

Roots, The

"Here I Come"

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(feat. Dice Raw and Malik B.)

[Chorus 2X]

He said yeah

You better come out with your hands up

We got you surrounded

I'm in the back

Changin my outfit

He said blink

We gonna send the hounds in

I said wait

Cause here I come

Here I come

Here I come

You boys get ready

Cause here I come

Here I come

Here I come

[Black Thought]

I'm soul brother one hunted

How much charisma

Could another one stomach

If I be the prisoner then I wasn't more cunning

Or wise

If I come outside I'm not running

Stone lone wolf of the pack

The unwanted

I really got nothin to hide

I'm bout cuttin

Go out in a blaze

Wouldn't pop one button

I'm a murk half hurt leave the cop dogs huntin

The pretty black one in the group

The smooth villain under fire

Cause I'm pennin the words that move millions

Slide right in front of your eyes true brilliance

It's a new bad boy on the rise

Who feelin it

New true skill in it

Y'all the roots still in it

Ready plus willin it's all the true killer shit
You know we got them
Involved
We too diligent
They say the music is strong and too militant

[Chorus]

[Dice Raw]

Yo
Black Inc raw life
In this whatumacallit
Weed smokin junkie alcoholic
One foot in the grave
One foot in the toilet
Still I'm onstage
In front of an audience
Disturbing the peace
And the local ordinance
My eta
I'll arrive by morning
Money long like the arms on Alonzo Mourning
Vampire chicks suck blood
Dusk to dawnin
Waitin to catch me sleep
But I'm not yawnin
They in the vip
At the garden
They gon jump me
When I stop performing
I got something for them
Behind the organ
I always roll deep
With my squadron
The sheriff out front
Gonna sic the dogs in
That nigger talkin bout he got warrants

[Chorus]

[Malik B.]

I'm in the darkness
Heartless
Fuck you regardless
Move with hardness
Y'all just pressin charges
It's often injury
Floss and force my entry
This penitentiary
Knockin niggers for centuries
It's elementary

Like KRS and evidently
Incidents
They all stress
I'm lawless
That's my problem
Evolve
And never solve them
Chill in Harlem
Bang you
Bring you stardom
You full of boredom
Bastard you been aborted
Bring your neck out
Bring the tech out
Absorb it
See you check out
And then step out
The orbit
Blow your flesh out
Till I'm fressh out my torment
Street apostle
Pop shit
Preach the Gospel
Still I'm hostile
Sippin a duece When possible
Turn into a monster
Grouchy
Gimme the Oscar
Hit you like vodka
Then screech off in a Mazda

[Chorus 2X]

Yo

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