

Romeo Must Die Soundtrack

"Come On"

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Performed by Blade)

Yo, with the body of a goddess

Make no mistake about

Never was a good cook

So plenty cats ate out

Catch me at a steakhouse

Cats be on a stake out

Wanna hear what I drop

Cop when the tape out

Hit the Av with my dudes

Break out and shake out

I'm rude I'll eat your food

Chicks fuck for take out

It's the B to the L to the A-D-E

Got stacks, spinnin' like vinyl when the crates out

Let's see sexy, plus mami got dough

I get your shit wired like Donnie Brasco

Got a mic and a host rockin' cowboy hats

With them wild boys cats, tote loud noise cats

Sex niggas with a gun in my weave

Gold digga, trust no nigga, one in my sleeve

From the B-E-D-S-T-U-Y I put it down for my bitch

Let's see you try, come on

1 - Number one rap, fun stack

Got that rock that

Get guns cock back

Been there done that

One check two check

Three check four

Hot shit, new shit

You check four

I keep blinks in the safe

Rock minks to the waist

Exquisite crocks and lizards for the spots I visit

Throwing drinks in his face

Only blink when it's safe

Cats handing me more A-V-L me Manny and Mo

Ain't no stoppin' the 44 cockin'

Hey y'all it's the Blade y'all, no flow rockin'

Like my shit hell no mo' poppin'

For dolo, from Soho to Rod-eo shoppin'

Back to the block a hot watch and suits

New shit, gold I'm throwin' rocks on the tooth

You see me when I ball and it's not with hoops

And while you shop for boots I shop for coupes

Gas cats like Exxon with the Lex on

Not a lot salute I'm too hot for Duke

Plus proper too, I'm unstoppable

So fuck with me, that's what not to do, come on

Repeat 1 (2x)

Now where my S to the T to the U-Y niggas

Screamin' f' the D's true you my niggas

Lowkey, OG, Old E sippers

OT, no sleep, hold heat niggas

Sippin' booze till they spittin' news

Ain't shit to do

Whips I pick and choose

Head whips pickin' in twos

If it's Blade you runnin' with

Get your kicks and shoes

Number one till I die

Come on ain't shit to lose

If you play dummy you die

Now you wondering why?

Cause I'm from the Stuy like that shit under your eye

I do it up, bad bitch suited up

Boot it up, suit it up

For loot we shoot 'em up

Truly scar y'all with two revolvers

Keep my hair and nails done

Fresh out the beauty parlor

B-E-D-S-T-U-Y I put it down for my niggas

Let's see you try

Repeat 1 (2x

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