

Cathy & Coins

" Comin' Down"

Visit "[Comin' Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Say-say-say P-A-T, come taste this right here
(maan), huh that's muddy baby Southside
What's up Pat, (know I'm saying) ha 2000 and 3
We still in here I see you Screw, peep this

[E.S.G.]

E.S.G. and P-A-T, doing it like a Screw reunion
We up before the sunrise, this paper we persuing
So tell me what you doing clown, you can't hold us
down
Independent franchise, nationwide or underground
Smelling like a pound, spitting verbs and nouns
Before you score a touchdown, I'ma knock you out of
bounds
17 rounds hold up now, watch me take your town over
Can they mess with Cedric Sosa, is Bobby Brown sober
Hell naw I'ma ball, like Donovan McNabb
Come down in H-Town, I'll show you how to ride slab
Southside mash, watch us come down
Everytime we pass, glass rolling round
Be about your cash, never slow down
Who is S.U.C., I bet they know now (tell em fool)
I came a long way from Grey Tapes, your boys been
cowards
E.S.G., P-A-T Southside twin towers

[Hook - 2x]

Ring the alarm, the S.U.C.'s in the house
E.S.G. and P-A-T'll let you know, (it's bout the South)
So close your mouth, about to clown
(We coming down, down-down)

[Fat Pat]

It's the big pimp, called F-A to the T
Come to Houston Texas, if you wanna see me
Back in '93, niggaz use to diss me
Because I'm rolling faster see, with that C.B
But I popped up in 9-5, on my strive
7-Deuce Impalas, what nigga let me ride
Coming down slow, with my bubble lights on

Crawling down slow, when I'm riding on chrome
Chrome disc covers, what's up motherfuckers
I'm burning out the lot, and a nigga sliding rubber
Holding on my glock, and I'm ready to let it happen
Cause Fat Pat coming through, naw I ain't capping
Bout to let it rip, rolling mothership
We bout to take a flip, (Southside is the shit)
(what you doing Pat), I'm bending corners
It's the big pimp, blowing on marijuana (huh)

[Hook - 2x]

Southside, (watch us come down)
Do you love the Southside, (watch us come down)
It's bout the South, (watch us come down)
S-O-U-T-H-S-I-D-E, (watch us come down)

[E.S.G.]

Southside where I reside, I hold it up with pride
My 22's glide, fuck that fake Gucci inside
I prefer some buck hide, whenever the Boss ride
Me and Slim connected, I ain't forget about my side
Now the S is for the Southside, or the syrup we be
sipping
The O is for them big fat, ounces we be flipping
I ain't tripping, the U's for undisputed underground
The T's for thinking thoed, last H hold it down
Now dog see you ain't tripping, E and Pat just great
This album hit the sto' I'ma make sho, his son get his
check
And I won't lose respect, for nobody down with me
2000 and 3, come down with Pat and E.S.G. let's ride

[Hook - 3x]

Man I wrecked that

Visit [Cathy & Coins](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.