

On a Come Up

Mr. Capone-E & Mr. Criminal

HAHAHA, lets ride homes
Another Southside gangster
hit
Hi-Power Entertainment motherfuckers
If you didn't know, it's that motherfuckin Capone
With that E and his homie Criminal from the 2-1-3
So Criminal let 'em know homes
[Criminal]Criminals'
leavin 'em in concussion
Watch out for the nine
I'm bustin
Fuck a discussion, I bust, leavin your blood
rushin
You don't wanna be with me, I guarantee
Pick up the microphone
In a world of my own
Represent to the fullest
Southern Killer Cali I roam
Watch out for the chrome
I'm packin'
When I'm drunk and I'm stoned
Make sure it's fully loaded when I'm leavin'
my home
Never know where I always be trippin'
And never will I get caught slippin'
I'm sippin' on this bottle
Smashin' on the throttle
When I catch you out of luck
It's like a motherfuckin' lotto
Like Desperado, this latino's got a gang of stretch
Look at me the wrong way and I'll put you on your back
On the attack, I don't give a fuck who you are
I always had a hard time pullin' your body off the dock
From far and near, Criminals' name is all you hear
The young Sureo, spittin' deadly rhymes in your ear
[Chorus: Mr. Capone-E]
We some Hi-Power riders on a mission for a come up
Vatos trippin' and they slippin' if they wanna play young
Bang-Bang on you hoes, oh no it's Capone
Straight creepin' while your sleepin'
its the Mr. Criminal
Layin' low with except, waitin' for our late night checks
West coast representing
piercing hallows through your chest
Pop-Pop we don't stop till we reach this top
Puttin' it down, open up shop and we never gonna stop levin'
[Mr. Capone-E]
Oo wee, it's Capone-E the E
Southside bang, fuck all my enemies
See you can't see me on a puck sucker status
Hi-Power be the lable and we leave to do damage
Hooked up with Criminal now songs plain simple
Sureo love rockin' that little Regal
In a Lincoln Continental
Now were ballin' out of control
Little Simons' up in a Benzo
Smokin'

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 SouthStaight
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-popHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>