

Coming for You

DJ Clue

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

New Beanie Sigel, Freeway
Don't get scurred
Fat shout, Beat Street 1, 2, Sigel comin' for you
3, 4, I'm 'bout to kick in your door
5, 6, man, I want those bricks
7, 8, you gon' give up dat weight
9, 10, I'll put the glock to ya chin
11, 12, man, I'll see you in hell I handle tools like hammers and wrenches
Gats wit metal attachments, how you want it, metal or plastic?
Disrespect your fam, bastard, close your casket
Then I give 'em a can of hold your ashes Visions of the killer for we rose a passin'
True killer, true thug, never show no passion
Hit your rug, hit your ceiling, if I know if you stashin'
Wrong, nigga the rug, nigga know who you passin' Fresh year from rammin' off the zany's fours and perks
Keep the semi handy, jammin' you for war or work
Niggas like the border, goin' berserk
On the roof bangin' dat S.W.A.T., lettin' off shots and spurts Dey tryin' to trap me in the back of the yard
Man, I'm lettin' every cat fall, hittin' from the cap to the Sarge
Can't see me back in the yard, two wacks back to the wall
Use the two gat stash pack in the wall Picture Mac liftin' up racks in the yard
I had a block, shiftin' up, knocking off racks by the yard
The dope from dem dudes, smokeless confused, shit
They ain't know if they want a crack or the saw Switch they life, straight from the pipe to the straw
Pokin' they vein, what you want, the dope or the cane?
I open the game to sniffin' the D, X to the Z
Hot shit from B Sig consecutively 1, 2, Freeway's comin' for yo' ass
3, 4, you better watch yo' stash
5, 6, have you duckin' from dem clips
7, 8, fuck it, I can't wait Y'all niggas crazy think Free won't draw the lev'
Prefer the nine but I got the four four instead
I move dimes, who your dime? Get your whore in bed
Tell that triflin' bitch I want more than head Free might spark at ya clip, take more than bread

Guns and bricks while young bulls hug the block
Dey love the strip, help 'em get chains and watches
Guns and kicks, freeway, my name is priceless, flow is sick
And remember, if you lie on Free
Lie in the lake, while your bitch lie on Free
She ride on the snake and my whip over her key
We ride in the jakes, empty clips, hop on Amtrak
Out of the state, broody shit, you and yo' man, right outta ya
case
Hold dis clip, blow your brain right outta ya face
Lawyer slick, preliminary, outta the case
Flow legendary, hotter than Mase
You be Free? Never, where we outta the case
Roc-A-Fella pop Cris 'til we outta the case
Form the hood niggas, Delts and 'Lo Sport
Hood niggas just like me, get bell and [Incomprehensible]
Hood chickens just bite me well and blow squad
I was 16, twelve thousand wit no job
And I skipped school, gripped bitches wit no rides
Been a crack smoked leave bitch wit no thighs
No tits, rob hustlers wit no clips
No guns, left niggas wit no chips
And the flow runs like the Mississippi River
And your hoe comes, ya bitch hear me when I whisper
Silence all guns hit 'em fo-fo-for dey hit ya
If we comin' for you than, nigga, we gonna get ya
1, 2, Sigel comin' for you
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5, 6, man, I want those bricks
7, 8, you gon' give up dat weight
9, 10, I'll put the glock to ya chin
11, 12, man, I'll see you in hell
1, 2, Freeway's comin' for yo' ass
3, 4, you better watch yo' stash
5, 6, have you duckin' from dem clips
7, 8, fuck it, I can't wait
DJ Clue, [Incomprehensible]
The Professional Part 2 niggas, word up
You know how we do things

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