

## Comin' Up

Saukrates

Yo, I'm used to.. cold to the right, hot to the left,  
Turn them on, let the warm water run on my chest  
And wash away the stress.  
I swear to my mama she die a happy woman on my very last breath.  
Lookin back, reminisin'- how many have left us  
OGs who used to squeeze with the best touch.  
Hold they chrome, and hold they own. It's messed up,  
Now a nigga livin' through his ancestas.  
Saukrates - 23, turnin' like 45 in a year,  
I'm cravin' for the days when I'm out in the clear...  
You know, livin'.  
I might, sacrifice my life but I won't give in.  
Until we spokes has bin in, and my home is chilled out,  
And ain't dealin with no less than half a million.  
In a crib on some acres, and half these children.  
Livin' the life they deserve and just fake realism.  
I hit you with the wisom, you ain't with it  
Then kiss 'em -- THE NUTS.  
If you dissin, watch me from a distance.  
I'ma hit you with the words that'll make your soul vibrate.  
The things that we contemplate, when we comin up...  
Keep this rap shit tight \*\*AIGHT\*\*.

Imagine the day that's black forever,  
Waitin' for the sun to come up.  
As hard as you try, it's a lie  
You can't change the weather.  
Maybe I should stop giving a fuck.  
\*Plus\* You bin tellin me that life goes on,  
But as this rap star trek belongs.  
You start wonderin' what else could go wrong..  
\*All you can do is sing your song\* in the pockets nigga.

Nigga life time journey to the me, these endless questions,  
They play my dome-piece.. like:  
What am I do with all the groupies that I meet?  
Will I turn the other cheek,  
Or do I turn the other cheek?  
Please freak, you gettin' touched by this  
West Indian connection,  
Let me rub on your titties.  
-And get in it for a minute to win it,  
Let you fall in love with it, then I'm out.  
'cause I got work to finish, the music is ma business.  
She love me, I trust her, to maximize my bigness.  
Now ladies, if u listenin I'ma make you my witness.  
I got no love for bitches.  
Baby, out with the quickness.  
Groupie parade plague, it's a categorized sickness.  
Who say, that brother socks got it locked from  
LA to Brickston, I'm broke,  
For niggas that kill for my position.  
I rap to that Vince Carter at Sky Dome,  
If you see me on the beat, ET phone home.  
And tell yo mama the drama - your old high school friends  
On the tube representin' Toronto.  
And doin' it right, pursuin his life.

Disease to take flight when he caresses the mic.  
Sendin' this one out to cats with unsigned hype,  
Just do it for you,  
Keep this rap shit tight \*aight\*