Come Up

Aryginal & EMB

â€œCome Upâ€•
Ground Breaking
written by: Andre Moss Jr. (BMI), Randall K. McGriff (BMI)
produced by: Randall K. McGriff
performed by: Aryginal, E.M.B.

[E.M.B.-Chorus:]
Iâ€™m on a money making mission for the Come up
Now Iâ€™m comfortable in this bitch from the Come up
At the trump tower secretary tell me Come up
Show little love, you in the way? Then you ass got to Bang
Iâ€™m on a money making mission for the Come up
Now Iâ€™m comfortable in this bitch from the Come up
At the trump tower secretary tell me Come up
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[Aryginal-Verse 1:]
Wifey likes the finer things, children need a future
Daddy wants the whole world nigga so Iâ€™m used to
Hard work all day, my hustle hand so true bruh
Even as a young booster
I used to profit off of my juice cups.
Grinding
I rarely got to see the back of my eyelids
But that donâ€™t call for no violins
Thatâ€™s how I learned all the odds and ends.
Howâ€™s this for a concept
I crept while yall slept
I met with Godâ€™s best
Analyzed my top ten.
Dissected their projects, watched all of their concerts, aw yes, now watch me bully my tribe in.
Otay, look, Iâ€™ma turn this bitch into my island
Fillet any MC claiming that they a shark in the game
Any rapper get caught parking in my lane
Paramedics hauling their caucus off yellow tape
While Iâ€™m chilling in my corporate office hella clean
Sipping Henney on the rocks and focused on my dream.

[E.M.B.-Chorus:]

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[E.M.B.-Verse 2:]
Keep it real bruh. We doing what we pose to do
Donâ€™t let the uniform, erreh, Iâ€™ll shoot this bitch up
The sound bit and the sound clip and the audio
You know who made your beat, El boy, Iâ€™ll body you.
Big business
No kidding
We heavy hitting
Everybody stepping stones, till I make a million.
Not a dummy but I took her for a crash test
Led her head first, grab the wheel, non-sense.
From the ground up, clutching my stomach, itâ€™s amazing what niggas do when it come to them hunger games
Iâ€™m never starving less Iâ€™m fasting for Lint
Not a catholic, I cant imagine having to scramble for shit.
We donâ€™t give daps, we donâ€™t make deals, we donâ€™t break bread, we donâ€™t give props
We donâ€™t dick ride, we donâ€™t switch sides, we donâ€™t play games, we donâ€™t share knots.
Ugh, We making that cream ugh
Making it a murdered up scene ugh
Droppinâ€™ forever, we winning
Heavy hitting
Iâ€™m rip it up again and again.
Boy!

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