

# Coming For You

DJ Clue

f/ Beanie Sigel, Freeway

[DJ Clue] New Beanie Sigel! Freeway!

[Beanie] Don't get scurred

[DJ Clue] Fat shout, Beat Street

[Chorus 1: Beanie]

1, 2 - Sigel comin for you  
3, 4 - I'm bout to kick in your door  
5, 6 - Man I want those bricks  
7, 8 - You gon' give up dat weight  
9, 10 - I'll put the glock to ya chin  
11, 12 - Man I'll see you in hell

[Verse 1: Beanie]

I handle tools like hammers and wratches  
Gats wit metal attachments, how you want it metal or plastic  
Disrespect your fam bastard, close your casket  
Then I give 'em a can of hold your ashes  
Visions of the killer for we rose a passin  
True killer, true thug, never show no passion  
Hit your rug, hit your ceiling, if I know if you stashin  
Wrong, nigga the rug, nigga know who you passin  
Fresh year from rammin off the zany's fours and perks  
Keep the semi handy jammin you for war or work  
Niggas like the border goin bizurk  
On the roof bangin dat swat, lettin off shots and spurts  
Dey tryin to trap me in the back of the yard  
Man I'm lettin every cat fall hittin from the cap to the sarge  
Can't see me back in the yard, two wacks back to the wall  
Use the two gat stash pack in the wall  
Picture Mac liftin up racks in the yard  
I had a block shiftin up knocking off racks by the yard  
The dope from dem dudes, smokeless confused, shit  
They ain't know if they want a crack or the saw  
Switch they life, straight from the pipe to the straw  
Coke in they vein, what you want the dope or the cane  
I open the game, to sniffin the D, X to the Z  
Hot shit from B-Sig consecutively

[Chorus 2: Freeway]

1, 2 - Freeway's comin for yo' ass  
3, 4 - You better watch yo' stash  
5, 6 - Have you duckin from dem clips  
7, 8 - Fuck it I can't wait

[Verse 2: Freeway]

Y'all niggas crazy think Free won't draw the lev'  
Prefer the nine but I got the four four instead  
I move dymes who your dyme get your whore in bed  
Tell that triflin bitch I want more than head  
Free might spark at ya clip take more than bread  
Guns and bricks while young bulls hug the block  
Dey love the strip, help 'em get chains and watches  
Guns and kicks, Freeway my name is priceless, flow is sick,  
And remember if you lie on Free  
Lie in the lake, while your bitch lies on Free

She ride on the snake and my whip over her key  
We ride in the jakes, empty clips hop on Amtrak  
Out of the state, broody shit, you and yo man, right outta ya case  
Hold dis clip blow your brain right outta ya face  
Flow legendary, hotter than Mase  
Dude Free never where we outta the case  
Roc-A-Fella pop criss til we outta the case  
Form the hood nigga Nikes, Delts, and 'Lo Sport  
Hood niggas just like me, belted and blow court  
Hood chickens just bite me well and blow squad  
I was 16, 12,000 wit no job  
And I skipped school, gripped a bitch wit no ride  
See the crack smoked leave bitch wit no thighs, no tits  
Rob hustlers wit no clips, no guns, left niggas wit no chips  
And the flow runs like the Mississippi River  
And your hoe comes, ya bitch hear me when I whisper  
Silence all guns hit 'em fo-fo-fo-fo-for dey hit ya  
If we comin for you than nigga we gonna get ya

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]