

Comin' Up

8Ball & MJG

A hot day in August, 1991
Me and MJ walkin', talkin' in the hot sun
OTS was home then, listen to the lyrics
Me and MJ made the shit
101 played the shit
Sellin' tapes straight from my hand to your hand
Pump didn't give us none
So we had to take them
Make him respect a nigga, check the nigga constantly
Busta, where my cheese at?
Before I have to get the gat
Every record store and stereo supply shop
Sellin' me, but I'm not collectin' a salary
What else to do except say fuck this whole rap shit
Find a hustle in the streets and try to flip shit
All in the next nigga hood slangin' packs on the bus
People askin' me, "Mane, don't you rap?"
No shame, had to get to A to B to make the C-H-Double-E-S-E
Comin' up

1992, stackin' dues, not royalties
Cause we was told they was used for utilities
Not one single dime, not one check
And we was here from the whole business aspect
A lot of fame came with some decent record sales
But at the same time, we was catchin' plenty hell
Cause we could tell that the record deal was goin' sour
But over everything we did, he had full power
With no money in my hands, only fans
Stayin' true, takin' stance helped me to pursue my fans
Pen and paper
I kept keepin'
Reefer chiefin'
Beepers wasn't beepin'
Money we was needin'
Me and 'Ball constantly havin' arguments with our manager
Tryin' to damage a
Good career, fool, is amateur
Damn it's a, cryin' shame
To take too much
8Ball & MJG broke free
For the come up

9:30 in the morning, me and MJ on the phone
8 o'clock the same day, we was outta here and gone
T-Money and JB set the tickets up, we picked 'em up
Hit the studio, ready to make the megabucks
Seein' kis and Gs, and hangin' with the hustlers
Real niggas with Glockes, eliminatin' bustas
In the process, we made comin' out hard
That's when my real nigga J went behind bars
Every day flyin' state to state, the shit was great
Eatin' steak and lobster like motherfuckin' mobsters
Metin' women that I'll probably never meet again
Smilin' faces, on the outside, looking' in

I'm on the outside, lookin' in

I coulda been another one take
Mystery that went with history, just like a trend
Then, I would lose all hope, if I don't shout
But it's too many players in my motherfuckin' court
Prepare to blow the fuck outta the rap game
Cause we ain't, droppin' vocals soundin' like the next mane
Watchin' out for new friends, hangin' out with true friends
Splurgin' with some loose ends, ridin' in a new Benz
1995, pure dope, uncut, super nuts
Much hard from the start, from the hips, out the gut
Much skills, I'ma flex on the next tape
Showin' off, ain't no way in hell I'ma fail
While I'm comin' up