Come and Get Me

Jadakiss

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Geah, make a move y'all, which part you wan' lose?
The clip is loaded, the quatro is on cruise
I'm back to work bitch, the clock off snooze
I'm tougher than leather nigga, I cannot bruiseWho wanna try a nigga?
Hard to the God, come and butterfly a nigga
(Hold that)
Ooze on out
(Uh, huh)
Weeks later bitch go and throw your shoes on outI'm that shit that great Mario [unverified] 'bout
Clear this out, blood on the hopscotch floor
Shells in the sandbox, niggaz with big Glocks
Late night, movin' that junk like Redd FoxNow, you don't want nothin' about me
(Nah)
You pussy, nigga come fuck with the Alkie
Weed smokin', keep the cancer piece on it
(Yeah)
Call hoes, get pussy whenever I want it
(C'mere bitch)Mack daddy
(No)
Pimp daddy
(No)
Hammer cocked
(Yeah)
Let that goI ain't heard shit in a long, long time
To even fuck around with either one of my rhymes
(Sheek Louch)
Niggaz still livin' off the petty ass crimesThe Hossa [unverified] hater, Lacoste gator
Levi's, hundred to the Mr. Chow waiter
What up street niggaz? Hold heat niggaz
Fuck sweet niggaz, you'll get beat niggaz
(Yeah)Now who out there wanna fuck around with me?
You can come and get a fresh buck 50

We got guns, money, liquor, drugs
We right here until they come get me
(I'm talkin 'bout murder)Now who out there wanna fuck around with me?
You can come and get a fresh buck 50
We got guns, money, liquor, drugs
We right here until they come get meC'mon, yeah, ah, hah, nobody, c'mon
Yeah, c'mon, yeah, c'mon, yeah, yeah, uhh, yoYo listen here, you ain't dead if your heart ain't stop
Twin 40's, you ain't gotta ask, "Are they cocked?"
I'm so sharp I could come through and scar they block
Late night, red linin' in an R.A. dropAnd I'm only tuckin' them until I shoot ya
When I pull 'em out that's when I'm fuckin' with your future
You gon' realize this is nothin' that you're used to
Get your life taken by a booster
Then we gon' hang the noose upIt's all over with
(Yeah)
All they found was his Louis scarf
With his DNA all over it
(Mm)Who's choosin' and pickin' them
(Who?)
'Cause I'm sick of them
Not followin' the curriculum
(Yeah)
It's my shit and I'm evictin' them
(Get out)
Whoever feel like they ain't gotta leave, I'm rippin' themEven though the love's frail, the thug's real
All you gotta do is just follow the blood trail
Much harder fightin' when the battle is uphill
Whatever the knife can't handle the slug willKeep a good lawyer that's smart work on cases
Still gotta run from the NARCs, they gon' chase us
(Run)
In case I gotta put some artwork on faces
If we leave the game for God they gon' [unverified] us
My suggestion, is that you don't even test, son
Unless you wanna catch a fresh oneNow who out there wanna fuck around with me?
You can come and get a fresh buck 50
We got guns, money, liquor, drugs
We right here until they come get me
(I'm talkin 'bout murder)Now who out there wanna fuck around with me?
You can come and get a fresh buck 50
We got guns, money, liquor, drugs
We right here until they come get meYeah, yeah, yeah
Let's go

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