

Comin' Up

Pimp C

Hold up (Hold Up), we jammin

I can't let nobody hold me down-
these ho's could never hold me (never hold me)
cause I'm comin down, playa surroundin-livin these ho's fantasy
cause I'm choppin'blades and playin maze and these bitches they can't stand
it (can't stand it)
Peep up in this game and this thing is so demandin'
I'm comin up (choppin on dubs and showin 'em love)
2000-Fizive and you are not fly enough (young bitch)
Uhhh Hold up young bitch-bitch I just don't wanna stop comin'up

Uhhh it's never too much the paper I make
these other pussy niggaz ain't real them ho's fake
I'm Sweet James Jones when you come through bitch
I treat you good because you know I'm rich
I was in the ghetto-had nothin'
sold alot of records and grabbed somethin
now I'm goin through movies in L.A
playin the game the way the hustlers play
and everyday I try to stack my grip and make three songs
I'm tryna get my mothafuckin paper on
I want the new (bone?) and the new cell phone
I want the new two way pager and the new mansion home
in Houston cause that is my city
and them other pussy niggaz they record sound shitty
when I see you in the town I'm a hit you up
you never could take my dream cause you niggaz fucked up

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I remember when I had to come up just to come down
that's the reason for my uncontrollable ballin right now
use to be scared to walk in the store I payed the price now
my life is to valuable for me to play with life now
of course it's gon' be some niggaz who think I done changed
they find me guilty just because now I got diamonds on every thing
my mouth and my pinky ring, my wrist and my neck
I'm 'bout my business so give me my cash or give me my check
see I can biblically remember me and Trae on the block
even more then hustlin'sometimes we had to lay on the block
eat, sleep, shit, piss, pray on the block
to make it through the night to see another day on the block
movin rocks got us full pockets-plus knots in our socks
but now money be comin in wadd's like blocks
let's go half on a Yacht-I got the pot you got the chicken fried steak
I can't even hear you haters you've been muted by my paper chase

Who would've known that this rap shit would take me far
at 18 I had a fifty-thousand dollar car
I went from Jag to Benz but not the regular kind
now I'm smokin hydro not the regular pine

I spitt one freestyle now I'm rockin clubs
after "Diamonds N Yo Face" I was coppin dubs
I had to make the transition from a boy to a man
so if you wanna 16 that's forty-grand
rappers talk alot of shit but you ain't stoppin us
look you don't wanna bump heads with a mafia (Huh)
look you don't know shit about UGK
or Mr. Fat Pat and Grey Screw tapes
I rep the Screwed Up Click peep the watch I'm wearin
I'm the first cat in Houston with a black Leclarion
Lil' Flipper tote pistols for them none believers
cause down here we poppin trunks on Cadillacs and Regals (Oh boy)

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