

# Comin' Down

E.S.G.

(\*talking\*)

Say-say-say P-A-T, come taste this right here  
(maan), huh that's muddy baby Southside  
What's up Pat, (know I'm saying) ha 2000 and 3  
We still in here I see you Screw, peep this

[E.S.G.]

E.S.G. and P-A-T, doing it like a Screw reunion  
We up before the sunrise, this paper we persuing  
So tell me what you doing clown, you can't hold us down  
Independent franchise, nationwide or underground  
Smelling like a pound, spitting verbs and nouns  
Before you score a touchdown, I'ma knock you out of  
bounds  
17 rounds hold up now, watch me take your town over  
Can they mess with Cedric Sosa, is Bobby Brown sober  
Hell naw I'ma ball, like Donovan McNabb  
Come down in H-Town, I'll show you how to ride slab  
Southside mash, watch us come down  
Everytime we pass, glass rolling round  
Be about your cash, never slow down  
Who is S.U.C., I bet they know now (tell em fool)  
I came a long way from Grey Tapes, your boys been  
cowards  
E.S.G., P-A-T Southside twin towers

[Hook - 2x]

Ring the alarm, the S.U.C.'s in the house  
E.S.G. and P-A-T'll let you know, (it's bout the South)  
So close your mouth, about to clown  
(We coming down, down-down)

[Fat Pat]

It's the big pimp, called F-A to the T  
Come to Houston Texas, if you wanna see me  
Back in '93, niggaz use to diss me  
Because I'm rolling faster see, with that C.B  
But I popped up in 9-5, on my strive  
7-Deuce Impalas, what nigga let me ride  
Coming down slow, with my bubble lights on  
Crawling down slow, when I'm riding on chrome  
Chrome disc covers, what's up motherfuckers  
I'm burning out the lot, and a nigga sliding rubber  
Holding on my glock, and I'm ready to let it happen  
Cause Fat Pat coming through, naw I ain't capping  
Bout to let it rip, rolling mothership  
We bout to take a flip, (Southside is the shit)  
(what you doing Pat), I'm bending corners  
It's the big pimp, blowing on marijuana (huh)

[Hook - 2x]

Southside, (watch us come down)  
Do you love the Southside, (watch us come down)  
It's bout the South, (watch us come down)  
S-O-U-T-H-S-I-D-E, (watch us come down)

[E.S.G.]

Southside where I reside, I hold it up with pride  
My 22's glide, fuck that fake Gucci inside  
I prefer some buck hide, whenever the Boss ride  
Me and Slim connected, I ain't forget about my side  
Now the S is for the Southside, or the syrup we be  
sipping  
The O is for them big fat, ounces we be flipping  
I ain't tripping, the U's for undisputed underground  
The T's for thinking thoed, last H hold it down  
Now dog see you ain't tripping, E and Pat just great  
This album hit the sto' I'ma make sho, his son get his  
check  
And I won't lose respect, for nobody down with me  
2000 and 3, come down with Pat and E.S.G. let's ride

[Hook - 3x]

Man I wrecked that