Come See About Me

Soul Hit Band

Mystikal, what's up my nigga?
It's Da Brat tat tat
Lettin' the whole motherfuckin' world
Know I got your back
If you don't like what my nigga Mystikal do
Come see 'bout that shit
Step to it, know what I'm sayin'
You don't like what the fuck I do, step to me
We 'gone see about your motherfuckin' ass, nigga
If I do somethin' you don't like, come and see about it
You wanna box, get'cha dukes up, I'ma be 'bout it
And ride off into the sunset
With the windows down, feet out it
I got a foul mouth, I blow weed out it
Seperate these thighs, get the price and eat out it
Ain't no other bitch rowdy like me
S O, S O, D E F, you see cay
Y'all bitch ass niggas disbehave me since the first day
Worst way to kill 'em is hit the top of the charts
First week at number one, R and B be a war
Leave ya fake ass manager home
And if you eager nigga, to see about me, come along
I keep my enemies a far, don't need a friendly to leave
I make at least twenty five just to breathe on the beat
Tell me, how many niggas wanna fuck this bitch named Brat
Six O six four four, is where I'm at, come see
(You don't like)
Come and see about me
(You gotta problem)
Come and see about me
(You hurry up and come)
Come and see about me
(What's up Whodi?)
Come and see about me
(You don't like)
Come and see about me
(You gotta problem)
Come and see about me
(You hurry up and come)

Come and see about me
(What's up Whodi?)
Come and see about me
Who's that? The burnin' man, the burnin' man?
Yeah, came here to burn some ass
You don't see the burnin' man
You don't see the blazin' hands
You don't see 'em when I walk past
All smokin' in Hell, the so so, Da Brat brought
Petey Pab and Mystikal, not nan' one of y'all
Can fuck with these Bulldogs
Known for breakin' the law, just came home
Get it on 'bout this damn microphone
Who the best? Who said this and who said that?
Here go three of the best on this goddamn track
And you can believe that, willing to bet my jive check
If you don't rewind this back somethin' wrong with deck
I'ma can't forget spinnin off the wall type shit
And no it didn't, I'm talkin' 'bout y'all type shit
Green erotic, Chavern hill type shit
Better send them folks to check for this
'Cause I'm the one that ill
(You don't like)
Come and see about me
(You gotta problem)
Come and see about me
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Come and see about me
(What's up Whodi?)
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Come and see about me
(You hurry up and come)
Come and see about me
(What's up Whodi?)
Come and see about me
This one is from your majesty, his Lordship, your excellency
Bitch barely can see me, definitely can't stand next to me
Dick get hard like Rot Wielder's you can handle it
You know that funky break down get y'all shit adrenaline standin'
We gon' kill 'em in New Orleans like killa's from Georgia
As cold as Artic recorded in Georgia ninety proof thru the roof

Y'all niggas pink lemonade I hit the booth yo hold group bes' ventilated
Such a bunch of fuckin' cowards ain't worth the dirt
That come off my ass and go down the drain when I take my shower
My expedition be a Eddie Bauer
Sometimes I gotta comb these fuckin' rappers hair
Fix they collar wanna be like me?
Want to take yo picture? Write that down
Be a man and tell them bitches what you calls em'
I'ma south cowboy howdy call them people tell em' see about me
(You don't like)
Come and see about me
(You gotta problem)
Come and see about me
(You hurry up and come)
Come and see about me
(What's up Whodi?)
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(What's up Whodi?)
Come and see about me
I come from out that Cajun, I'm stayin ragin', keep it blazin'
Bitch I'm crazy, half man, half amazin'
Half way up the charts, and bitch I'm halfway in your ass
I'm only halfway with this rhyme, and got half y'all mad
Soon as I come in this bitch, you know I'm comin' to spit you somthin'
Then Michael Parker said, "That's a bad rappin' motherfucker"
I'll bust your ass up like a, mutherfuckin' bug stuck
On the windshield wiper, walkin'
Catch a temper tantrum from Mr. Shit Talker the vulgar
The champion'll knock you' show off
I'll cut 'cha like a Newport, with no gauze, oh don't
Bitch I'm stupid like I lost a few marbles
Still balkin', still tossin' 'em, still holdin' MC's hand
Takin' they ass across the street walkin'
So let me know when you ready to bust
With your head on the pavement
Bring your ass, you don't need no fuckin' invitation
Come and see about me
Come and see about me nigga
Come and see about me

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