

Comin' Up

Pimp C Ft.Lil Flip & Z-Ro

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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