

# 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  
stratch  
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 leva  
[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' indo  
Till the sun rises up  
That'll fuck you up  
Cause we don't give a fuck  
From the S-G-V to the 2-1-3  
From the Big Valley to (?) ally  
Southern

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 <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>