

Tung 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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