Coming Up

Pimp C

Hold up, we jamminI can't let nobody hold me down

These hoe's could never hold me

Cause I'm comin down, playa surroundin

Livin these hoe's fantasyCause I'm choppin' blades and playin maze

And these bitches, they can't stand it

Peep up in this game and this thing is so demandin'

(On them dubs)Choppin on dubs and showin 'em love

2000-Fizive and you are not fly enough

Young bitch, hold up, hold up, young bitch

Bitch, I just don't wanna stop comin' upUh, it's never too much, the paper I make

These other pussy niggaz ain't real, them hoe's fake

I'm Sweet James Jones when you come through bitch

I treat you good because you know I'm richI was in the ghetto, had nothin'

Sold a lot of records and grabbed somethin

Now, I go and do movies in L.A

Playin the game the way the hustlers playAnd everyday I try to stack my grip and make three songs

I'm tryna get my mothafuckin paper on

I want the new [Incomprehensible] and the new cell phone

I want the new two way pager and the new mansion homeIn Houston cause that is my city

And them other pussy niggaz they records sound shitty

When I see you in the town, I'ma hit you up

You never could take my dream cause you niggaz fucked upI can't let nobody hold me down

These hoe's could never hold me

Cause I'm comin down, playa surroundin

Livin these hoe's fantasyCause I'm choppin' blades and playin maze

And these bitches, they can't stand it

Peep up in this game and this thing is so demandin'

(Comin' up)I remember when I had to come up just to come down

Thats the reason for my uncontrollable ballin right now

Use to be scared to walk in the store, I paid the price now

My life is too valuable for me to play with life nowOf course theres gon' be some niggaz who gon think I done

changed

They find me guilty simply cause, 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 checkSee I can vividly 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 blockMovin rocks got us full pockets plus knots in our

socks

But now, money be comin in wads like blocks

Lets 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 chaseI can't let nobody hold me down

These hoe's could never hold me

Cause I'm comin down, playa surroundin

Livin these hoe's fantasyCause I'm choppin' blades and playin maze

And these bitches, they can't stand it

Peep up in this game and this thing is so demandin'

(Comin' up)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 pineI 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-grandRappers 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 Leclarion

Lil' Flipper, tote pistols, for them non-believers

Cause down here we poppin trunks on Cadillacs and Regals, oh boyI can't let nobody hold me down

These hoe's could never hold me

Cause I'm comin down, playa surroundin

Livin these hoe's fantasyCause I'm choppin' blades and playin maze

And these bitches, they can't stand it

Peep up in this game and this thing is so demandin'

(On them dubs) Whats up? Lets go, choppin on dubs and showin 'em love

2000-Fizive and you are not fly enough

Young bitch, hold up, hold up, young bitch

Bitch, I just don't wanna stop comin' upYoung bitch

2000-Fizive and you are not fly enough

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/