

Here I Come (feat. Malik B. & Dice Raw)

The Roots

He said yeah
You better come out with your hands up
We got you surrounded
I'm in the back, changing my outfit
He said blink
We gonna send the hounds in
I said wait
Cause here I come
Here I come
Here I come
You boys get ready
Cause here I come
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He said yeah
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Here I come
Here I come Uh I'm soul brother one hunted
How much charisma could another one stomach?
If I be the prisoner then I wasn't more cunning or wise
If I come outside I'm not running
Stone lone wolf of the pack, the unwanted
I really got nothin to hide, I'm bout cuttin
Go out in a blaze, wouldn't pop one button
I'm a murk half hurt leave the cop dogs huntin
The pretty black one in the group
The smooth villain under fire
Cause I'm pennin the words that move millions
Slide right in front of your eyes true brilliance

It's a new bad moon on the rise, who feelin it
New true skill in it
Y'all the roots still in it
Ready plus willin it's all the true killer shit
You know we got them
Involved
We too diligent
They say the music is strong and too militantHe said yeah
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Cause here I come
Here I come
Here I comeBlack Inc, raw life
In this what-you-might-call-it
Weed smokin junkie alcoholic
One foot in the grave
One foot in the toilet
Still I'm onstage
In front of an audience
Disturbing the peace
And the local ordinance
This pimp shit popping
I need coordinates
My ETA
I'll arrive by morning
Money long like the arms on Alonzo Mourning
Vampire chicks suck blood
Dusk to dawnin
Waitin to catch me sleep
But I'm not yawnin
They in the vip
At the garden
They gon jump me
When I stop performing
I got something for them
Behind the organ
I always roll deep

With my squadron
The sheriff out front
Gonna sic the dogs in
That nigga talkin bout he got warrantsHe said yeah
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Here I come
Here I comeI'm in the darkness
Heartless
Fuck you regardless
Move with hardness
Y'all just pressin charges
It's often injury
Floss and force my entry
This peninitentiary
Knockin niggas for centuries
It's elementary
Like KRS and evidently
Incidents
They all stress
I'm lawless
That's my problem
Evolve
And never solve them
Chill in Harlem
Bang you
Bring you stardom
You full of boredom
Bastard you been aborted
Bring your neck out
Bring the tec' out
Absorb it
See you check out
And then step out
The orbit
Blow your flesh out

Till I'm fressh out my torment
Street apostle
Pop shit
Preach the Gospel
Still I'm hostile
Sippin a duece When possible
Turn into a monster
Grouchy
Gimme the Oscar
Hit you like vodka
Then screech off in a MazdaHe said yeah
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Songwriters

TARIK L. COLLINS, MALIK SMART, AHMIR K. THOMPSON, RICHARD NICHOLS, KARL B.
JENKINSPublished by

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