

Günther Willumeit

"On A Come Up"

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[Intro: Midnight Stalker]

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 Sureño, 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
SureÃ±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 SureÃ±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 SureÃ±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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