

Jadakiss f/ Sheek Louch, S.I.**"Come and Get Me"**

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[Sheek Louch] Geah, make a move y'all Which part you wan' lose? The clip is loaded, the quatro is on cruise I'm back to work bitch, the clock off snooze I'm tougher than leather nigga I cannot bruise Who wanna try a nigga? Hard to the God, come and butterfly a nigga (hold that!) Ooze on out (uh-huh) Weeks later bitch go and throw your shoes on out I'm that shit that great Mario {?} 'bout Clear this out, blood on the hopscotch floor Shells in the sandbox; niggaz with big glocks Late night, movin that junk, like Redd Foxx Now, you don't want nothin about me (nah) You pussy, nigga come fuck with the alkie Weed smokin, keep the cancer piece on it (yeah!) Call hoes, get pussy whenever I want it (c'mere bitch) Mack daddy (no) pimp daddy (no) Hammer cocked (yeah) let that, go I ain't heard shit in a long long time To even fuck around with either one of my rhymes (Sheek Louch!) Niggaz still livin off the petty-ass crimes The Hossa {?} hater, Lacoste gator Levi's, hundred to the Mr. Chow waiter Whattup street niggaz? Hold heat niggaz FUCK sweet niggaz, you'll get beat niggaz (yeah!) [Chorus: S.I.] Now who out there wanna fuck around with me? You can come and get a fresh buck-50 We got guns, money, liquor, drugs We right here until they come get me (I'm talkin 'bout murder) Now who out there wanna fuck around with me? You can come and get a fresh buck-50 We got guns, money, liquor, drugs We right here until they come get me [Jadakiss] C'mon, yeah, ah-HAH! Nobody, c'mon Yeah, c'mon, yeah, c'mon, yeah, yeah, uhh, yo Yo listen here, you ain't dead if your heart ain't stop Twin 40's, you ain't gotta ask "Are they cocked?" I'm so sharp I could come through and scar they block Late night, red linin in an R.A. drop And I'm only tuckin them until I shoot ya When I pull 'em out that's when I'm fuckin with your future You gon' realize this is nothin that you're used to Get your life taken by a booster, then we gon' hang the noose up It's all over with (yeah) All they found was his Louis scarf with his DNA all over it (mm) Who's choosin and pickin them (who?) Cause I'm sick of them, not followin the curriculum (yeah) It's my shit and I'm evictin them (get out) Whoever feel like

they ain't gotta leave, I'm rippin them Even though the
love's frail the thug's real All you gotta do is just follow
the blood trail Much harder fightin when the battle is
uphill Whatever the knife can't handle the slug will
Keep a good lawyer that's smart work on cases Still
gotta run from the NARCs, they gon' chase us (run) In
case I gotta put some artwork on faces If we leave the
game for God they gon' +Mase+ us My suggestion, is
that you don't even test son Unless you wanna catch a
fresh one [Chorus] [Outro: Sheek Louch] Yeah, yeah,
yeah! Let's go

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