Comin Hard

Mr. Pookie

[mr. pookie]
Now uh, which way he came, left or right, you can squash that
I came from all directions playa, can you top that?
I got em waitin mr. rippla, how you droppin it?
See, i'ma drop it wit a cd full of major hits
I got tha switch when it's click, I'm in tha zone fool
And plus you know that I'm gon rip it fo tha song through
It's time to shine, time to polish off my game right
Krunk like it's game night or a roy jones title fight
Wit combinations that can spark up in a blaze fire
I'm gettin paid while you bustas goin haywire
So wha you say now? I brought tha ruckus
Testin tha bustas, got sumthin to say but no they love us
Indeed, I bring tha trees when it's time to choke
Ready to beat up on tha foes at tha end of tha show
This time you know, my crooks stay on top of they game
And when you least expect it thea's anotha hook to tha brainChorus(juiell)Balla, if you a balla tell em how you comin hard
Hustla, if you a hustla, baby hustle like a superstar
Playa, cause we some playaz and you know jus who we are
Crooksta, if you a crook tell em how ya comin hard[mr. pookie]
Right back at cha, awww hell naw I wont ease up
Dont got me krunk now, picture me wit cheese stuffed
In my pockets, I bout to get it on a paper rage
Gotta make my paper change, increase my paper weight
Set tha stage, ain't got no killaz on tha payroll
Only my crook playaz wit me from tha get go
Let it be known I'm from dallas, that's in texas
Bring it on, as if you think you can outflex us
Betta bring yo best, cause I'm runnin round these fools
I been waitin for this very day, straight up clownin fools
I'll face him, who, you, wha, that's to all my foes
See we gunnin when we runnin playa, knockin down closed doors
And uh, down to strike a pose when I finish rippin on these figgaz
Makin sure my presence felt, boy I been bound to come up wit cha
It's tha mr. comin hard on em, bring tha track, i'ma bomb on em
Kevin a put tha guard on em, i'ma bout to storm on emChorus[mr. pookie]
Now you see in a change of clothes, still creased down
Got my ice on my fingers and struttin hard through tha town

And I cant forget my crown, flip tha brim like a pimp
Slide my fingers across, that's to make sure of tha fit
Got tha ladies checkin this and my hair whipped up
And a sack in my pocket, french connection in tha cut
Valley ruff on tha mic, when I'm chillin like this
That's when I'm ballin wit my crooks feelin tipsy and shit
I'm comin dizzy wit hits, and cant nobody fade tha g's
I'm as witable, hitable no he strappin on these 3's
You can try, you wont succeed, I'm to playa like, playboy
I know some tru cats that'll whoop you and yo homeboys
Me and pookie solo johnson in tha old school
Clubbin wit no rules, peepin tha foes 2
Eatin some soul food and now we choosin
It's mr. pookie neighborhood watchin, crooks is movinChorus

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