

## **Mercedes F/ Jamo, Mac**

### **"Comin' Up Comin' Down"**

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Chorus:

Comin' Up Comin' Down,  
That G in H-Town,  
South Bound as I clown,  
Come around blaze a pound  
(x4)

First Verse:

Well let me jump in this funk, with a pump and fake,  
Give me five funky dollars you can bump my tape,  
Cuz my flow come reala than a dealer servin' killa,  
Ain't nobody trilla, Still a body chilla,  
Feel a millimeter comin' quicker than a cheetah,  
Me drop you on your peta,  
Then snatch your senorita,  
I be the creepa, back street sweeper,  
Want a pound of reefer, hit me on my beeper,  
Leaf of tha Ganga, make me really want'cha,  
Dip me up in water, fried with me sauncha,  
Got'cha, me glock pop pop on your drop top,  
Tha way I dodge cops like the rock in hop scotch,  
Drop a pig, I can dig deep in your terrordome,  
Smoke on my square alone, don't know one care at home,  
Pair of chrome gats, blow backs on tha sidewalk,  
I got my glock poppin' hot rocks in your body, party-hearty,  
Lodi Dodi Carley, your Daddy smoke like Bob Marley,  
Sorry I'm hardly the one you should learn from,  
Everywhere I turn somebody wanna burn one,  
It's the cursed son worse than the first one,  
When me gat burst to the nurse or the hearse,  
Cuz I shoot'em in the booty man, local Hillwoodian,  
Choppin' on a cookie, Mama put me in the Looney bin,  
Could have been a better man, up in NeverNeverLand,  
Jesus's helpin' hand, reason this record jam,  
Never ran, never will,  
Still chill in Hillwood,  
Damn sure feel good,

Livin' in a real hood

Chorus

Second Verse:

Now you can work on knees,  
You can jack for keys,  
I cut my cheese,  
And get t stackin' G's,  
Drinkin' daquiri's, and ain't no jackin' these,  
I got slack in the front and the back of me,  
It's a tragedy, I was raised on streets,  
Blazed on sweets, and sprayed posses,  
Costly profession, learned my lesson,  
Bout' Impressin' my click with Smith & Wesson,  
Addressin' Ghetto issues,  
When I sold me crack, had me Mom goin' through a  
box of tissues,  
But if I was in his shoes, I'd probably still lose,  
It's in my blood to kill fools,  
Him choose death when he disrespect,  
Inject my Tec, and then I press eject,  
The Mex will check any clique that trips,  
It don't make sense talkin' lip to clips,  
Which way to run, where do you hide?  
Boo-YAH! Ooh y'all almost died,  
Now take a ride with me, through the deep blue sky,  
Here take a hit, let me get you high

Chorus

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