

Here We Come, Boy!

C-Bo

Ain't no runnin my thugs in coming to come gunning
Running down pound for pound dumping them rounds
Catching a beatdown these outta town niggas stay
thuggin
Mustlin and hustlin to try to keep from strugglin
Bubblin on the block with a mouth fulla rocks
Packin a glock with jackers plotin on the spot
We ride till we die bullets fly through the night
We load clips spit hollow tips till they all ride or
they all cry
I thank the LORD for my living
You hollering and ballering without a dam thing giving
I'm rolling with thugs in the v thugs on dubs and no
love
If you don't get money like a scrub if your money ain't
right
You better fall boy
If your money is tight you gone fall boy
I'm from that westside where we ride
Throw your dubs in the sky f**k'em all we ball till we
ride

Here we come, boy
Better raise up off the spot
Here we come, boy
Better hide or not
Here we come, boy
Why you cuffing that broad
She gone lose or choose the nigga that got it all

Hummers we come gunning them down drastic
Blasted the bastards off they muthafucking asses
Closed casket toward those that want to have it
Fuck a speech make peace in the street with automatics
I'm starvin like marvin niggas so f**k fast
I'm getting mines with my gun with my mask straight
mashing
Ride by you bitches watching that ass cry
If I ride on you niggas you better blast or die
Smash or fry I'm in jail raising heck
Put down your gauge and rag nigga and get mail get mail
You's money is funny cuz you's a dummy
On the block hop on your veins nose all runny
Cloths all bummy your hoes all on me
And it's all for the milk and honey I count money like
a bank teller
It's all mines in this gangster shit I'm the greatest
of all time

Witness to hurder me never I stay focused
Blast till they disappear like rukus fukus
To escape death is hopeless
I open fire with teflons on you bitches till you smoke
us
Reminiscing on my past days addicted to my bastard ways
I'll be a thug till my casket lays

Dear LORD will you help me escape prison
Success and freedom is my only possible mission
Tried to violate my freedom of speech pete kip
They punk violation was weak eat a dick bitch
Didn't think a thug could rise above skies
It made me to push a bently witness me drive by and
f**k parole
Till I fold all you pinkies against me
I opened fire like gerano I pack a glock and lick shots
Like 'Pac on cops and won't stop till they all drop
punk bitch