

## Stevie Nicks % Tom Petty "Watcha Come Around Here"

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### Verse 1: Spliff Star

Yeah  
Heh  
A Flipmode y'all (x4)  
Hah  
Heh  
Hahahaha  
Yo  
Yo, Uh  
I spits rhymes for thug cats  
Neighborhood drug rats  
Hardcore  
Keep it raw  
What  
Niggaz love that  
Stack the greenbacks  
And stay steady with the weed sack  
Spliff Star one of the famous foreigners  
>From East Flat-Bush  
Fire arms till you no longer breather black  
Make it hot  
Standin on the corner wit the G-Pack  
Look at me  
Lampin in defiance wit my seats back  
Got the game to fuck wit ?Jane? where you and her  
sleep at

### Verse 2: Rah Digga

Lyricaly inclined  
And inclined to get lyrical  
Checkin for residuals  
Rhymin be the ritual  
Ill individual  
Bad habitat  
Watch my voice battle cats  
While i'm spittin battle raps  
On the high horse  
And i keep my saddle strapped  
You'd be headin up the river like 'where the paddle at?'

Got a rhyme overload  
Rah Digga always front ya  
Leavin niggaz stuck like I was accupuncture

Chorus:

Got niggaz from the hood  
Thinkin shit all good  
I'm askin all y'all  
WATCHA COME AROUND HERE FO!!!  
Got niggaz outta town  
Tryin to come and be down  
I'm askin all y'all  
WATCHA COME AROUND HERE FO!!!  
Got niggaz online  
Think they fuckin wit mine  
I'm askin all y'all  
WATCHA COME AROUND HERE FO!!!  
I'm askin all y'all  
WATCHA COME AROUND HERE FO!!!  
I'm askin all y'all  
WATCHA COME AROUND HERE FO!!!

Verse 3: Baby Sham

It makes alot of sense  
When you see Sham in black Benz  
With high friends  
Pull up the club wit dark tints  
Never jump out  
Thats why they lookin dead in my mouth  
They must have doubts  
Like who the stars wit no lookouts  
You'd be amazed and surprised to who would run in  
your house  
And tag their names on the stomach of your pregnant  
spouse  
I shall leave you wit dat  
BIB from QB  
Boys In Black  
And foul attitudes to match

Verse 4: Busta Rhymes

Yo  
Now who you be god  
I be the soul controller  
I burst gas like the fizz outta your Coca Cola  
Live shit like the energy of solar  
With thug niggaz wit names like Bullet Head and Cobra  
Street niggaz be feelin the nights gettin cold, the rock

Bear skin furs like Australian polar  
Hang up on whack bitches who call the Motorola  
And smack faggots like you don't make me have ta  
show ya

Chorus

Verse 5: Rampage

Ramp i'm not talkin son I'm comin out clappin  
All you whack niggaz be poppin shit y'all niggaz actin  
Flipmode number 1 squad that make shit happen  
I'm rippin down shit while y'all other niggaz slackin  
Money cats is stocked and locked plus I'm stackin  
Them grimy niggaz rollin with me  
Them niggaz packin  
Bust 4 in your face pop 4 in your back and  
8 bullets total in all I'm street trackin

Verse 6: Rocky Marciano

2 for my block like 10 in the mornin  
Squish your organs like Swiss scheese whippin the arm  
And flava blaze I play the corner  
Wake up your neighbors wit my tape in order to feel my  
aura  
Mauziano I'm like a silver Tzar holdin golden  
Metal & dough I hold my arm swollen  
On the farm belong for soldiers I control is like they  
seein Moses  
Fiendin for flows I pose to split you open  
Layin back rappers for motion picture me slap on my  
rappin boots

Chorus

Verse 7: Lord Have Mercy

The earth is the globe  
Where I work my magic like Merlin unfold  
Surface enclosure  
Life worthless no goals  
Perfect controls  
Like Ayatola's turbans and robes  
From the counties of kings  
Bails, bounties, pissie lobbies  
50 armies  
Probably bring hell on this earth  
Legend of dirt  
Smash ghettos & General's turf  
Menace incredible work

Land Lord blaze him and gave him the dirt  
Hah

Chorus

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