

Come On

Sticky Fingaz

ref:

Do you feel the way I feel...
Feel that shit nigga
Do you feel the way I feel?
Do you fuckin feel it?
Yo, yo, yo
Yo, yo, yo

You wanna wild out, come on!
Act up, come on!
Throw gunz, come on!
Smoke 'dro, come on!
Fuck hoes, come on!
Make dough, come on!
What?! We can do it kid however you want!
You wanna wild out, come on!
Act up, come on!
Start beef, come on!
Make money, come on!
Throw gunz, come on!
Fuck hoes, come on!
What?! We can do it kid however you want!

Verse 1

Oh you aint know?
Sticky Fingaz went solo
And got the whole hood in a choke hold
Radio locked like I was po-po
You rappers get no dough
I make you have oral sex with the fo-fo
I'm unstable, get cash under the table
I blaze you, not even God could save you
What?! I aint havin it, I'm ignorant and arrogant
Dogs couldn't sniff me out, cuz I aint have a scent
Your wifey's checkin me, said I had sex appeal
Been hittin niggas' girls, way before the record deal
Let me make it clear just so it's understood
That don't make you no thug cuz you from the hood
My nine's stainless, I speak in sign language
My mind changes, every time the wind blows
Gunshots got me jumpin out of second story windows
Beef on impulse, you get murdered over insults

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Verse 2

Goddamn I'm hungry, and it's time to eat
I'm the worst thing since crack to hit the street

The man that could murder me, I'm dyin to meet
Rapper fuck your own seed and shoot a 5 wit me
I intake shit from no man, I set up my own fam
I never was a kid came out the pussy a grown man
I slept in a slum, I'm second to none
I give you ten seconds to run, 9, 7, 3, 2 1! BLAU!
Half my niggas aint gon' never see sunlight
Got twenty stitches under my navel from a gunfight
You better watch your back for them thug hoes
I believe in safe sex and go to bed with a snub nose
Rhyme like my life on the line, I'm nice with the nine
Knockin out big niggas twice my size
So take a dirt nap when normal people slept I used to purse snatch
A bullet costs a quarter, but your life aint even worth that

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Verse 3

It's a whole new me, but the same old you
We had beef before well deja vu
Never seen nothing like this I rip your whole crew
Ever thought about death, that's what you bout to go through
I stay to myself, I'm anti-social
I ghost you, and wild out like I'm supposed to
My rollie got a body son, it costs a life
Every time it tick I can see the soul on ice
I call a hotline, to get yours, I got mine
And son I got glock nines, tech nines, mack 10's 11's and 12's
22's, 25's, 32's, 38's, 44's, 45's, AK-47's
Don't be a smartass, I put a hole in your forehead
Stomp you out and beat yo' ass to syllables...
You... stupid.... mother, be lucky I aint killin you all
I hung myself on my umbilical cord

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