

Celph Titled f/ Highcollide, Paradox

"You Ain't Seen It Comin'"

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[Intro] Are. You. Ready?! Another Celph Titled motherfuckin' banger. Bllllllat! Yeah, uh huh. Hehehehe. Awe man, motherfuckers, 813, that's right baby Highcollide, Paradox, uh huh, Celph Titled The motherfuckin' Rubix Cuban Yo let's show them how we get down Yes, yes. Yeah, okay, you ready? Tampa representatives Let's murder them. It's goin' down. Check it, yo. Fuck that [Verse One] [Highcollide] Highcollide I had a glock and held rifles A million mega watts, it's Paradox and Celph Titled You busters are not ready Rugged and drop deadly Touch as a pot heavy In buckets in box Chevy's My flow's destine, I'm a veteran at work Leave your soul in the heavens and your skeleton in the dirt If it ain't love that you feelin' than it's probably pain Strike ya with Tampa Bay Lightning like a hockey game I'm a flow specialist, I conquer the globe's premises The most treacherous Over your debt, toast beverages Leavin' ya motionless while I'm causin' eclipses Supreme vocalist, happen to be forced in existence I'm electrical lyrically, fire like the sun You'll need medical facilities or retirement funds This is a Cuban Puerto Rican connection Seekin' perfection Competition is needin' direction A speakers craft Sayin' I'm ill is like sayin' a cheetah's fast I keep it movin' like a hundred meter dash I'm too ferocious with Styles that leave you hopelessness Know who you provokin' bitch You fuckin' with the ultimate Blaow! [Scratch chorus] [x2] "Picture like you ain't seen it coming" - Paradox "Yo, it's all extortion, for every man there's a coffin" - Highcollide "I get's down and do my thing like I supposed to" "Niggas is on attack" "What the fuck was y'all thinkin'" - Fat Joe 'Find Out' [Verse Two] [Paradox] Watch me crack open the sky, blacken your eye Then leave you strokin' on the ropes swingin' eight miles high Now I'm watchin' you die Askin' why You testin' X, is you mental? (These motherfuckers out they mind) I be X Spawn, reborn with Tampa Bay residue So bring the best of your crew Learn a lesson or two Invest in a vest or a preacher to start blessin' you Believe it, this urban legend is true For hip hop I'll bludgeon a fool Cut 'em in two Leave a muttering fool, with nothing to do

But speaks in forked tongues like a stuttering fool I lurk
in the home of southern crunk Where cats get jumped
(And what) We got the sawed off shotgun hands on the
pump I have sex with fly dimes and gangster bitches
that pack nines While I'm poppin' silencers Writin'
rhymes, gettin' my shine I'm in this game for the love
of the art Comin' straight for your heart Though some
of y'all been hatin' me Straight from the start Paradox
the black sheep of the Bay (Where it get's dark) The
Judas creator Crucify me now, but I resurrect three
days later Much greater As one red eye Terminator
(You want more then we blazin' ya) Tearin' flesh apart
like a Florida gator Made you afraid of the dark Wish it
was morning instead Surprise somebody Here comes
the dawn of the dead [Scratch Chorus] [x2] "Picture
like you ain't seen it coming" - Paradox "Yo, it's all
extortion, for every man there's a coffin" - Highcollide
"I get's down and do my thing like I supposed to"
"Niggas is on attack" "What the fuck was y'all thinkin'" -
Fat Joe 'Find Out' [Verse Three] [Celph Titled] Y'all
motherfuckers better fall back You're talkin' to a
kingpin Who write holy scriptures on a napkin with an
ink pen And y'all ain't real unless you on Floridian realty
Cause we don't keep it dirty down here we keep it filthy
I'm all over Tampa like Bob's Barricades With bombs
and grenades at your mother's crib givin' her serenade
Up in the club I might have snuck in a snub So if it's
beef bring the ruckus and a bucket for blood And don't
think we're gonna meet you outside just to thug We
gonna meet you outside with the pump And the
buckshot from the gauge will give you acne scars Clap
at me from your whip I'm launchin' missile that'll lift the
gravity out your car Fuck your pistol burners Cause we
got motherfuckin' handguns That spit shells the size of
Crystal Burgers Duckin' the cops, leavin' you
motherfuckers stuck in a box Fuck bubblin' rocks I'm
like the government up in my stocks But up in the oven
it's hot We cook blazin' rap cakes While y'all wack fakes
make DAT tapes that's half baked I'm sick, make a
crack mother lactate And let the mac take thirty pounds
out of your estimated body weight [Scratch Chorus]
[x2] "Picture like you ain't seen it coming" - Paradox
"Yo, it's all extortion, for every man there's a coffin" -
Highcollide "I get's down and do my thing like I
supposed to" "Niggas is on attack" "What the fuck was
y'all thinkin'" - Fat Joe 'Find Out'

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