

# Come Come

Pro Era

Yo the first born son was a burnt lit star  
Certain sounds could just touch my heart  
Working hard, and my team still starve  
Outchea, for us they pulling new cars on these old rap Top the fools, i'm of  
f these charts  
I said, "Switching pronto, You need to front ho  
They looking at him like that's my uncle"  
Now it's a shame that I got to hunt you  
Banging on my homie, you won't need Russell  
Young nigga, Running up, snatch and hustle  
It's a BK [?], bouta strap the muscle  
If your raps are wack and you lack the bundle  
Cause I do it all, young enough to see old kings fall off  
Long enough to keep my force still strong  
Throwing the track like a cannon ball  
Through your walls, your gonna hear my call  
Certified til I die I'm If I hit the stu, come back with mo'  
I put it in the sot', Platinum fo'sho  
Won't spend it all on dough like I've done befo  
If a trap star could, let a trap star grow  
I'll flip my dough because that's all I know  
24/7 and never ends all .44 let my lungs feel smoke  
And I've kept it trill cause that's all we know  
That's 47 [?], man that track with smoke  
on my throats, Shooting shows on tours  
Leave it to my pros and my young bro Joe  
Cause it's not his fault, they put a style on hoes  
And my other side each line I flow  
See my mind and my rhymes on both  
Roka keep it loaded if know you better wanna run  
Hating off the tongue, stay spitting hot bullets  
Now my whole verse down  
Come, Come

Come, Come Now  
Who's number one now?  
Thought it was a joke  
'Til the numbers starting showing up  
Dirty want his money right now  
And his credit  
I deserve my respect for this shit that I imbedded  
I am better than them niggas who pretended that they them niggas  
Who be lying to them niggas who be buying they shit so  
Fuck the government word to my brother man  
From the 5th Flo'  
Won't get fed if your mouth is closed  
That's something he told me  
The 47 Og's running it low key  
I'm still Dirty and I'm still 7:30  
My vision is still blurry so picture perfect ain't really certain  
Blind bitch baby, does the cover match them curtains?  
Still couldn't block my shine  
Chakras divrine like 33rd degree  
Fresh 47 embroidery  
Pro Era property, no loitering  
Can't say my whole team eating yet  
But I'm cooking up a mess

Where syringes were pressed: dirty kitchen  
I'm spillin' all my kids on her dress, Started living what I'm thinking  
Decider, we next stop  
Stop and then frisk  
Slaughtering pigs anybody can get it  
Shooting stars, now make a wish  
Rocking skins like the skins we rocking  
Powerpuff smoking on that blossom  
We're running the game and this shit is exhausting  
But I don't give a fuck cause this shit is awesome  
47

Come, Come Now  
Who's number one now?  
Thought it was a joke  
'Til the numbers starting showing up  
I'm from the Era, where we never show weak niggas love  
They phonies, me and the homies smoking it up  
My only place first shorty never lost  
Off the bus in New York, trying to record  
Man, you're favorite rapper down the side  
Recognize, they don't play with eyes  
They an optical allusion like Optimus Prime  
Make a rhyme down in the summertime  
If I don't separate you and me  
I'm acknowledging your truancy  
Move like rocket ships, who are we?  
Move and sing, Word to my higher Buddha  
Seeing through the eyes of Judah  
I annihilate my loser  
The crown jeweler, Boundary of a Goddess  
Not the father of Brooklyn niggas is on  
Demanding in large, we the men in charge  
No progress, it's the Progress  
Start spreading love, Gospel  
Demanding in large, we the men in charge  
No progress, it's the Progress  
Start spreading love