

# Com'n Yo Direction

Lil Wyte

(yee-haw)

Lil' Wyte's the name - their ain't a day pass  
That I ain't in trouble, this changes the game  
And turns a summer sault to a double  
They hatin' me now - I vapped out and they gon' feel my rumble  
But it is all gravy - I'm running and ain't 'bouta stumble  
Backoff a few years and you will find some crooked decisions  
I managed them clear and did not let them break down my vision  
That's all I don't need - somebody try'na stop what I'm givin'  
But there's just too many hoes out there to give one bitch my pimpin'  
I'm bringin' ya Memphis - I just joined the white rapper convention  
Back in the day - I blazed my hay and dreamed about recognition  
But I done made it, they hate it  
I love it, becuz of DJ Paul and Juicy J - I got so far from above it  
Pushin' and shovin' they don't know of that I'm posted on a regular  
Good 'ole boy from around the way - might be small but don't test me brah  
Question brah, listen brah, yes thats what I'm stressin' brah  
Yes thats me in your hood, 2-doo' Cutlass - what I'm flexin' brah

Jus' the good 'ole boys - hangin' out geddin' high  
Jus' the good 'ole boys - watchin' cops ridin' by  
Jus' the good 'ole boys - sittin' round drinkin' beer  
Jus' the good 'ole boys - we was the clique the haters feared  
Jus' the good 'ole boys - never really wanted blow  
Jus' the good 'ole boys - was overloaded on that dro  
Jus' the good 'ole boys - 2 doo' Cutlass what we flexin'  
Jus' the good 'ole boys - if you in the road you better move we comin' yo di  
rection

Don't let yo window catch a cloud - I'm as high as you  
I know you wish this song would keep on bumpin' through a pound or .2  
But it's all good - it's gonna go off - like everything that goes up comes d  
own  
I make sounds come out my mouf - then put now snawls to make 'em melt  
Watch me guarantee the game - nothing but some fucking pain  
Put cyanide in cyringes and inject it in they veins  
Threw up on the league the hardest music Memphis seen in a while  
Hit me quick wit' Triple 6 and then let out +Mystic Style+  
I was hook and good 'ole boys like me was catching the vibe  
I survive - I strive now look at me - I'm all in the sky  
Keep in mind, I was the one overlooked alla the times  
Deep inside, I thought that I was the one never would rise  
Here I am, I'm spittin' it out and bringin' it too ya today  
Ain't no gangsta, just a Bay, area represento wit' something to say  
So if you want me come get me - y'kno where I'm at  
I'm prolly there right now, but there's no way good 'ole boy  
Like me go out without my Crown now

It's like this, good 'ole boys - I don't get what they can out this game  
Whether we are, down in our slums or we on top of this thang  
Cuz I've got, some real ones rollin' with me down for the cause  
Even if the, situation get sticky they ain't 'bouta pause  
So I must, watch over my fleet and lead em all inta victory  
Mystery how did I get here, all the rest is just history  
Liberty is what I'm seekin' to get away from misery  
Mess with me - you'll be fucked up  
Cause I'll let out inner energy

Never was a problem child - always kept up with the game  
The slang, and somehow everyone in the hood knew my name  
It ain't my fault it made me, too be something that you ain't  
It is my fault I'm doing, something that y'kno you cant  
Man I remember gettin' drunk, drinkin' my self unda the flo'  
Reminisclin' of throwing up - makin' love to the camode  
I did my dirt, didn't I get caught and still serf' birds in the end  
But that's all right cuz All I need's my little girl and my pen