

Comin Thru

G-Unit

Glock check, AK check
Sawed off shotgun, check
You know I'm sayin' we got all that shit
G-Unit nigga we comin' through there nigga know that
Fuck you mean?
Yellow tape that bitch out nigga, you know what's up boy

I ain't that famous, I could still murk somethin'
I still I hurt somethin', I still got the work comin'
Hard headed ain't learned nothin' but drug money
Blue bandanas with a pocket full of blood money
Load the shells with my shirt to keep the prints off 'em
Go get a rental, put in work, and take the tits off her
Nigga do your dirt and still ridin' clean
Big.45 stuffed inside these designer jeans
Called Buck, I need a verse that's an M16
Fuck you mean? How you want it? With the red beam?
From Cashville to New Orleans boy we all through there
Ay Kidd, you know I'm comin' through, don't give a fuck who the
re

Just call me when you need me nigga you know I'm comin' through
there
You ain't gotta wait to see me nigga, you know I'm comin' throu
gh there
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