

# The Come Up

AZ

Just gimme the countdown  
Know where we goin Uh-huh "AZ" "Streets is yours for the takin now"  
Feels so good "AZ"

You know the come up, stack get right, put the gun up  
Laugh, get nice, split the blunt up  
Pray blue and whites don't run up, remain humble  
You see the change when the Range come through  
When all the fame ups your game cause your name's mumbled  
The chicks notice, jewels is like hypnosis  
It's ferocious when broke niggaz get focused  
The cars come out, bottles at the bar run out  
You know you're large when you in car could dodge a drought  
But here's the twist up, when beef and the money mix up  
Skirts lift up, a few fights, few stick-ups  
Then one little thing just, leads to the next and  
Here come them hot boys to breathe down your neck  
Now you gotta pack up, flee from the rest and  
Just so we can go, you was free from the stress  
I guess it is what it is

"Creepin on a come up" "Streets is yours for the takin now"  
"Creepin on a come up" "I'm from the place where hardcore is beautiful"  
"Creepin on a come up" "Streets is yours for the takin now"  
"I'm rather unique" "I'm from the place" "Brooklyn"

You know the saga, who liver, who hotter  
Who shot at who at the Ramada  
I knew about beef since Bambaataa  
Before "Beat Street" streets was heavily deep with the riders  
Guns and money, some was hungry  
Dysfunctional families that come from junkies  
Jailbirds with wanted warrants up in countries  
Just jungle survivin like a bunch of monkeys  
Marked dollars, D.A. NARC's with collars  
Niggaz snitchin, but still got the heart to holla  
Hot chicks in short skirts and damn near topless  
Play fly and they gossip, stay high and just ride dick  
Can't call it, too fresh to spoil it  
Two tecs to war with, grew up next to all this  
So understand I know from firsthand  
The lies of a church man, high off his first gram

The jails is packed, the streets is wack  
It's even worse when your workers tappin your beeper sack  
Wifey's gettin feisty, she's beefin back  
Though it's unlikely, it might be her Visa's maxed  
The coke is up, so now cushion throws what's up  
And the Ricans got the game in the cobra clutch  
The D's in the Capris too close to duck  
But what the fuck, they can suck on some coconuts  
The stress is real, it drains all the sex appeal  
Nuttin left but jail death or a record deal  
Vibes is weak, hoes wanna slide and creep  
Even fiends got a thing for that hide and seek  
Stick-up kids, kidnap, switch up cribs  
It's still crazy how them cocksuckers hit up Big

'Pac is gone, the state of hip-hop is wrong  
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