

# Mr. Capone-E, On A Come Up

HAHAHA, lets ride homes  
Another Southside gangster  
hit  
Hi-Power Entertainment motherf\*\*kers  
If you didn't know, it's that motherf\*\*kin 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  
F\*\*k 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 motherf\*\*kin' 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 f\*\*k 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, f\*\*k 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 f\*\*k you up  
Cause we don't give a f\*\*k  
From the S-G-V to the 2-1-3  
From the Big Valley to (?) ally  
Southern Cali  
Hi-Power riders in this tank  
Bangin shanks  
Slappin' fools up in this gangsta rap  
Who's got your back  
Cause your arm was full of (?)  
Mr. Capone-E makes you think  
And I'mma drop you like a biatch  
(Chorus)(Criminal)  
Give it up the the Sureos  
till the day that I die  
Kickin with the homeboys and I'm always gettin high  
Don't ask me why, it's just the life that I lead  
Earn my name for robbing motherf\*\*kers for their green  
Indeed, and f\*\*k your bullet-proof vest  
I come to correct but this ain't no motherf\*\*kin test  
It's a game called life and death  
Blood, tears, and sweat  
Went from a youngster to a motherf\*\*kin Vet  
And what's next, your life is took, by this young crook  
I had a ski mask on my face so ain't no tellin' how I looked  
I shook the scene and got a clean  
Robbed that motherf\*\*ker for his cash and his bling  
Watch it gleam on my wrist, watch it gleam on my neck  
Consequences of a motherf\*\*ker that just got checked  
Respect this tiny rapper from the South  
Staight Sureo till I die f\*\*kin' chump, watch your

mouth(Chorus)(Outro: Midnight  
Stalker)HAHAHAHA now you motherf\*\*ker knowWho's  
runnin' this biatchMotherf\*\*kin' Hi-Power  
RidersThey call me motherf\*\*kin Midnight StalkerFor  
those who don't knowNow you f\*\*king knowBig  
soldados my torpedoesTaking over this shit with  
balasAll across the globeHi-Power  
EntertainmentNon-stop, click-clock,  
pop-popHAHAHAHAHAHAHA