

# Coming Up (feat. Z-Ro, Lil Flip)

## Pimp C

[Pimp C]

Hold up (Hold Up), we jammin'I can't let nobody hold me down-these ho's could never hold me (never hold me)

Cause I'm comin' down, playa surroundin' livin' these ho's fantasy  
Cause I'm choppin' blades and playin' maze and these bitches they can't stand it (can't stand it)

Peep up in this game and this thing is so demandin'  
I'm comin' up (choppin' on dubs and showin' 'em love)  
2000-Fizive and you are not fly enough (young bitch)

Uh Hold up young bitch-bitch I just don't wanna stop comin'up[Verse 1: Pimp C]

Uh it's never too much the paper I make  
These other pussy niggas ain't real them ho's fake  
I'm Sweet James Jones when you come through bitch  
I treat you good because you know I'm rich  
I was in the ghetto-had nothin'  
Sold a lot of records and grabbed somethin'  
Now I'm goin' through movies in L.A  
Playin' the game the way the hustlers play  
And everyday I try to stack my grip and make three songs  
I'm try'na get my mothafuckin' paper on  
I want the new (bone?) and the new cell phone  
I want the new two way pager and the new mansion home  
In Houston cause that is my city  
And them other pussy niggas they record sound shitty  
When I see you in the town I'm a hit you up

You never could take my dream cause you niggas fucked up[Chorus]

I can't let nobody hold me down-these ho's could never hold me (never hold me)

Cause I'm comin' down, playa surroundin' livin' these ho's fantasy  
Cause I'm choppin' blades and playin' maze and these bitches they can't stand it (can't stand it)

Peep up in this game and this thing is so demandin' comin' Up[Verse 2: Z-Ro]

I remember when I had to come up just to come down  
That's the reason for my uncontrollable ballin' right now  
Use to be scared to walk in the store I payed the price now  
My life is to valuable for me to play with life now  
Of course it's gon' be some niggas who think I done changed  
They find me guilty just because now I got diamonds on every thing  
My mouth and my pinky ring, my wrist and my neck  
I'm 'bout my business so give me my cash or give me my check  
See I can biblically remember me and Trae on the block  
Even more then hustlin' sometimes we had to lay on the block

Eat, sleep, shit, piss, pray on the block  
To make it through the night to see another day on the block  
Movin' rocks got us full pockets-plus knots in our socks  
But now money be comin' in wadd's like blocks  
Let's go half on a Yacht-I got the pot you got the chicken fried steak  
I can't even hear you haters you've been muted by my paper chase[Chorus][Verse 3: Lil' Flip]  
Who would've known that this rap shit would take me far  
At 18 I had a fifty-thousand dollar car  
I went from Jag to Benz but not the regular kind  
Now I'm smokin' hydro not the regular pine  
I spit one freestyle now I'm rockin' clubs  
After "Diamonds N Yo Face" I was coppin' dubs  
I had to make the transition from a boy to a man  
So if you wanna 16 that's forty-grand  
Rappers talk a lot of shit but you ain't stoppin' us  
Look you don't wanna bump heads with a mafia (Huh)  
Look you don't know shit about UGK  
Or Mr. Fat Pat and Grey Screw tapes  
I rep the Screwed Up Click peep the watch I'm wearin'  
I'm the first cat in Houston with a black Meclaron  
Lil' Flipper tote pistols for them none believers  
Cause down here we poppin' trunks on Cadillacs and Regals (Oh boy)[Chorus][Pimp C]  
Peep up in this game and this thing is so demandin'  
I'm comin' up (choppin' on dubs and showin' 'em love)  
2000-Fizive and you are not fly enough (young bitch)  
Uh Hold up young bitch-bitch I just don't wanna stop comin' up

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