

# C'mon

## Swampadelica

Yeah, yeah, motherfucking right I do  
Taping  
Yo, are you taping baby?  
Baby are you taping? Ohh yeah  
What the fuck anybody wanna do?  
Right motherfucking now  
I'm the God who's ahead of the Lords  
Dirty Bastard from the Wu-Tang squad  
Can I get raw, yes I get Dirty to the floor  
Rhymes, hittin' on your mind, you could never ignore  
Hip hop to me is like a place to be  
My specialty from me to you is emcee  
Say what you wanna say, baby say  
I flip the microphone-ah, any day  
I'm mad swift because I got that gift of gab  
Niggaz get mad, your ass stink never had  
This talent that I got will resound the spot  
MC's, you got paid a lot  
You ever notice a black man damn mostly slams  
When it come to the money, yo, it ain't funny  
It's what you gotta do what you got to do  
C'mon, can I get a Wu-Tang

Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang  
Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, Wu, Tang, it's on your brain  
I get riggy diggy raw when it's time to get  
On the dancefloor shotgun kill the shit  
Blaow, then you won't step to me  
Thinking is he really raw as he said he'd be  
If I wasn't really raw, standing here on the floor  
You'd be like boo, he ain't no hardcore  
Niggaz play like they live but won't survive  
Jumpin' up and down ticklin' that jive when you ticklin' gab  
I'm an average man, G O D fan  
Let it be known who's the champ, Wu-Tang Clan  
It's coming through and Wu, boy it's bad too  
Throw your hands in the air, if you don't care  
Who, the Ol' Dirty Bastard be  
Oh me on my, you be hoppin' on my shit just like a fly

Bzzzt, all around  
The dirtiest stinkin' sound down to the ground  
What what, what you wanna do?  
What you wanna do when I'm coming for you?  
I'm gonna give it to ya, baby, baby, baby

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>