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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