

Az, The Come Up

Just gimme the countdown
Know where we goin [scratched: "AZ"]
Uh-huh ["AZ"] ["Streets is yours for the takin now"]
Feels so good ["AZ"]

[AZ]

You know the come up, stack get right, put the gun up
Laugh, get nice, split the blunt up
Pray blue and whites don't run up, remain humble
You see the change when the Range come through
When all the fame ups your game cause your name's mumbled
The chicks notice, usually it's like hypnosis
It's ferocious when broke niggaz get focused
The cars come out, bottles at the bar run it
You know you're large when you in car could dodge a drought
But here's the twist up, when beef and the money mix up
Skirts lift up, a few fights, few stick-ups
Then one little thing just, leads to the next and
Here come them hot boys to breathe down your neck
Now you gotta pack up, flee from the rest and
Just so we can go, you was free from the stress
I guess it is what it is

[Chorus: DJ Premier scratching]

"Creepin on a come up"; "Streets is yours for the takin now";
"Creepin on a come up"; "I'm from the place where hardcore is beautiful";
"Creepin on a come up"; "Streets is yours for the takin now";
"I'm rather unique"; "I'm from the place"; "Brooklyn";

[AZ]

You know the saga, who liver, who hotter
Who shot at who at the Ramada
I knew about beef since Bambaataa
Before "Beat Street"; streets was heavily deep with the riders
Guns and money, some was hungry
Dysfunctional families that come from junkies
Jailbirds with wanted warrants up in countries
Just jungle survivin like a bunch of monkies
Marked dollars, D.A. NARC's with collars
Niggaz snitchin, but still got the heart to holla
Hot chicks in short skirts and damn near topless
Play fly and they gossip, stay high and just ride dick
Can't call it, too fresh to spoil it
Two tecs to war with, grew up next to all this
So understand I know from firsthand
The lies of a church man, high off his first gram

[Chorus]

[AZ]

The jails is packed, the streets is wack
It's even worse when your workers tappin your beeper sack
Wifey's gettin feisty, she's beefin back
Though it's unlikely, it might be her Visa's maxed
The coke is up, so now cushion throws what's up
And the Ricans got the game in the cobra clutch
The D's in the Capris too close to duck
But what the fuck, they can suck on some coconuts
The stress is real, it drains all the sex appeal
Nuttin left but jail death or a record deal
Vibes is weak, hoes wanna slide and creep
Even fiends got a thing for that hide and seek
Stick-up kids, kidnap, switch up cribs
It's still crazy how them cocksuckers hit up Big

'Pac is gone, the state of hip-hop is wrong
You want more then long on to A-Z dot com

[Chorus: w/ ad libs]