

# Come On

## DJ Clue

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Come on, BCC, come on, MFC, come on, BCC  
Come on, yeah, ayyo Rock, Rock, Rock  
Everybody say Rock, not Lou from suburbs to PJ's  
So watch ya hootchie, groupies get dudes beat up Or 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 wall Spliff 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 sessions Plus 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 Infamous Too 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 carjack Buckshot 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 Quran Fake 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 bomb It'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 whips Tek 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 dick I 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 get It'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 thrown  
Come 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 eat  
Yo 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 talk  
For 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, muthafucker  
You 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 beans  
Maybe 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, son  
The 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 cake  
Get 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 spatula  
Snatchin' 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 strong  
See 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 face  
Sayin' 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 day  
DJ 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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