

Trying To Come Up

Too \$hort

You want the money, wanna be a big mack dog?
You swimmin in women on backlog
Daydreamin 'bout the dividends
The lil' homey said "Man I'm 'bout to get it in"
It's just a sign of the times
You get a little older now you wanna do crimes
He went to jail and now he's got big muscles
He don't think he failed he just picked the wrong hustle
Came home went straight to the block
He got a P.O. but he don't care about the cops
Pocket full of rocks, hella money in his sock
Rims and paint, he don't wanna ride stock
Loud and clear, the beat gon' knock
And a lot of girls walkin down the street gon' stop
and tell each other how they love you
You gettin money and they all wanna fuck you

I'm tryin to come up! Ohhhhhhh
I'm tryin to come up! Got to keep on movin
Come up! Whoahhhhhh
I'm tryin to come up! Ohhhhhhh

The world is violent - so what'cha yellin "peace" for?
Gotta take another ride in a police car
They told you don't tell no lies
Cause the judge gon' set yo' bail so high
for crack! You never shoulda sold it
Cause everything you know, you told it
I thought you was a cocaine cowboy
You caught a case - and what'chu doin now boy?
You singin that same old song
Tellin on your homeboys so you can go home
And now who's gon' win?
I don't need enemies, if you my friend
You just another crab in the barrel
I'm tryin to see the top, stop grabbin, it's frail
I know you wanna come up, make a few mill'
but the homies gon' kill you if you tell

C.O. nigga, West Oakland
B.T.T. nigga
I got a two year joint suspension, butter on my bitch coochie
High-tech and my styrofoam, she just popped a half a Louis
Ridin with my hockey stick; I'm just tryin to camouflage
Just hit a grower house, it's dryin out in my garage
P.O. fuckin with me, say I gotta find a job
Honeymoon comin up - bitch I'm married to the mob!
I'm just tryin to come up, before a nigga lock me down
I do life in Salinas for feedin a nigga 50 rounds
I don't say slow down, before a nigga go down
Before a nigga starve, I'll FUNK with the whole town
Tired of cookin coke, I need grown man money
Some of that business foreign car, own land money
I be tryin to get dough, but a nigga will skeet quick
Them hollows gotta get my point across it's so thick
And me and God, we got a real good agreement
I won't start no shit but if they try me I'm squeamish

I'm just tryin to do right, just tryin to get mine
Feel like I'm about to lose my mind if I gotta keep on doin crime
I'm tryin to come up! Cain't do this no more
I gotta come up! Hoooooooooooo
I'm tryin to come up!
I'm tryin to come up
Said I'm tryin to come up
I'm tryin to come up
Tryin to come up... [fades out]