

# 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

(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

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?)  
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  
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

Come and see about me  
(You don't like)  
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