Com'n Yo Direction

Lil Wyte

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(Yee-haw)Lil' Wyte's the name, there ain't a day pass
That I ain't in trouble, this changes the game
And turns a somersault to a double
They hating me now, I vapped out and they gon' feel my rumble
But it is all gravy, I'm running and ain't 'bouta stumbleBack off a few years and you will find some crooked decisions
I managed them clear and did not let them break down my vision
That's all I don't need, somebody try'na stop what I'm giving
But there's just too many hoes out there
To give one bitch my pimpingI'm bringing ya Memphis
I just joined the white rapper convention
Back in the day, I blazed my hay and dreamed about recognition
But I done made it, they hate it
I love it because of DJ Paul and Juicy J
I got so far from above itPushing and shoving
They don't know of that, I'm posted on a regular
Good 'ole boy from around the way
Might be small but don't test me, brah
Question, brah, listen, brah, yes, that's what I'm stressing, brah
Yes, that's me in your hood, 2 do' Cutlass what I'm flexing, brahJus' the good 'ole boys, hanging out getting high
Jus' the good 'ole boys, watching cops riding by
Jus' the good 'ole boys, sitting round drinking beer
Jus' the good 'ole boys, we was the clique the haters fearedJus' the good 'ole boys, never really wanted blow
Jus' the good 'ole boys was overloaded on that dro
Jus' the good 'ole boys, 2 doo' Cutlass what we flexing
Jus' the good 'ole boys, if you in the road
You better move, we com'n yo directionDon't let yo window catch a cloud, I'm as high as you
I know you wish this song would keep on bumping
Through a pound or point 2
But it's all good, it's gonna go off
Like everything that goes up comes down

I make sounds come out my mouf
Then put now snawls to make 'em meltWatch me guarantee the game nothing but some fucking pain
Put cyanide in syringes and inject it in they veins
Threw up on the league the hardest music Memphis seen in a while
Hit me quick wit Triple 6 and then let out 'Mystic Style'I was hook and good 'ole boys like me was catching the vibe
I survive, I strive, now look at me, I'm all in the sky
Keep in mind, I was the one overlooked alla the times
Deep inside, I thought that I was the one never would riseHere I am, I'm spitting it out and bringing it to ya today
Ain't no gangsta, just a Bay Area represento
Wit something to say
So if you want me, come get me, y'kno where I'm at
I'm prolly there right now but there's no way good 'ole boy
Like me go out without my crown nowJus' the good 'ole boys, hanging out getting high
Jus' the good 'ole boys, watching cops riding by
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Jus' the good 'ole boys, we was the clique the haters fearedJus' the good 'ole boys, never really wanted blow
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Jus' the good 'ole boys, 2 doo' Cutlass what we flexing
Jus' the good 'ole boys, if you in the road
You better move, we com'n yo directionIt's like this, good 'ole boys
I don't get what they can out this game
Whether we are down in our slums or we on top of this thang
'Cuz I've got some real ones rolling with me down for the cause
Even if the situation get sticky, they ain't 'bouta pauseSo I must watch over my fleet and lead 'em all inta victory
Mystery, how did I get here? All the rest is just history
Liberty is what I'm seeking to get away from misery
Mess with me, you'll be fucked up 'cuz I'll let out inner energyNever was a problem child, always kept up with the game
The slang and somehow everyone in the hood knew my name
It ain't my fault, it made me to be something that you ain't
It is my fault, I'm doing something that y'kno you can'tMan, I remember getting drunk, drinking my self unda the flo'
Reminiscing of throwing up, making love to the commode
I did my dirt, didn't I get caught and still serf birds in the end
But that's all right 'cuz all I needs, my little girl and my penJus' the good 'ole boys, hanging out getting high
Jus' the good 'ole boys, watching cops riding by
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