I'm Coming (tarzan Part 2)

Dappy

You wanna see a lot of me
So i hate when i talk to my boy from pen
And he acts like 'cuz you've forgotten me'
I ain't got time to shit
Let alone come check you blud
You know I'm hot property
I got property
Right now i'm in Europe
Fucking up shit more than the economy
So when you land, you know i got you properly
I bring my people through with everything i do
You repping me i fuck with you, ahh
You a snitching little bitch
And you love singing to the blues
Well this song wasn't made for you, ahh, ahh
I'm coming, i'm coming for you
Ahh, ahh
I'm coming, i'm coming for you
Yo, fuck so good make a bitch wanna fight me
Wanna rolex, ring Wiley
When i was a bum, no one really liked me
Now it's time someone went and got a new job for Tinie
I'm only playing, i'm just saying
I'ma shit so hard i'm constipated
Over-worked, underrated
Now my tings popping off
No gun relation
Grind all day but i ain't rollerblading
All eyes on moi, holla baby
No love for the X
On that note T tell Kelly i got that motivation
Look i beg, someone try and find Max online
Let her know i wanna smash her from the back
If not, Sarah Jane can come give me brain
And put them big red lips on my sack
I've been killing it cos i've been getting bread
Hard dough, number ones all day on the chart show
So fuck you and your 90 track mix-tape
That's a million bars of arseholes

My flows erected it opens legs
It's flyer than a mother-fucking jumbo jet
What a selfish bastard, no respect
You know daps, no regrets
I still roll for my hood and i wear my chain
Fuck a top boy Scorcher and Bashy can't do the same
Real recognise real
How many albums have you sold to date
I ain't saying that i'm Wayne or Kanye
But i'm living life on the runway
If you're nine, i'll be like, 'Welcome on board my brudda'

Say bye to the gun-play
King of the jungle, hard as can be
I dare you to let your chick party with me
I'm tarzan and i'm hung like a tree
Imagine if you knew Byron paps out
Looking exactly like moi
Batter not ahh, but on the real tele getting real pampers
Cos i'll be on the tour bus getting pampered
I heard Simon Cowell thinks i'm a little wanker
And now i'm getting on his tits like cancer
And i don't wanna start mentioning names
Fuck it, where they all now, they're bankrupt
Joe McElderry ahh, what a stand-up
Alexandra, pull your socks up
Where your hits at, you ain't no winner
I feel bad cos your voice is amazing
But your career's getting raped by a mason
That shit fucking upsets me
Cos they don't get me
Try bring them near me
Coming round with their hands out
Wanting a hand out
Ahh that's too political
I don't care about a Bently, Gucci or Fendi
Man's living in a spaceship
You got clapped by
Your girl got manked by
That smooth criminal
I'm a product of my environment
I ain't saying me and you are any different
I'm just planning a early return
Man i don't mean sorry when i say i'm going kingston
And every man's welcome to fly a long distance

We be on the beach with weed man Winston, Winston
Pssh, i'm the craziest ting out the United Kingdom
I bring my people through with everything i do
You repping me i fuck with you, ahh
You a snitching little bitch
And you love singing to the blues
Well this song wasn't made for you, ahh ahh
I'm coming, i'm coming for you
Ahh, ahh
I'm coming, i'm coming for you
I ain't even going in
I'm just fucking around
They just words
You know me
I'd rather be singing my shit anyway
You got caned mother-fucker
Poomblee

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