

On a Come Up

Mr. Capone-E & Mr. Criminal

HAHAHA, lets ride homesAnother Southside gangster
hitHi-Power Entertainment motherfuckersIf you
didn't know, it's that motherfuckin CaponeWith
that E and his homie Criminal from the 2-1-3So Criminal let
'em know homes[Criminal]Criminals'
leavin 'em in concussionWatch out for the nine
I'm bustinFuck a discussion, I bust, leavin your blood
rushinYou don't wanna be with me, I guaranteePick
up the microphoneIn a world of my ownRepresent to the
fullestSouthern Killer Cali I roamWatch out for the
chrome I'm packin'When I'm drunk and
I'm stonedMake sure it's fully loaded when
I'm leavin' my homeNever know where I always be
trippin'And never will I get caught
slippin'I'm sippin' on this
bottleSmashin' on the throttleWhen I catch you
out of luckIt's like a motherfuckin'
lottoLike Desperado, this latino's got a gang of
stratchLook at me the wrong way and I'll put you on
your backOn the attack, I don't give a fuck who you
areI always had a hard time pullin' your body off the
dockFrom far and near, Criminals' name is all you
hearThe young Sureo, spittin' deadly rhymes in your
ear[Chorus: Mr. Capone-E]We some Hi-Power riders
on a mission for a come upVatos trippin' and they
slippin' if they wanna play youngBang-Bang on you
hoes, oh no it's CaponeStraight creepin' while
your sleepin' its the Mr. CriminalLayin' low with
except, waitin' for our late night checksWest coast
representing piercing hallows through your chestPop-Pop we
don't stop till we reach this topPuttin' it down,
open up shop and we never gonna stop leva[Mr.
Capone-E]Oo wee, it's Capone-E the ESouthside
bang, fuck all my enemiesSee you can't see me on a
puck sucker statusHi-Power be the lable and we leave to do
damageHooked up with Criminal now songs plain
simpleSureo love rockin' that little RegalIn a
Lincoln ContinentalNow were ballin' out of
controlLittle Simons' up in a BenzoSmokin'

indoTill the sun rises upThat'll fuck you
upCause we don't give a fuckFrom the S-G-V to the
2-1-3From the Big Valley to (?) allySouthern
CaliHi-Power riders in this tankBangin
shanksSlappin' fools up in this gangsta
rapWho's got your backCause your arm was full of
(?)Mr. Capone-E makes you thinkAnd I'mma drop you
like a biatch[Chorus][Criminal]Give it
up the the Sureos till the day that I dieKickin with the
homeboys and I'm always gettin highDon't ask me
why, it's just the life that I leadEarn my name for
robbing motherfuckers for their greenIndeed, and fuck your
bullet-proof vestI come to correct but this ain't no
motherfuckin testIt's a game called life and
deathBlood, tears, and sweatWent from a youngster to a
motherfuckin VetAnd what's next, your life is took, by
this young crookI had a ski mask on my face so ain't
no tellin' how I lookedI shook the scene and got a
cleanRobbed that motherfucker for his cash and his
blingWatch it gleam on my wrist, watch it gleam on my
neckConsequences of a motherfucker that just got
checkedRespect this tiny rapper from the SouthStraight
Sureo till I die fuckin' chump, watch your
mouth[Chorus][Outro: Midnight
Stalker]HAHAHAHA now you motherfucker knowWho's
runnin' this biatchMotherfuckin' Hi-Power
RidersThey call me motherfuckin Midnight StalkerFor
those who don't knowNow you fucking knowBig
soldados my torpedoesTaking over this shit with
balasAll across the globeHi-Power
EntertainmentNon-stop, click-clock,
pop-popHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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