From The Ground Up

Rasco

Testin', testin'
It's game orienfested, size sixes vested
K-Cizee, JoJo, that boy Too Sheezee, Todd Shaw
And Earl Stevens, AKA, Charlie Hustle
Hey Todd, you on? Am I on?
The foundation was laid several years ago
I built a whole empire in your stereo
Got a four leaf clover representin' the Bay
Oakland, Frisco, Vallejo, and EPA
We keep the shit together, let's keep it that way
From Sacramento all the way to San Jose
We in a new era for ten years you made hits
So what's up E-Feezi? We still the shit, beotch
How you think I got this pot belly, overnight?
Shet a nigga was hungry, I had an appetite
Just like a lie to my people that's caught up in the struggle
Motherfuckers tryin' to bubble, niggaz tired of slangin'
Barney Rubble, gettin' in trouble and fuckin' up
Parole got me makin' my kids piss in a cup
It's cold, that's why I got a few bucks, I put up
From sellin' greens, investing in some vending machines
From the ground up
We started with nothing from nothing we made something
Nobody really gave a damn about us from the bottom we started
We started with nothing from nothing we made something
Nobody really gave a damn about us from the ground on up
From the ground up, here go some details
This verse right here was made, said strictly for the females
Don't y'all know it's time for y'all to blow up like Napalm
Instead of sellin' Tupperware and Avon
Get your business license, go on and put the peas in the pot
Tell your baby to get your baby daddy to buy you a nail shop
Or a beauty saloon, since he come to be the biggest tycoon
With methamphetamine laughs and heroin balloons
Six police pulled me over laid a nigga on the ground
Searched my car real good I know you know what they found
I had the trunk, full of that junk, X-Rated lyrics, laced with the funk
No doubt, I was just about to flood the streets
Big boxes full of tapes with them dope fiend beats

Two white boy groupies, mad as hell
Black men makin' mail, couldn't take him to jail
We started with nothing from nothing we made something
Nobody really gave a damn about us from the bottom we started
We started with nothing from nothing we made something
Nobody really gave a damn about us from the ground on up
I spent sixteen hundred makin' born to mack
Used my niggaz gold ropes and his Cadillac
I was broke to start with, didn't give a fuck
Couldn't tell me Short Dawg wasn't comin' up
When motherfuckers roll by bumpin' your stuff
It makes you feel good like when you bust a nut
Now I'm a millionaire and can't get enough
Forty tell em how it is way too tough, Short Dawg
When I first started rappin', motherfuckers would cap
That nigga fake he sound like Woody Pecker on crack
Niggaz, would laugh and say, "I rap too fast way back then"
But now I be catchin' all kind of motherfuckers tryin' to sneak
My little old style in
And that's a compliment 'cause I ain't trippin' on the money
What about the money? What about the money?
Ask me, sheeit, I think there's enough money up in this bitch
For all of us, we can Sasquatch pimp the system without a doubt
All we gotta be is 'bout our paper route
We started with nothing from nothing we made something
Nobody really gave a damn about us from the bottom we started
We started with nothing from nothing we made something
Nobody really gave a damn about us from the ground on up
That's real, Too Sheezee, Ant Banks, Forty Fonzarelli
K-Ci and my nigga, JoJo
We all come from the ground up, beaotch
Right from the bottom to the top from the ground up we never stop
Right from the bottom to the top, we never stop
Right from the bottom to the top from the ground up we never stop
Right from the bottom to the top, we never stop
Never stop, no we will never stop, baby
We will never stop, we will, we will never stop
We will never stop from the ground up, from the ground up
From the ground up, no, from the ground up, from the ground up
From the bottom to the top, baby, baby baby baby baby, baby, baby

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