# Come Speak To Me

## Elisa

[Black R] Yeah baby it's time to pump the bottle, baby
[Benzino] Yeah
[Black R] Can you take to the re-rub off my shit?
[Benzino] Yeah, Hangmen 3
[Benzino (Black Rob)]
All y'all done it, all y'all funny
Shit can get ugly
One man summit, always blunted,
Haters most wanted
I live it, y'all flaunt it (Any questions)
Deep dish twenty
Y'all too friendly
My shit trendy
You really wanna know
Long time coming, long time hustling
It's all my money
House, cars it's all mine cousin
My life sumthin', y'all like frontin' (Any questions)
Fuck that dump shit if my gun click all y'all run quick
Y'all just talkin'
Boston, Harlem, Own, Sparkin
[Hook]
[Black Rob]
If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't
Me and Ray like big Shaq in the paint
We do it from DC to Detroit, to Chi-town, New Orleans, Texas and back down
[Benzino]
If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't
Me and Black like big Shaq in the paint
We do it from Cleveland to Oakland, down to LA, VA and back to NC
[Black Rob]
Yo, best done, who done popped up out of hiding
Snuck out the bowels of Gotham, who gone stop em'?
The body mask wore eighty-fives, all solid
It's all roll-ed, let's get this green like its call-ed
I floss a lot black and get to Boston I'm hot
Acting like I won't bring the black Porsche off the lot
Then do the right thing, y'all know Ray, y'all know Jinx
I'm like the night wing with the iced out bright wing

Go ahead dog, sleeping I'm a steal ya plate
Brought Ray and Made Men out to seal ya fate
More ya ta none, beef, might borrow ya guns
I borrow ya funds, dog we'll spoil your fun
Eastside I lay at, I'm like whoa! when ya play that
I'm not a killer cat to fix his mouth and say that
Bad Boy, Made Mens and high living
I'm outta here, streets, stay out of prison
[Hook]
[Black Rob]
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[Benzino]
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[Benzino]
Four, five, sixes, arm tight bitches
The middle finger's up to all my critics
Flow so vicious, hate taking pictures
I ain't feelin' niggas who fuckin' with the snitches
Hit you out the park like Manny, y'all can't stand me
Won't see me at the Grammy's
My team stunning, the high beams are coming
Doors flying open, my team start thumping
Leave your boys crawling
Who got your back, call em'
Problems resolve them, there not that important
The last one standing, you the first one leaving
The first one bleeding, now who the one breathing?
Ninety-five south, don't ever try and follow
Fuck around, get hit by the hollow
Ray Benzino, Grand Marciano, Bad Boys, Made Men live at the Apollo
[Hook x2]
[Black Rob]
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[Benzino]
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[Second hook fades out]

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