

Mr. Capone-E "On a come up"

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HAHAHA, lets ride homes
 Another Southside gangster
 hit
 Hi-Power Entertainment motherfuckers
 If you didn't know, it's that motherfuckin Capone
 With that E and his homie Criminal from the 2-1-3
 So Criminal let
 'em know homes [Criminal] Criminals'
 leavin 'em in concussion
 Watch out for the nine
 I'm bustin
 Fuck a discussion, I bust, leavin your blood
 rushin
 You don't wanna be with me, I guarantee
 Pick up the microphone
 In a world of my own
 Represent to the
 fullest
 Southern Killer Cali I roam
 Watch out for the chrome
 I'm packin'
 When I'm drunk and I'm stoned
 Make sure it's fully loaded when
 I'm leavin' my home
 Never know where I always be trippin'
 And never will I get caught
 slippin'
 I'm sippin' on this bottle
 Smashin' on the throttle
 When I catch you out of luck
 It's like a motherfuckin' lotto
 Like Desperado, this latino's got a gang of
 stretch
 Look at me the wrong way and I'll put you on
 your back
 On the attack, I don't give a fuck who you are
 I always had a hard time pullin' your body off the
 dock
 From far and near, Criminals' name is all you
 hear
 The young Sure $\hat{A}\hat{f}\hat{A}\pm o$, spittin' deadly rhymes in
 your ear
 [Chorus: Mr. Capone-E]
 We some Hi-Power riders on a mission
 for a come up
 Vatos trippin' and they slippin'
 if they wanna play young
 Bang-Bang on you hoes, oh no
 it's Capone
 Straight creepin' while your sleepin'
 its the Mr. Criminal
 Layin' low with except, waitin'
 for our late night checks
 West coast representing
 piercing hallows through your chest
 Pop-Pop we don't stop till we reach this top
 Puttin' it down, open up shop
 and we never gonna stop leva
 [Mr. Capone-E]
 Oo wee, it's Capone-E the E
 Southside bang, fuck all my enemies
 See you can't see me on a puck
 sucker status
 Hi-Power be the lable and we leave to do
 damage
 Hooked up with Criminal now songs plain
 simple
 Sure $\hat{A}\hat{f}\hat{A}\pm o$ love rockin' that little Regal
 In a

Lincoln Continental
Now were ballin' out of control
Little Simons' up in a Benzo
Smokin' indo
Till the sun rises up
That'll fuck you up
Cause we don't give a fuck
From the S-G-V to the 2-1-3
From the Big Valley to (?) ally
Southern Cali
Hi-Power riders in this tank
Bangin shanks
Slappin' fools up in this gangsta rap
Who's got your back
Cause your arm was full of (?)
Mr. Capone-E makes you think
And I'mma drop you like a biatch
[Chorus][Criminal] Give it up
the the SureÃfÃ±os till the day that I die
Kickin with the homeboys
and I'm always gettin high
Don't ask me why, it's just the life that I lead
Earn my name for robbing motherfuckers
for their green
Indeed, and fuck your bullet-proof vest
I come to correct but this ain't no motherfuckin test
It's a game called life and death
Blood, tears, and sweat
Went from a youngster to a motherfuckin Vet
And what's next, your life is took, by this young crook
I had a ski mask on my face so ain't no tellin' how I looked
I shook the scene and got a clean
Robbed that motherfucker for his cash and his bling
Watch it gleam on my wrist, watch it gleam on my neck
Consequences of a motherfucker that just got checked
Respect this tiny rapper from the South
Staight SureÃfÃ±o till I die fuckin' chump, watch your mouth
[Chorus][Outro: Midnight Stalker]
HAHAHAHA now you motherfucker know
Who's runnin' this biatch
Motherfuckin' Hi-Power Riders
They call me motherfuckin Midnight Stalker
For those who don't know
Now you fucking know
Big soldados my torpedoes
Taking over this shit with balas
All across the globe
Hi-Power Entertainment
Non-stop, click-clock, pop-pop
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

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