

## Twista "The Come Up"

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Let me take you to the wicked wicked Westside  
Where them niggaz carry chrome and the best die  
Where we push up in the corners that we fight for  
City from the shores breeds gangsters and Vice Lords

Bustin' pistols while we runnin' from the five, oh  
Hit the adversaries up because we drive slow

Oh, I'm a killa mayne, standin' on these corners  
Hustlin' for my denim mayne and if you try to move  
Soon as I hear one shot  
I'ma let the tec and desert eagle ride non-stop

If I have to I'll commit a murder just to maintain  
Tell me what you thought I'm from a city  
Where they gang bang and I got that thang thang

Get it however you want it cop a fo' and then split  
Hustle hard and work your way up 'til you holdin' a brick  
Cop an ounce of this 'dro I got the flyest shit in town  
Bet you within a week you'll be able to get a pound

Go ahead and drop you can whip on 24s to get around  
Gettin' paper make me feel like

Let me see all of my gangsters come up in Chi-Town  
Let me see all of my hustlers come up in Brooklyn  
Let me see all of my riders come up in the Bay

Let me see all of my killers come up in Houston  
Let me see all of my bitches come up in ATL  
Let me see all of my niggaz come up MIA

Now let me take you to the motherfuckin' Southside  
City of the chrome, get shot up for standin' outside  
Don't talk no shit or you can end up on prime time  
My nigga Ty Nitti be holdin' down the nine-nine

That's where the thugs lurks, I done been out there  
Seen them niggaz put in blood work  
When I'm in the 100's you can always smell the scent of  
purple

These niggaz always gettin' money in they inner circle

Fuck with 'em they fin' to hurt you, gotta get they cash  
on

Necessary evil they quick to put the mask on  
Then they gotta put the mash on, steady bustin' at each  
other

I take a tool and bust my strap and scream out, "Free  
my brother"

Bitch ass motherfuckers, I'm about to break 'em out  
If they hit me before they get me I'ma take 'em out  
If we successful we gon' smoke a blunt and cruise  
home

Introduce him to his new charger with no shoes on 'til  
the haters move on

In to set up shop now, gotsa hold the block down  
Gettin' paper make me feel like

Let me see all of my gangsters come up in Chi-Town  
Let me see all of my hustlers come up in Brooklyn  
Let me see all of my riders come up in the Bay

Let me see all of my killers come up in Houston  
Let me see all of my bitches come up in ATL  
Let me see all of my niggaz come up MIA

Now let me take you to the motherfuckin' projects  
Where the true thugs and the elite members of the  
mob at  
Know somebody, better call them out or try to tell them  
later  
When they tell you, where you from? when they catch  
you on the elevator

The fiends lurkin', niggaz serve in pissy hallways  
Can't say shit 'cause they be gettin' money all day

Mercedes parked out front, chillin' with a hat cocked to  
the left  
In the ride with the glock cocked smokin' a blunt  
300Z with the Lamborghini do's and some hoes with a  
big ol' project booty  
And the beat kinda hot but the cops wanna come to  
hold the work  
He got that duty so they can't do nothin' to me

Seventh flo' with the 'dro now, nineteenth flo' by the  
rocks now  
Gettin' paper make me feel like

Let me see all of my gangsters come up in Chi-Town  
Let me see all of my hustlers come up in Brooklyn  
Let me see all of my riders come up in the Bay

Let me see all of my killers come up in Houston  
Let me see all of my bitches come up in ATL  
Let me see all of my niggaz come up MIA

Yeah, some oh six shit  
For all the real niggaz and bitches to ride to  
Not none of that ol' lame ass, metaphoric ass, ol' goofy  
shit  
This some of that real shit, that Chi-Town shit  
That gangster shit, fool, Twista bitch

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