring the heat when it's cool, bring the ice when it's hot

Niggaz confused, I'm just tryna help you tally ya dues  
and rally ya crews, and end up in a alley with goons  
See when it come to the cash, I be on the worst shit  
Roll up on you in a hoop, bumpin Biggie first shit  
"Gimme loot, gimme loot" and don't try to get cute  
Nobody keep cash in they pocket nigga, empty ya  
boots

Too many niggaz got the game twist, poppin they Cris'  
And rockin they wrist, and end up gettin robbed in the  
Bricks

I'm stoppin this shit, Gunn's on the top of ya list  
And I'ma lock it up in uniform or plain clothes  
I play hoes, from chickenheads, to mayhoes  
And I'ma travel to the end, spendin yen and pesos

[Hook: All]

Yo this one's for my niggaz comin up, what the fuck?  
Pull them niggaz out they truck, and tell em to give it up  
Stick him up, if he play fair, pick him up  
Otherwise, it's some other guy's job to dig him up

[Guru]

Comin through, holdin it down, controllin the town  
Wondered if I was nice, yeah, you knowin it now  
I do my thing bitch, way past chains and rings bitch  
Time to real dough, time for you to sing bitch  
Call the fat lady, game over, reign's over  
Your Willy status, and success and fame's over  
Stone and Two Gunns came over, to bless some shit  
with the god  
Geuss what, my dogs just pissed on your lawn  
Flipped on you pawns, just cuz you was kickin it wrong  
And don't ask me for advice cuz I ain't diggin ya song  
Time to straighten it out, we takin the clout  
Fuck a short career, listen y'all I'm spacin it out  
Tri-state niggaz, some of the illest y'all hear  
Illest ya meet, yeah some of the realest ya fear  
Fuck the truth, I'm concealin y'all and stealin all queers  
Since y'all niggaz slept on me, I ain't feelin your tears

[Kreem.com]

I like to pinpoint a sucka, like a country on a map of the  
globe  
Get it to some gangsta shit, watch em clap then he fold  
Enter my zone, soon get smothered with mase  
I'm on the block, who run the streets is watchin, I cover  
my face  
I'm bubblin papes, my son grew to smugglin nape's  
So we jugglin cakes, and from ya shorty I'm lovin the  
face  
I'm huggin the block, my big dogs, they thuggin the

block

In my hood, fuck runnin nigga cuz we tustle with cops  
Real Picasso, write rhymes, visualize  
Spit raps on how to survive on family ties  
Rock a no-name sweater, with a Iceberg tee-shirt under  
it  
Leather seats in my Nova, and fifty G's I'm comin wit  
Next day I come through, I'm dipped in the Armani  
jumpsuit  
Hard-top hummer, sunroof big enough to jump through  
Nigga what? I don't care if you in the tux  
I'll put the Eagle to ya gut, and tell you to give it up

[Hook: All] 2X

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