

# 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 melt Watch 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 rise Here 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 now Jus' 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 feared Jus' 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 direction It'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 pause So 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 energy Never 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't Man, 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 pen Jus' 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 feared Jus' the good 'ole boys, never really wanted blow  
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