Here We Come

SISTAR

Yo, whattup baby girl, fuck is the deal?
Nah you know I'm sayin I'm on my way fo' sho'
Nah well Kejuan and Murph they with me already
And you know Leezy on his way we gonna be out there in a minute
But what's goin on with you though? 'Cause I hope you ain't frontin'
'Cause it's too late at night for that y'know?
Here we come
Here we come now, girl
All over you
(Baby girl)
You know, I spend hot shit when need be
Only nigga that can take a still picture in 3-D
If need be, I'm leavin' the party with Cindy
Cocky bowlegged long hairr and Fendi
That ain't nuttin', how 'bout her twin sister Mindy
I spit game like that, I get brains like that
Butter-soft leather seats, it came like that
If sex was football, I'd be a running back
I can only get low and I never fumble
Make ya throw ya hands up when I break in the zone
So if it's on it's on, shit, I'm takin' you home
I got my own doghouse, own thrown, own bone
She like my bizza, my bad, li'l dog
You Lunatics and that's what I be sayin' 'bout y'all
Hell, not an M.D. but I'm always on call
And I got a stick for ya guaranteed not to stall
So here we come
Here we come now, girl
All over you
(Baby girl)
'Cause we be Vokal'd down from the sky to the ground
Sippin' Alize, a steady puffin' on a pound
Hollerin' whoa now, slow down, switch it up
Mami, don't frown, go down, heat it up
'Cause we be Vokal'd down from the sky to the ground
Sippin' Alize, a steady puffin' on a pound
Hollerin' whoa now, slow down, switch it up
Mami, don't frown, go down, heat it up
I'm like a New Edition, y'all not Ronnie Bobby and Mike

Not even Ricky Ralph or Johnny, instead it rain tonight
Is this the end? Damn right I, turn out like Ike
Until Vanessa Del Rio like over Bryan McKnight
Said, oh no, baby doll kissin' me as she goin' down low
Peepin' that demo oh, can tell that you a pro
Swore up and down you never did this before, whatever just go slow
Hated by all types, baby, fathers and dykes
The type ready to fight, I'm the one they women like
He think he tight, he think he got more game then Spike Lee
Running through his veins like an IV, high speed
Tightest nigga for five G's of Al D.

Better catch me now while my price is low
Demandin' five digits when the Lunatics blow
Another zero for a show, just to let you niggaz know, now what?
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All over you
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Hollerin' whoa now, slow down, switch it up
Mami, don't frown, go down, heat it up
You see me and my niggaz only come out on the weekends
'Cause the weekdays too busy creepin'
Freakin' wit yo' rat, now picture that
When she with you she not speakin' but she weaken
Lettin' me know that she really been thinkin'
About a nigga even when I'm not wit her
I'm frosty all year while you only in the winter
My pockets gettin' fatter, your pockets gettin' thinner
I ain't baptized, so you callin' me a sinner
Overpaid, 29, callin' me a young tenor
Nelly, stop, don't leave, don't stop when I'm in her
She ready for whatever, I ain't even bought her dinner
I started the game on the bench with splinters
Beggin' your coach, let you play for a minute
And last seconds of the game, you still waitin' to enter
I ain't gotta hear the buzzer boy, I know who the winner, come on
Here we come
Here we come now, girl

All over you
(Baby girl)
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Here we come y'all, here we come
Here we come y'all, here we come
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