

On A Come Up

Mr. Capone-e

HAHAHA, lets ride homes
Another Southside gangster
hitHi-Power Entertainment motherf**kers
If you didn't know, it's that motherf**kin Capone
With that E and his homie Criminal from the 2-1-3
So Criminal let 'em know homes
(Criminal)Criminals'
leavin 'em in concussion
Watch out for the nine
I'm bustinF**k a discussion, I bust, leavin your blood
rushinYou don't wanna be with me, I guarantee
Pick up the microphone
In a world of my ownRepresent to the fullest
Southern Killer Cali I roam
Watch out for the chrome
I'm packin'When I'm drunk and I'm stoned
Make sure it's fully loaded when I'm leavin'
my homeNever know where I always be trippin'
And never will I get caught slippin'
I'm sippin' on this bottle
Smashin' on the throttle
When I catch you out of luck
It's like a motherf**kin' lotto
Like Desperado, this latino's got a gang of
stratchLook at me the wrong way and I'll put you on
your backOn the attack, I don't give a f**k who you are
I always had a hard time pullin' your body off the dock
From far and near, Criminals' name is all you hear
The young Sureño, spittin' deadly rhymes in your ear
(Chorus: Mr. Capone-E)We some Hi-Power riders
on a mission for a come upVatos trippin' and they
slippin' if they wanna play youngBang-Bang on you
hoes, oh no it's CaponeStraight creepin' while your
sleepin' its the Mr. CriminalLayin' low with
except, waitin' for our late night checks
West coast representing piercing hallows through your chest
Pop-Pop we don't stop till we reach this top
Puttin' it down, open up shop and we never gonna stop
leva(Mr. Capone-E)Oo wee, it's Capone-E the E
Southside bang, f**k all my enemies
See you can't see me on a puck sucker status
Hi-Power be the lable and we leave to do damage
Hooked up with Criminal now songs plain

simpleSureño love rockin' that little Regal
In a Lincoln ContinentalNow were ballin' out of control
Little Simons' up in a BenzoSmokin' indo
Till the sun rises upThat'll f**k you up
Cause we don't give a f**kFrom the S-G-V to the 2-1-3
From the Big Valley to (?) allySouthern Cali
Hi-Power riders in this tankBangin shanks
Slappin' fools up in this gangsta rap
Who's got your backCause your arm was full of (?)
Mr. Capone-E makes you thinkAnd I'mma drop you like a biatch
(Chorus)(Criminal)Give it up the the Sureños
till the day that I dieKickin with the homeboys
and I'm always gettin highDon't ask me why,
it's just the life that I leadEarn my name for robbing
motherf**kers for their greenIndeed, and f**k your bullet-proof vest
I come to correct but this ain't no motherf**kin test
It's a game called life and deathBlood, tears, and sweat
Went from a youngster to a motherf**kin Vet
And what's next, your life is took, by this young crook
I had a ski mask on my face so ain't

no tellin' how I lookedI shook the scene and got a
cleanRobbed that motherf**ker for his cash and his
blingWatch it gleam on my wrist, watch it gleam on my
neckConsequences of a motherf**ker that just got
checkedRespect this tiny rapper from the SouthStaight
Sureño till I die f**kin' chump, watch your
mouth(Chorus) (Outro: Midnight
Stalker)HAHAHAHA now you motherf**ker knowWho's
runnin' this biatchMotherf**kin' Hi-Power
RidersThey call me motherf**kin Midnight StalkerFor
those who don't knowNow you f**king knowBig
soldados my torpedoesTaking over this shit with
balasAll across the globeHi-Power
EntertainmentNon-stop, click-clock,
pop-popHAHAHAHAHAHAHA