

# Comin' Up

## Pimp C

Sammy Adams

Comin' up, comin' up.

Yeah, Boston

Matty Trump

Yeah, uh

uh, uh, uh

I'm comin up, I'm comin up on it

Running airlines from LA to Boston

Can't stop and I told you I promised

So you ain't gonna hear nobody that's hotter (hotter)

Hear nobody thats hotter, ain't nobody that's hotter

Nobody hotter, ain't nobody thats hotter

What up haters, I'm back so hows my dick taste?

I'm spitting grimy, like mouths without toothpaste

Never thought of mixing blood with my confidence

She was in my city, showing love to me's the consequence

Cause my wills coming, whether or not you're liking it

Felt like the tip of the pen that checks the counterfeits

Like, your girl ain't never heard of me

Sike, 'cause she'd probably search the world for me

Ha, ha, ha, ha I laugh on tracks

You burst face to go hard cause your ass can't rap

About to take all, see the stripes and the stars on my window

Plane flying on the air pitch dark

I'm comin up, I'm comin up on it

Running airlines from LA to Boston

Can't stop and I told you I promised

So you ain't gonna hear nobody that's hotter

Hear nobody thats hotter, ain't nobody that's hotter

Nobody hotter, ain't nobody thats hotter

I told my parents that I was gonna get some

Hop on stage and get higher than a jet, son

Getting love told me why you never getting none

Born to the game, never pose as a step-son

I'm that new to iTunes, what's next shit

Rewind that track, what time before I exit

Like I could give a fuck, really what y'all think

Destiny is blessing, bartender give me a tall drink

So I could fade out, dreams of being played out  
City radio I'm good and look at how I made out  
Uh, on the stroll my path's paved, telling me to do it all up  
So now I'm off stage, taking shots, I'm just trying get in cage  
Coming up bar, see the numbers on the fan page  
Can't stop cause they want 'em on the airwaves  
Late night in Boston, west coast in the LA  
I'm comin up, I'm comin up on it  
Running airlines from LA to Boston  
Can't stop and I told you I promised  
So you ain't gonna hear nobody that's hotter  
Hear nobody thats hotter, ain't nobody that's hotter  
Nobody hotter, ain't nobody thats hotter  
And my sky line's so contagious  
Jet fuel on my tongue, ain't hungover cause I'm wasted  
Chewin on success, so close I can taste it,  
Came too far, homie feel like Ima make it  
Yeah, and you know I'm gonna get 'em  
Agencies hawking, never can forget 'em  
Slowly moving strong in positions that I'm winning  
Better let em know  
(Sammy Adams yeah tell 'em)  
I'm comin up, I'm comin up on it  
Running airlines from LA to Boston  
Can't stop and I told you I promised  
So you ain't gonna hear nobody that's hotter  
Hear nobody thats hotter, ain't nobody that's hotter  
Nobody hotter, ain't nobody thats hotter

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