

Come And Get Me (ft 50 Cent & Tony Yayo)

Timbaland

Nigga, your time is up; I ain't come to kid you
I knew you niggas was dumb, but how dumb is you?
Thinkin' you can see the king when you unofficial
You don't wanna go to war 'cause I'll launch these missiles
I'm a ride-or-die nigga; I be tearin' shit up
We ain't like them other fools who don't compare to us
All the hos love a nigga; they be backing it up
But me - I love money; I be stacking it up
When my bandwagon pull up, they hop on board
They hop right on mine and hop right off yours
I get respect, homey, all across the board
I get a quarter mill' a track without an award
Ever wanna test a nigga, then come see me
In the street I hold my ground like I'm concrete
I know shit ain't sweet so when shit get deep
I'm rich, I can pay to have you six feet deep
(Nigga)[Chorus]
I give it to whoever want it
If you want it, come see me
You know where I'm at
If you, if you want it, come get me
If you, if you want it, come get me[50 Cent]
Nigga, you violate, I regulate, rat-tat-tat
Bigger shells - they fit in that banana clip tech
Run, and a bullseye form on your back
It's hard to miss wit' a full clip in the mac
I got ammo; ammo I unload; reload cut a nigga quick
Yeah, my knife game lethal - that tough guy shit
Nigga, that's what I see through
You like a three course meal, motherfucker, I eat you
You food, and I'm in the mood; so front, I let the hammer fly
Nigga, you can duck, run for cover, or die
Your choice; you choose
I Pop, you move, like you in shock: you been shot
Nigga, your blood on the street, you up shit's creek
You can hardly speak, startin' to get weak, your eyes close
Your life flash, your heart slow, your heart stop
Your ass dead, you fucked, kid[Chorus][Tony Yayo]
I'm like Nicholas Cage: Yeah, it's the Ghost Rider

P89, yeah, I let my toast slide, Costa Rica To Brazil
I got my hos in the lamb; why your bitch bald headed?
Like Britney Spears; I'm in the projects gettin' dope and piff money
Two more flips; that's Anna Nicole Smith money; fuck a G4
I'm in a G-500, G-450, G-550; that's airplane talk
I'm the aviator man, baby; AR shoot your baby out your hands
Spaghetti and corn bread; mix got me blunted
There's no talk abouts; you don't fuck on an empty stomach
Buy out the mall, then hug the block; hundred-thou wood grain
In a phantom drop; then I cruise in the club
Got my ruge in the club; pay a bouncer a buck
Now my uz in the club, yeah, nigga[Chorus]

Songwriters

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