

# 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