Coming To Get Me

Professor Green

They're coming to get me, coming to get me.

They're coming to get me, thought I was ready for the fame, that I've got. They're coming to get me, thought I was ready for the fame, but I'm not.

My face is painted, unlike I'd like to be. But this is what I signed on the dotted line for. They ain't no way I wouldn't want it to see. But things are getting a little out of control.

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I'm frightened, look at the tattoo's on my neck, How can I hide them? There ain't a disguise that works. I've tried them, aside for a turtle neck jumper. Which ain't practical for Summer, I'm stuck. What can I do, I put myself in, I got myself in the stew. Got myself in the charts, then got myself in the news. How long until they get a picture of myself in the nude, ah. 'Cause now people wanna sell a story. It's my life how can they tell it for me? I'm sorry, I'm just tryin' to find a way to manage the stress. The thought of a kiss and the tellers doing.. *into a mumble* I can't even get impressed without worrying and getting about, being paranoid. At a chick I date to say a quick to the tabaloid, ah. It's alot different now, it has happened. But even though I had it, when I'm smiling. Believe I am annoyed 'cause.

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