

The Game

"Come Up"

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[Hook: Drake]

You tryna come up, I am the come up
I be standin' right here when the sun up
You be gettin' done up if you niggas try and run up
You livin' good, go 'head and throw a one up
You tryna come up, I am the come up
I be standin' right here when the sun up
You be gettin' done up if you niggas try and run up
You livin' good, go 'head and throw ya one up

Scream out, blat-blatow blat-blat-blatow, blat-blat-blatow

How ya like me now?

I'm like blat-blatow, blat-blat-blatow, blat-blat-blatow

How ya like me now?

It go like blat-blatow blat-blat-blatow, blat-blat-blatow

How ya like me now?

I'm like blat-blatow, blat-blat-blatow, blat-blat-blatow

How ya like me now?

[Verse 1: Game]

My nigga funeral Fab told be back in '03

Rap ain't nothin' but cash, money, bitches, foreign cars
and trees

Cristal by the cases, bad bitches by the flocks

And I know I promised my niggas 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 fingas

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 Jay kiss that ass goodbye, *mwuah*, Lox

First shot, leave the niggas in shock

That second shot, that's when that body drop (Ya heard
me?)

And niggas 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

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Lifestyle]

Testarossa, keep an extra toaster
It's Hub city's finest, they respect the most
My nigga Game do that, my nigga Tiger do that
Heard about the new cat, I whipped the Range through
that
I'm in Toronto, Demar got a condo
Sittin' courtside 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 couches, Money Gang, that's the
campaign
B? 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, yeah, I'm gettin'
head still
In the club, lookin' past you niggas
These bitches gas them niggas, Drizzy, ask them
niggas

[Hook]

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