

## Tom Jobim

### "Prelude to a Come Up"

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[MC Eiht]

Geeyeah, Soul Assassins two times, stick em!  
Geeyeah, Cypress Hill three times, come on!  
Geeyeah..

Infiltration be our daily operation for chasin  
Cross the seven seas eased, clockin much  
conversation  
Penetration, you know we gets busy, no hesitation  
Greenery, hand-picked, from my own plantation  
Feels the heat, under the som-brero  
to any amigo that's tryin to, stop the dineros  
Chills with, señoritas, like charro  
Get drunk off tequila lay low til tomorrow  
Follow, my flow, get the cash and go  
Call my homey B-Rizzy in Mexico City  
Loose lips sink ships, faker faces got guilt  
Didn't mean to call you late, I need a hideout til..  
cool, homey, I'll bring some fuckin skunk  
The homey smuggle me across lines in a trunk  
Just like a bird I'm free, in a land  
with no fuckin extradition treaty, I'm out, geyeah

"Shit is real on the motherfuckin Hill God" (2X)  
"With the crew from off the Hill"

[B-Real]

B-Really killin the Phillie now can you feel me from the  
Soul Assassin committee, the shitty niggaz never thrill  
me  
You silly bitches never respect, neglect money  
You funny or broke, think it's a joke, your nose is runny  
Got my main man, Mr. Rocho kickin the vocals  
from the Eastside, where it's loco sellin the poco  
From the two G's, breakin the leaves of cheese, makin  
the bacon  
You hear it sizzle got your hands ready for the takin  
Evading the pigs, raiding my crib, I'm mad lib  
and I wanna live and I'm givin the message droppin the  
lesson  
Flippin shit, and I'm keepin em guessin they all stressin

Hit the lullaby, no confession, we in session

"Shit is real on the motherfuckin Hill God" (4X)

"With the crew from off the Hill"

[MC Eiht]

We's beez the three amigos, skates with nickel plates  
under the seat and we goes East Coast/West Coast,  
anybody killer!

Soul Assassins gets the cash and smash \*vroom\*

Who spits the Glocks like uno and dos?

Makin your body dissapear like a ghost

One time's tryin to gaffle me, harassin me

tryin to send me to the penitentiary

[B-Real]

In the nighttime, niggaz are creepin you fuckin sleepin

And the beat, just keeps on seepin into the street

While you peakin I'm meetin and greetin the people  
speakin

and leadin the motherfuckers who's seekin to catch,  
ruckus

Meaning you suckers no-luckers overdub us, nut hug  
us

You love us, you can't stop, these mad audio hustlers

"Shit is real on the motherfuckin Hill God" (5X)

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