

# Petey Pablo, Tha Come Up

(feat. Sunshine Anderson)

(Petey Pablo)

Getcha money, it's tha come up  
Nada nada, get the whole thing  
Do it big.. yeaaaaaaaaaaaaa

(Petey Pablo)

Time is tickin', with a hole in the hourglass  
Startin' guns, been five  
And I ain't tryin to come in last  
Ain't no need for me to be upset  
And ain't no need for you to be mad  
If a man got his own pad  
And whether he want forty-karat  
He gonna have to do that there, prove yourself  
The greed words, you had that there  
What a dream, he would always had  
And it ain't right, but that's the way it is  
In this life, you don't get to deal  
You can climb to the roulette wheel  
I want something I can leave my kids  
The memories of what they wish their daddy had did  
If I could leave them all a couple of mill  
And show em how this cruel world can really get the best of a nigga  
I'd show em life through the eyes of a demon  
The only thing that matters is the root of all evil

(Chorus-Sunshine Anderson (Petey Pablo))

Getcha money made (getcha meoney), it's tha come up (it's tha come up)  
Not a little bit (nada nada), get the whole thing (get the whole thing)  
Gotta do it big (do it big), to sum it up (yeaaaaaaaaa)  
We just wanted it, tha come up  
(This time through added libs by Sunshine Anderson)  
Getcha money made (getcha meoney), it's tha come up (it's tha come up)  
Not a little bit (nada nada), get the whole thing (get the whole thing)  
Gotta do it big (do it big), to sum it up (yeaaaaaaaaa)  
We just wanted it, tha come up

(Petey Pablo)

I aint got time to be bothered with ya'll  
I got a hundred problems and there's only one way I'm gonna solve em  
I'm gonna have to get my grind on  
Hustlin' and using my muscle tryin to bring the prize home  
I ain't the only nigga with issues and I know that  
But I ain't concerned with nobody's issues by mine Jack  
I invented jail, invited(??) em back  
Hell, I'm still in that  
The only thing left now is six feet of cold black  
Flower bringin' and church singin'  
In a grave stiffed up and stankin'  
And you can tell that I've been thinkin' can't cha(can't cha)  
Now maybe you can understand my anger  
And while I'm still out there candy slangin'  
And while I'm out there, chasin' them banks  
And why I gotta smoke a pound of dank  
You never know when your day gonna be your last day  
Better get this money when it should've been made (maaade)

(Chorus)

(Petey Pablo)

I'm sorry it had to come to this (to this)  
I know I'm really disrespecting your family members

That really love to care  
It ain't ya'll, cause ya'll know me better than this  
I guess it's just the way that I'm is  
And maybe I'm a deadbeat kid  
Maybe I really don't deserve to live  
Maybe they should have gave me life in prison  
Only takin' what they give me  
Cause out here, I'm stuck in menace  
Cause out here, I'm a threat to niggas  
I'm like smokin' and pumpin' gas  
Light the fire loose to the filter (whew)  
You don't feel the vibe we givin'  
Cause if you'd did, you'd done been the hell up  
You'd done been stickin' ahead of your business  
You'd of been, shittin' embarrassed to hit me  
You'd of been, sent them boys to get me  
Nah ah ah  
And I don't repent cause I ain't that nigga  
And anything I done, I meant it (you meant it, you meant it)

(Chorus) 2X

(Sunshine Anderson)  
Getch yo money made  
Getch yo money made