

Come On

DJ Clue

Come on, BCC, come on, MFC, come on, BCC

Come on, yeah, aiyyo Rock, Rock, Rock

Everybody say Rock, not Lou from suburbs to PJ's

So watch ya hootchie, groupies get dudes beat upOr heat is leave the scene and blaze to get ya fleece stuck

See me on the streets 'bra, I'll break yo' teeth up and take yo' beeper

Two piece your man and let Big Noc put him in a sleeper

Then see ya, catch me in a club on a wallSpliff in my hand, big booty broad winin' on my balls

Surrounded my thugs, maybe two or two times ten

Plus the other nine cats, my rapper card got in, your rapper card

Yeah, my rapper card, it works in live sessionsPlus barbecues, hoes, clubs, weed spots etcetera

Buckshot, rock knots wit fists

Niggas stay high while I rock wit this

Mobb on y'all niggas like the InfamousToo close wit the dillinger, two shots, I don't miss

I'm wiggin' out while I'm diggin' out backs

Run from the gun claps, run three laps

Perhaps, them niggas you sent to carjackBuckshot got stopped in they tracks wit macs

Now this is what I act like when I smoke on black

Stay high wit the lazy eye, bomb wit facts

From the street Bible or the street QuranFake thugs ride the dick when my shit comes on

I'm a nappy little nigga, still goin' strong

You can eat a dick while I eat a thong, Clue

But still the bombIt's the wave king, rock the two tone Wallees strip-ons

Don't wanna end up miss-on, then play your positi-on

My grimy Brooklyn niggas stay flippin ya chick

While my crew from New Jerus stay vickin' ya whipsTek is the shit, ain't nobody spittin' like this

Deep impact steez been like a chromed out six

Wit the AMG kit, Ericson wit the chip

Y'all stockin' cap copycats, get off the dickI keep the livin' quarter held down wit two nines

One in the bed, one in the bathroom at all times

So while I'm takin' a shit, I'm at route and plan a hit

The amount we flip depends on what we getIt's like a wall street trick, dirty money move quick

My mans wear stones, you can tip the scales wit

On they ears and wrists alone for every deaf one's bone

Look, ain't no tellin' how many gats I've thrownCome on, yo for all my dogs gettin wild

Come on, yo yo for all the shorties on the prowl

Come on, yo yo for all the soldiers on the streets

Come on, yo yo it's yo' time to eatYo the set I claim is the set that bang

To the muthafuckin' end, I be doin my thing yeah

Lidu Rock, know the name in New York we G stackin'

First the bloods and the crips, now bitches is carjackin'Like my nigga Craig and 'em say, "Fuck that shit"

Rockin' shines in the 'Ville, you better tuck that shit

Or watch yo' step baby, watch where you walk

I put a slug up in yo' mouth so that ass won't talkFor real son, now we got mad cops on the block

'Cuz we hold it down for Doc and I keep my heat cocked

Lidu Rock, what the fuck, I know y'all niggas mad at me

So if you rep for yours go 'head take a stab at me, muthafuckerYou a many style copycat, Bendy Mile, stockin'

cap

Fake nigga from the projects who ain't got a gat

Ruck reign supreme, aim the steam

When the gun click, your ass shit navy beansMaybe these, niggas ain't ready for the Magnum

Force, the Holocaust, balls I just dragged them

Off lost in the sauce and of course I'm glad them

Monkey niggas don't fuck wit the Ruck, 'cuz they fags, sonThe last one, to step to Sean P caught a bad one

Quincy toes tagged em after somebody stabbed 'em

Cornball niggas wit drugs thinkin they weight great

Still bummin' money for stoges and a Drakes cakeGet it straight, y'all niggas fuckin' wit some heavyweights

Boot Campion champions on point like paper mates

Demonstrate, spectacular vernacular

Smackin' ya upside the back of ya head wit a spatulaSnatchin' ya, off the street like police

Next week, they find your body washin' up on the beach

Don't speak if you ain't at norm, ain't got nuttin' to say fool

Tally on, be gone, as we rally strongSee me in Brooklyn where crooks be armed

Territorial disputes leave you in memorial suites

Callin' your troops, I shoot straight stay in ya place

We the type you love to hate 'cuz we stay in your faceSayin' our grace before we put our hands in our plates

Carnivorous lyricist, niggas fish like fillet

My mind spray like a murderer's nine spray

The crime way, get mine three-hundred sixty-five dayDJ Clue, the professional

Part One, you know how we do it

Word up, rest in peace my nigga Donnie Brasco

My nigga B.I.G. word up and we out, till next time

For all parties Big Skane 800-570-3657, aight then

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