

Here They Come

Royce da 5'9"

Here they come yo
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Here they come...

Yeah Yeah
I ex-spits your bole
The tire you kicks is toyal
Black diamonds lookin' like tires dipped in oil
You nigga is about as fly as the wings on a parrot
If you a king I turn you into a king on a terrace
I'm sick with the fuck-a-nigga flu
Defiant as?
The Imus
These nappy headed hoes is like a science
When I got the permit to tell that bitch "perm it"
These nigga ain't got
Nothin' up their sleeves like a tank top
Stay in the streets with you like some rain drops
Nickel can't stop
Stick the game up
Leave them hands up
And then I flee away with Lil' Wayne's spot
Here they come yo
Bitches in the front row
Titties out they blouses
Screamin' out that they want mo
This is that
Lights out
Bring them bikes out
White boys bring them spikes out
I goes in

Where the G's at?
Throw your hands up
Stand up
Give me feed back
Where the G's at?
Where them true MC's at?
Guess who stepped through?
Royce
(He's back)

I'm a problem to these little nigga ain't I ma?
I'm prettier than you are honey, how vein am I?
Which lane am I?
I can do whatever style
I'm a mixture between Old Jeezy & 7 Mile
Let them bow to the devil's son, heaven's child
I'm the present, now and naw, I ain't tryin' to reconcile (nope)
All I'm tryin' to say is, what you been eatin'
I'm takin' til you lookin' like the '07 Kevin Liles
This a new day
But I ain't here to shoot you up
I'm sayin', not the new Dre and I'm the new Kurupt

Machine gun flow
Run and put the two two up
Tell the label to throw the tutu on you when they suit you up
Here they come yo
Soundin' like the booth blew up
Every time I rhyme you have to come and wipe the poo poo up
This is that
Light out
Bring them bikes out
White boys bring them spikes out
I goes in

Where the G's at?
Throw your hands up, stand up
Give me feedback
Where the G's at?
Where the true MC's at?
Guess who stepped through
Royce
(He's back)

A lot of speculation on a nigga's reputation
I better state that I don't hesitate to set it straight
D-Twizzy, them my nigga I don't ever hate
We can do a song for the cheddar date, set a date
And I ain't never fake
Always real always feel
Sicker than whoever you feel is always ill
But I ain't sorry, chill
I ain't come from Sorryville
I'm from the land of banana clips and Ferrari peels
Off leavin' a cloud of smoke the child is dope
The man is crack and I'm demandin' my advantage back (yes)
And it's that simple
Your man is back sinful
My bitch icy, nicety as Janet Jack Central
Here they come yo
Drum roll
Only one flow
Son know
And it's the reason you don't want "Whoa"
This is that lights out
Bring them bikes out
Whites boys...
Y'all know the rest

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