Too \$hort F/ Quint Black "They Comin"

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Here's some shit make ya go "Hmmmm" Have you ever wondered why the world hates you? Maybe it's because you is a child of God? Hmmm

They come (they come)

Yeah, You best be done ready becausec they come (they come)

Better hold your straps ready because they come (they come)

Your mens better not be spaghetti because they come (they come)

You turn your pocket into grafitti yeah they come (they come)

Nigga you ain't ready but they come (they come)

You better hold your straps ready because they come (they come)

Yeah they come (they come)

Yeah They come (they come)

Now here they come

They say the sound of revelation takin em off while your occupation

Now we all computers puttin cheques by sharp shooters

You cruise world, one nation undivided but deliver me from evil

And these crazy people all across the world

All out warfare mentally, physically, spiritually, emotionally

Fulfullin, you ain't doin no killin

Cause I ain't scared

I got friends comin to my house

And I gonna put you on your place

By the grace of god

Because I don't really think you ball that hard

That's what your mouth said

(Chorus)

It's like the whole damn world is caught

Now y'all whole motherfuckers is just rotten Like the CIA, the IRS, the DEA, the FBI and whoever else with three letters in they names

You think you quick on the draw puttin them ten times is mo better

We got all the superstitions they got all the cheddar You don't own nothin

You bought from them we might as well say we just leasin

Ain't no reason then why the preacher and his false teachins

Keepin hot coals over your heads

Yeah when I looked into your eyes I will see that

(Chorus X2)

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