

# Come and Get Me

Timbaland

Nigga, your time is up; I ain't come to kid you  
I knew you niggas was dumb, but how dumb is you?  
Thinkin' you can see the king when you unofficial  
You don't wanna go to war 'cause I'll launch these missiles  
I'm a ride-or-die nigga; I be tearin' shit up  
We ain't like them other fools who don't compare to us  
All the hos love a nigga; they be backing it up  
But me - I love money; I be stacking it up  
When my bandwagon pull up, they hop on board  
They hop right on mine and hop right off yours  
I get respect, homey, all across the board  
I get a quarter mill' a track without an award  
Ever wanna test a nigga, then come see me  
In the street I hold my ground like I'm concrete  
I know shit ain't sweet so when shit get deep  
I'm rich, I can pay to have you six feet deep  
(Nigga)

[Chorus]

I give it to whoever want it  
If you want it, come see me  
You know where I'm at  
If you, if you want it, come get me  
If you, if you want it, come get me

[50 Cent]

Nigga, you violate, I regulate, rat-tat-tat  
Bigger shells - they fit in that banana clip tech  
Run, and a bullseye form on your back  
It's hard to miss wit' a full clip in the mac  
I got ammo; ammo I unload; reload cut a nigga quick  
Yeah, my knife game lethal - that tough guy shit  
Nigga, that's what I see through  
You like a three course meal, motherfucker, I eat you  
You food, and I'm in the mood; so front, I let the hammer fly  
Nigga, you can duck, run for cover, or die  
Your choice; you choose  
I Pop, you move, like you in shock: you been shot  
Nigga, your blood on the street, you up shit's creek  
You can hardly speak, startin' to get weak, your eyes close  
Your life flash, your heart slow, your heart stop  
Your ass dead, you fucked, kid

[Chorus]

[Tony Yayo]

I'm like Nicholas Cage: Yeah, it's the Ghost Rider  
P89, yeah, I let my toast slide, Costa Rica To Brazil  
I got my hos in the lamb; why your bitch bald headed?  
Like Britney Spears; I'm in the projects gettin' dope and piff money  
Two more flips; that's Anna Nicole Smith money; fuck a G4  
I'm in a G-500, G-450, G-550; that's airplane talk  
I'm the aviator man, baby; AR shoot your baby out your hands  
Spaghetti and corn bread; mix got me blunted  
There's no talk abouts; you don't fuck on an empty stomach  
Buy out the mall, then hug the block; hundred-thou wood grain  
In a phantom drop; then I cruise in the club

Got my ruge in the club; pay a bouncer a buck  
Now my uz in the club, yeah, nigga

[Chorus]