

# 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 Scorch 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>