

Barry Gibb**"Gots Like Come On Thru"**

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[ODB]

Yeah yeah (come on)
Ahahahhhahaha
Minds Start to freeze at ease
(ah na Nigga) Its the Wu-Tang Killa Bees
Brooklyn Zu
(yeah) Mad Twos
Coming at your avenue
36 Chambers at a theater Near you
You don't know what can happen
We are gonna take it to a new level in hip-hop

[Chorus - ODB]

Wu gots like come on through, Sooooh is the call for
the Wu
Zu gots like come on through, Sooooooh is the call for
the Zu
If your from the east coast and your down with
Brooklyn Zu
Soooh thats the call for your crew
If your from the west coast and your down with
Brooklyn Zu
Soooh thats the call for your crew

[Buddha Monk]

They call me heatmizer
Blowing my top your not wiser
The lyrical robber
I burn ya ass like Lava
Magma
Plus you can bust my crust
They call me road runner I leave ya ass in the dust
I drink the heat beneath the Earth's core
6 Million and 50 degrees maybe more
Over ground mounds, metallic minerals, enough flesh
Leaving mother fuckers in a mess
Myyyyy crustal plate, you cant separate my colossal
force
BLAST!! your off course
Drying molting rock, I can flow nonstop
Condense with sea water watch me spin like a top

For miles and miles deep
You cant endure the heat
Be the first to run or the last nigga sleep
I sore with the glasses, Thick like molasses
Now I breath exhale the poison gases

[Chorus]

[Drunken Dragon]

Now take this
I hit you with the drunken dragon fist
Got the funk for you mind leaving niggas in bliss
I look deep in your eyes, digging into your soul
Pulling out the inner thoughts, weak minds behold
I know exactly what your thinking
Wait for you to blink and hit you with a rhyme and make
your ego sinking
I send your wack ass back to class, learn something
So you can peep the real shit and you can stop fronting
On your phony block, with your phony glock
And so you slip, when niggas burn the drama they put
text on your lips
Booka Blaww! Son I just about thought of that shit
So you want to be a gansta rapper boy you get the dick
The drunken dragon coming at you
If I hear you say Brooklyn Zu then I say who you!

[Chorus]

[ODB]

Now back the fuck up before I use my gat
Spray two to your neck, and four to your back
Its the hard-core warrior straight from Madena
Look upon my face it shows no ameba
Brooklyn Zu, Killa bees on the swarm
I bee in your area so sound the alarm
Monks in the front, not the fucking trunk
Knocking down niggas, and girls see the lump
Shit is real, yes im hitting hot like spiel
Im coming through your town, so its best that your peel
For real
Yes I get dirty with my skills
No slacks in my thoughts no time for me (cough)
Niggas your crazy I leave no fucking traces
When I leave it on your ass you be desinergrated
Crazy lunatic, with the style thats sick
Somebody in my click is bound to set up it, ya hit
By the strikes shit that I fist, Im just like the devil I dont
play no tricks

[Chorus]

[ODB, Drunken Dragon and Buddha Monk]

Yeah
yeah, yeah
1070 New York Ave
All my niggas on New York Ave
Drunken Dragon
RR keep it real, (DONT FUCK WITH MEEEEEE!!)
Texas yo
We Love ya

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