How We Comin' [Southern Fried Mix]

RBL Posse

*(Ric Roc talking)*Huh, yeah this is that shit. That shit you all been waitin for. That shit that slap yo mama like she the average stank hoe bitch. (I'm comin!)Can't you smell them bodies gettin fried (I'm comin!)
Oooooh, you ain't never lied (How we comin'!)
Somebody said we comin hella high (How we comin!)
Oooooh, you ain't never lied (juss sit back an peep nigga)
(I'm comin)Verse 1 *(Black C)*Check these flows we deliver
makin the hardest rapper shiver
when a killa touch the mic, I'm givin him blows
to the brain like Mike and despite
them faulty ass niggaz who try to cross me
smel of coffee, 'cause it's burnin
I'm gettin that money like Mike Vernon
while ya learin, we teachin, you reapin
what yo soul, see the whole load is gettin heavy
now ya ready, to pull a lick
I'm pullin a switch
pullin yo black mask down
I put my fuckin mash down so now
you know that dog in me
maybe that hog in me
got me runnin around town wit no love an actin thuggishly
but ruggidly I'm comin
my nigga Ric Roc passed the glock, now we dumpin
we dumpinVerse 2 *(Big Lurch)*Comin, pumpin
brain waves wit no assumptions
I'm ready to ruin somethin
if you want it, come get it I'm bumpin
wigs, get split quick, fuckin wit this, you don't understand
this ain't yo average man
matter fact I'm a buck, buck, buckin
an leavin you shell struck an I'm dumpin yo ass wit precussions
no disscussions, juss bustin 9 millimeters disperstin
and the worse you been cursed, in a hearse and
watchin all you extersions
lay down to your knees and your worryin
evaporatin for purgerin, an disturbin 'em
hit the nerve and then
we sweet swervin

back to the hood to get a lil bit mo pervin.Verse 3 *(Mystikal & Big Lurch)*I'm one of the fresh mutha fuckas
tattooed for the murderin
and didn't nobody have to go and bury him.I'm walkin down the street wit a glock
an my loons ain't to be played in this game
nigga I'm hurtin 'em.*(Chorus)**(Ric Roc talking during chorus)*Oooh. Most deceiving to the soul. Negros
will come from near and far,
juss to find out who we are. We are... RBL. Big Lurch, Hitman, Mystikal,
this is how we comin.Verse 4 *(Hitman)*Now who these niggaz who's always frontin
like talkin behind our back
scared to confront the strap, we can let it all react
or we can take 10 paces back, and watch your brains collapse
or we can handle this like gentlemen and juss scrap
try and cross me like longitude, latitude
I show no gratitude to another nigga wit an attitude
I gets to taggin fools
hittin roofs like, Rictor Rooter
you get dumped calls, I make house calls like Roto-Rooter
hoes be ridin my dick like a scooter
maybe 'cause we swerve
fuck around wit these hoes on the curb
while I get the bullets reserved
the nerve
somebody's always tryin to tell me what my title bout
get served, it don't take like rocket scientist to figure this out
when I emerge, I'm on like National Geographics when I have this
my clicks got graphics like Sega Saturn which is only like 32-bits
blow you to bits
these pieces is bad for your health
so put a quarter in yo ass, 'cause you played your self.Verse 5 *(Mystikal)*Nasty vomit, mildew, rottin I'm the
violentest
I make the most advanced hightech state of the art rapper sound childish
no matter how hard you try, you can't come no where round us
even if you scream at the top of your lungs (AHHH!)
I'm a still be the loudest
HAAAAAAAAA!
Wildest
hand full of niggaz ain't gonna get hurt
rest of y'all niggaz gettin dimolished
red peppers and hot tamales
it's the nigga that's gonna be tighter than grip plyers
cussin like Richard Pryor
I came down here, fixin to bust yo head
don't try an sleep on me nigga, you gonna have nightmares bout what I
said
mouths get busted

ooh you know you gonna get rushed
nigga put it together, wiped out and brushed up
comin from the bottom of sound elevation to the occassion
this ain't no fuckin past time
BITCH THIS AN OCCUPATION!
So fool what you talkin bout, where my money?
Or wit my fist down yo mutha fuckin throat.... HOW I BE COMIN!!*(Chorus)**(Ric Roc talking during chorus)*An I swam, all the way from the shark infested waters of New Orleans, to the Golden Gate Bridge, an I've never seen playas like this. Spittin game all the way from Dallas, Texas, all the way to Alabama. Hate, money and Ric Roc. We have Big Lurch, RBL, and that nigga Mystikal. BATCH! Ha.I'm comin! How we comin! x2

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