502 Come Up

Bryson Tiller

Yeah-yeah-eah-eah
For real though, it's so wild now
This shit crazy yeahWoke 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 verticalFirst forty-eight, straight murder youFor 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 betterAnd 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
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