

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 bottleSmashin'
on the throttleWhen I catch you out of luck
It's like a motherf**kin' lottoLike Desperado,
this latino's got a gang of stratch
Look at me the wrong way and I'll put you on your back
On 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 checksWest coast representing
piercing hallows through your chestPop-Pop we don't stop
till we reach this topPuttin' it down, open up shop
and we never gonna stop leva(Mr. Capone-E)Oo wee,
it's Capone-E the ESouthside 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 rapWho's got your back
Cause your arm was full of (?)Mr. Capone-E makes you think
And 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 green
Indeed, and f**k your bullet-proof vestI come to correct but this ain't no
motherf**kin testIt's a game called life and death
Blood, tears, and sweatWent 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 looked I shook the scene and got a
clean Robbed that motherf**ker for his cash and his
bling Watch it gleam on my wrist, watch it gleam on my
neck Consequences of a motherf**ker that just got
checked Respect this tiny rapper from the South Staigh
Sureño till I die f**kin' chump, watch your
mouth (Chorus) (Outro: Midnight
Stalker) HAHAAHAHA now you motherf**ker know Who's
runnin' this biatch Motherf**kin' Hi-Power
Riders They call me motherf**kin Midnight Stalker For
those who don't know Now you f**king know Big
soldados my torpedoes Taking over this shit with
balas All across the globe Hi-Power
Entertainment Non-stop, click-clock,
pop-pop HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA