Come On

Lil' Wayne

Where my niggaz at, it's play it raw time, baby
Load up the guns guerrilla war time, baby
Light up the blunts, light up the block time, dawg
Choppers with drums, ozzee's, and glock time, dawg
Whoever he with, they better stay 'cause they to nice
And whoever and hit, jump out the window and get it right
Then we run in his house and hit the body and haul them out
Then we empty the clip and let the Lord sort 'em out
Bust it really, it ain't no stopping me 'cause I hang up to that ville
And now I'm tying on my bandanna and I'm cocking back
Jump out the Hummer and say lil' shorty wear your stocking cap
Dawg, we got automatics, two shooters, six shots, and 50 round drums
Hit your daddy, you suki, you son, your wife and move your momma
'Cause I'm off the wall, off the hook, off the chain
Got a sawd oil tec and I'm 'bout to knock off your brain, tell 'em
Come on, nigga come on, time to do it nigga
Nigga, come on, nigga, come on, wodie
Come on, nigga come on, time to do it, nigga
Nigga, come on, nigga come on, wodie
If drama come to me then it come
For that I got two glocks and A. K. with a drum
That's what I ride with not what I got got ducked off
The Mac, sweeper, the six shot, pump that sawd off
I got the 'tillery when beef kick
I got soldiers ready to march when that beef start
I got niggaz be in that zone on that heroin
I got niggaz ready to kill when shit get real
I got niggaz that play all out akirts of the field
So get caught up in that place and your brain get spilled
Oh, it's a game but it's a game of life or death
You lose and can't continue if you get dome checked
You get blues it's all what duck gonna be next
Come in that water and get wet
Think you can fuck with me, you thoughts will get upset
I don't shoot to hit I shoot to kill
Believe me, I don't shoot for fun when I shoot it's for real
Come on, nigga
Come on, nigga come on, time to do it nigga
Nigga, come on, nigga, come on, wodie

Come on, nigga come on, time to do it, nigga
Nigga, come on, nigga come on, wodie
Give me the guns, I'm ready to bust one, nigga
My nuts hung nigga, since I was young, nigga
I get dumb nigga, with the M-1, nigga
I sip some nigga, and I flip some nigga
A uptown stunter, what the hell you think
Ready for war, but I ain't no captain of no godamn tank
And you can take that to vegillity boy
I'm burning up, I'm on fire is you smelling boy
'Cause I be coming with the top down
Letting them know how the chop sound
100 rounds tore the whole entire block down
Assault rifle with a drum and beam totter
38 with a speed loader in my holster
Mac ozze achine with a strap around my shoulder
But if I pop my trunk i'm might just set off a damn explosure
I'm off the wall, off the hook, off the chain
Got a sawd oil tec and I'm 'bout to knock off your brain, tell 'em
Come on, nigga come on, time to do it nigga
Nigga, come on, nigga, come on, wodie
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Come on, nigga come on, time to do it nigga
Nigga, come on, nigga, come on, wodie
Come on, nigga come on, time to do it, nigga
Nigga, come on, nigga come on, wodie
You ain't gotta hollar, wodie, here I come, nigga
You ain't gotta hollar, wodie, here I come, nigga

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