

# 502 Come Up

Bryson Tiller

Yeah-yeah-eah-eah  
For real though, it's so wild now  
This shit crazy yeah Woke up in the hills this morning  
Asking myself, how did I get here this morning?  
Vonte Parker in that teal and orange  
And Russell in that gold and purple  
Youngest from the Ville, imported  
I used to sit up in my room and ponder  
Finished school and get a Doctors  
I'm twenty-two, I gotta get it now  
Man who knew he'd have it figured out?  
Trapsoul, man, I crack codes  
Crack cocaine, that's what we putting out  
These fuck niggas saying  
Don't forget when you was broke, I was looking out  
And some say there's levels to this shit  
Damn look at all the levels that I skipped  
Feeling like there's a medal I should get  
All these haters getting heavy on my dick  
Look at my niggas, chasing paper  
Getting books with my niggas  
How the fuck can people back home say I smy niggas  
Your two cents ain't working for me  
All you niggas sound commercial to me, man  
I don't like commercial niggas  
Please shut the fuck up before I hurt you  
Fuck your feelings  
Don't take it personal, it's nothing personal  
This a Derby City come up, this a Derby City vertical  
First forty-eight, straight murder you  
For years and years we waited on this  
Living in a place folks didn't know exist  
Surprise motherfucker, we up in this bitch!  
I said I'm back and I'm so much better  
I'm so, so much better  
And I won't stop (Louis)  
I can't stop  
Not now (Louis) not ever (Louis, Louis)  
Louis slugger with the hits  
Knock them out the park then I'm knocking down your bitch  
I'm watching how you pitch  
I'm not from Houston, no, I'm not from 'round the six  
Got the four series, I should cop the six after the world series  
I just taught the rich 'bout palm trees and bad bitches  
And how these snakes can harm me with bad business  
Damn, fuck out of here nigga

It's very rare for young black men to come up out of here nigga  
Some will call it luck and some will call me up  
I ain't heard from you in years  
Please get the fuck out my ear niggaMy peers get it  
Only G-O-D can judge me, fuck the jurisdiction  
I'm working, ain't got time for thirsting  
Over how these chicks appear in pictures  
I'm just painting crystal clear pictures  
Brushing up on my lyrics nigga  
I just wish momma was here to live up under chandeliers with us  
I guess all I ever had to do was take this shit a little more serious  
Let's get it  
There's not much to say  
Woah, I'm from the southside  
God Tiller

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

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