

The Come Up (feat. Anthony Hamilton)

[Ace Hood](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This is a come up
Grinding for the ones that I love Fuelled by the passion and pain
And all the bullshit that I've been through
Still I hold my head up high
And all them roadblocks I walk right through
I do it for the ones like me
And all people who are just like you
No matter what they say about me
I'mma do whatever I gotta do This is the come up
Where niggas hustle from night to sun up
The gutta, where niggas run up and they get done up
And mama tryna make a dollar for son and daughter
Where them times are even harder without a father
Want a job but never bother
All about them commas, bigger diamonds and high designer
With all the finest women, goddess
With perfect bodies that we admire
This is the come up where niggas do whatever for money
They'll murk a nigga now and got to church on a Sunday
Probably snitch on homeboys and take a flight out of country
It's fucked up, the motive is to get out the hood
Get your mama new crib, keep your family good
When that money is pouring and them jewels is shining
And them cars are foreigners, them haters praying it storm
It's no love, it ain't a place for the weak
Only strong survive, only hustlers ride This is a come up
Fuelled by the passion and pain
And all the bullshit that I've been through
Still I hold my head up high
And all them roadblocks I walk right through
I do it for the ones like me
And all people who are just like you

No matter what they say about me
I'mma do whatever I gotta do Where niggas hustle from night to sun up
And dreams are never seen, 'cause they don't believe in it.
And it seems you can achieve by any means go and get it
Anything you vision and anything you wishing
You can live it just bare the witness
They said i wouldn't and i did it
What God intended
From being labelled as a menace, to counting millions
My daughter smiling every minute, I'm in attendance oh lord
I got my deal in the field, cried hundred of tears
Feeling like that dough boy who hit a lick for a mill
Riding round with that work
Know them weapons concealed
If them feds ever catch 'em
He'll do 200 hundred years for that dope
And I know money come money go in the fame in the game
All the hate that it brings many lost some gave never changed
Not me, gotta survive everyday
Know every morning I wake I'm tryna come up Fueled by the passion and pain
And all the bullshit that I've been through
Still I hold my head up high
And all them roadblocks I walk right through
I do it for the ones like me
And all people who are just like you
No matter what they say about me
I'mma do whatever I gotta do This is the come up
So, don't you dare give up?
Keep your head above the clouds
And your eyes on the prize
Don't you dare give up?
This is for the grind Fueled by the passion and pain
And all the bullshit that I've been through
Still I hold my head up high
And all them roadblocks I walk right through
I do it for the ones like me
And all people who are just like you
No matter what they say about me
I'mma do whatever I gotta do This is the come up
One day you gon' make it out the struggle
Don't you worried now, no now, yeah
My brothers and my sisters, mama too
This is the come up

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