

# Comin' Thru

## Das EFX

Comin thru' wit my crew like this

Aah, I'm wit my crew like this, comin thru

Comin thru wit my crew like this

Uhh, wit my crew like this

Comin thru wit my crew like this

Boy what? wit my crew like this

Comin thru wit my crew like this

Uhh, wit my crew like this Well yo, it's 1995 this the way my crew troop

I be the krayzie drayzie come to put'cha on the scoop

Like, to be a rapper nowadays is real handy

That's why all these niggas wanna be down like brandy

They huffin 'n' puffin but still ain't sayin nuffin

I see dem bluffin, they full of shit like stuffin

Uh, without rehearsal my style is universal

And I been drinkin strives before dem commercials

I puff a el every time I gotta write again

So I can climb the fuckin charts like Spiderman Yo yo, I be the books but don't confuse me with scholastic

Boy, I'll still sink your head like I was St.John the Baptist

Spot-blower especially when I'm not sober

Twisted in the head I'm seein red like October

Yo, the jibber-jabber, ain't a livin rapper deeper

Who get looser than the leaves up in my fuckin

Flavor like twice so you better rise up

Read the off-the-wall styles like ya game of flys up

No ruggle, I'm bout to shove an over

Blunt, where I two-talk, it's New York undercover

And I don't have pity, more raps than rap city

Got styles out the ass so call my raps shitty

Comin thru' Comin thru' wit my crew like this

Aah, I'm wit my crew like this, comin thru

Comin thru wit my crew like this

Uhh, wit my crew like this

Comin thru wit my crew like this

Boy what? wit my crew like this

Comin thru wit my crew like this

Uhh, wit my crew like this I'm bringin it back wit my niggy, it's goin down no diggy

I riggity rock the miggity mic and got dreds like ziggy

Marley, don't own a Harley, you're what they call me

Kickity krayzie drayzie on the mic so what you want g?

I'm rантин and ravin, still misbehave  
See I be causin trouble even since I started shavin  
This ain't craig mack but black you know the flave  
I briggity break that ass up just like super Dave  
I'm kiggity comin with a gangsta like boo boo  
I put it thru you, ya stinkity stink like doo doo  
Giggity guess who next up on deck for wreck?  
Shit is on and my palms don't sweat  
Forty days and nights get in some fights  
To get this style piece and on before this water mic scored  
Dat ass tried to slip a fast one by me  
Claimin to represent the murderers like Johnnie  
Cochran, but ain't no stoppin when I'm diggity droppin  
For dump, forgotten, the low down dirty rotten  
Juvenile delinquents cos I still stink wit ghetto flavor  
Distortin my behavior (check it out)  
Tootz, I'm in it for the panties, fuck the grammys  
It's the books, style underground  
Lounge with the tootz on some ol' major look-type shit  
And when I come thru I'm wit my crew like this  
Comin thru Comin thru' wit my crew like this  
Aah, I'm wit my crew like this, comin thru  
Comin thru wit my crew like this  
Uhh, wit my crew like this  
Comin thru wit my crew like this  
Boy what? wit my crew like this  
Comin thru wit my crew like this  
Uhh, wit my crew like this (Comin thru wit my crew like this)  
Comin thru, what? blowin up the spot, punk you know we never miss  
(Comin thru wit my crew like this)  
(Yeah yeah, I'm wit my crew like this)  
Uh comin thru

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