Come Around

Yella Beezy

(Zaytoven)
Yeah...
Like that motherfucker come with the fit
Know what I'm sayin'?
Like when I put on my clothes
That's the first thing I'm gonna grab
When I walk out the motherfuckin' door

Strap on me when I come around
And I can't change it
Yeah my squad dangerous
Rock a bye-bye baby
I spray shit down
They say I got famous
But I'm not changin'
Baby, I grind daily
Strap on me when I come around
Glock nine on me
Come and ride down on me
Baby, ride my pony
Lay-lay your head down
Come and slob all on me
Baby, all night mornin'
I-I'm not jonin'
Strap on me when I come around

If a nigga want some, we gon' come with the shit
Lay a nigga body down, face stomped in the bricks
Ayy, pussy-ass nigga, always bumpin' and shit
'Til pussy nigga body get slumped in this bitch
Co-come on nigga go and get crunk with your clique
Won't argue with a nigga, can't bump with a bitch
Swear to God nigga, ain't playin' no games
Nigga gon' respect my motherfuckin' name
If a nigga wanna keep his motherfuckin' brains
Better not reach for my motherfuckin' chain
Almighty lay down you motherfuckers, lame
We not related, can't fuck with the gang
Get you cremated if she keep on playing
Took out the rocks in my watch and we're paying
Lil' nigga, yeah I go insane
Hi-hi-hit the strip club nigga I make it rain
Yeah, it's crew money, lil' bitch, keep the change
Too many hoes out here fuckin' for fame
Lil' bitch is you fuckin' for fame?
Swear I ain't trippin', is you with it or not?
Pretty lil' bit gon' come gimme the cot
She ain't tryna fuck then I'm kickin' her out

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I don't know why these grown men act so feminine
Talk like they real but that shit disingenuous
Life's complicated when you mix with simpletons
Morally rich, most these niggas is indigent
Talkin' bout shit that they ain't even done
Claimin' these places you can't even come
Ask about Snookie, I'm good in the street
I can walk in the places you can't even run
Like mama done, you a punk I'ma pop
And that G shit you talk just a whole bunch of talk
'Cause y'all type of niggas like runnin' they mouth
But my type of niggas will run in your house
'Cause we about all the shit that you not
Post in the spot really slangin' them rocks
And if we get jacked up we zippin' our lip
Y'all givin' up info and nice to the cops, stop
Tryin' to dap me up, I ain't friends with you niggas
Salt and Kool-Aid, I don't mix with you niggas
Fuck 'em all, stick a dick to you niggas
Allergic reaction, gettin' sick of you niggas
I can call some kids to cripple you niggas
Or I can even call a few dogs to sic a few niggas
Big ass bullets comin' through walls and rippin' through niggas
They'll never find like Lou Rawls the nigga who killed you

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