

## Coheed & Cambria

### "Bring it On"

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Bring it on!

[2Low]

Cover your dome or feel a motherfucking glock  
The rugged child is in the house, I'm letting off shots  
Biggity bagm biggity bang, hit the motherfucking deck  
I'm down on this track and I'm abouts to get wreck  
I'm coming like a hustler, never coming buster  
Blasting on you hoes screaming "Die motherfucker"  
Never showing mercy cause that shit is for the weak  
I rhyme with my glock and knock a nigga off his feet  
A young nigga, shorts as I figure  
Step up with that bullshit, I'm a greet you with this  
trigger  
Blasting on you hoes and let you know how it feels  
Bucking with the 5th ward will get your motherfucking  
dome peeled  
Motherfucker bring it on

[Seagram]

It's the Seagster, the major leagster  
Bitch deciever, nigga lie and leave her  
Oakland hustler, never been a busta  
Make way for the nine-trey, I'm coming motherfucka  
Straight from the 6-9, the final line village  
Doing more damage than the Exxon spillage  
Uh, coward, and that's that  
I'm known to pack a gat and put heads on flat  
No rehabilitatin, take the nigga out the ghetto  
But you can't take the getto out the nigga  
Ain't nothing changed since the 70's  
I'm hellbound nigga, my life ain't never been heavenly  
Never slippin punk no, a nigga don't lag  
Game tight replace a nigga's Nikes with a toe tag  
His zoom, his ass, his zigga I'm the founder  
Stacking up bodies like Jeffery Dahlmer  
Oh, here comes the flow, watch me as I tip toe  
To a nigga's window, with my M 6-0  
Putting motherfuckers out their misery  
And watching the murders reenacted on Unsolved  
Mysteries

Trick, coward lame pussy ass faggot  
Six feet deep is where you sleep with the worms and  
the maggots  
Nigga's can't harm me, Rap-A-Lot army  
Coming like Desert Storm, you've been warned  
But if you still want some, nigga bring it on

[Too Much Trouble]

Too Much Trouble done sewed up the tracks  
Bitches not playing like they win or get smacked  
By some young niggas that's down to break a bitch  
The Nickel Nut and the Band-Aid Bandit

Yes the Nickel Nut pimping ten different sluts  
You've encountered slavery bitch I don't give a fuck  
That petal turn tricks, a suck a lotta dicks  
And come with my money or they get their ass kicked

Geto got hoes on the stroll making my bank roll  
But ??? bitch, I run with foes  
Cause all about the pen, ain't talking about the pussy  
I'm talking about the paper, so bitch shake your money  
maker

It's the pimp pimp pimpin, you're simp simp simpin  
Your bitch chose me now you're wimp wimp wimpin  
Nigga you was wrong when you reached for your  
chrome  
A slug to your dome, bad news gon beat you home  
You think we was acting about making but you're wrong  
We in a pizzimping and ??? bitches bring it on

Bring it on, huh, bring it on, yeah (Repeat 2x)  
Bring it oooooooooooooon!

[5th Ward Boys]

Bring it on motherfucker, here I come with this damn  
thang  
Boom boom boom, and I'm about to make freedom  
ring  
5th Ward Boys coming hard for the nine tre  
I'm down with them Geto Boys so make my  
motherfucking day

The 5th Ward Boys on the motherfucking set  
Putting a slug off in your chest  
Cause you didn't wear the bulletproof vest  
Nigga ratta tat tat to your temple  
Shit is real simple, busting up domes like a pimple

Jump if you want, nigga, and I'm a half to hunt ya

Murder after murder after goddamn murder  
Yo I'm taking niggas to the promised land  
With little Bushwick, Scarface, and the goddamn ???  
man

??? stupid fuck is fucking it up with Double O, life is  
stuck up  
For the ten flow, so what you wanna do, ho  
Yeah, cause we're checking mo motherfuckers,  
parking mo motherfuckers  
And killing more motherfuckers than any one of you  
motherfuckers

While your ho sleeping let's get it on  
And get your fucking wig split, fool-ass nigga, now  
bring it on

[Odd Squad]

I can't see your ass bitch, so you'd better watch your  
bust or  
Take that from a blind handicapped motherfucker  
Smoking weed and steadily downing that Schlitz Malt  
Liquor  
If you wanna step and get done, cause I'm that nigga

Well it's me that nigga D (Who?)  
That fat square twister, the one who fucked your sister  
I made her pussy blister, got a did in the side of my  
pearl white Lac  
Keep my weed in the front and my brew in the back  
And my heat up under the seat ready to put the lead on  
ya  
So punk motherfuckers try to test me if you wanna

Cause we're smoking that weed, feeling fine  
Got me a 40 and a fat-ass dime (Repeat 2x)

[Ganksta NIP]

A weed-smoking motherfucker, plus I kick doobies  
I'm the one that told that nigga to go insance in that ?  
Loobies?  
Ganksta NIP is fucking your daughter, G  
I wake up every morning screaming "Somebody  
slaughter me!"  
Step in my path, your ass is void  
Cause I'm an aerodynamic, satanic, schitzophrentic  
android  
Your mind ain't deep enough, claws can't keep enough  
Dead bodies complaining we too loud, they can't sleep  
enough  
Attempted murder, I didn't mean to hurt her

I hadn't ate in two years, I just wanted a cheeseburger  
A bulletproof vest won't protect your chest  
A whole body is hard to digest  
Once I flex, count the next  
The hardest I won like the recreation of Malcom X  
So bring it on, I'm ready to slaughter  
Sickness change quick, a 40 of holy water

Bring it on, huh, bring it on, yeah (Repeat 2x)  
Bring it oooooooooooooon!

DMG bring it on

[DMG]

I've been a victim of society  
They got me fucked in this whole shit  
Niggas running up with M11's and some mo shit  
It seems to me they wanna start something  
But I'm a let this motherfucking 9 break em off  
something  
My homie panicked cause he never thought it'd come  
to that  
Miggity Mike serving em soft from these niggas gats  
I guess it's like guerilla warfare  
Now grab your gat and load your clip and go for delf  
until you make it there  
And if you don't then grab your nuts, duke  
Cause that's the only way these niggas living in the 9-  
deuce  
More murder by killing and slaying some shit  
You fake on the two, you find your homie dead in a  
ditch  
Now the fucking water's getting hot  
Homie after homie after homie's getting shot  
And niggas are overlookin the joys of life  
.357 with them hollow point shells in the midnight  
Check it, first I walk up on him like I know him  
Then, I let me conversation start to ho him  
Yo, I never debates the way I handle my business  
Cause niggas always be fucking shit up well it's time to  
handle they  
business  
He's peeping out my missle as I stand straight  
So now it's time to make his ass like a crushed grape  
Come check a nigga gun for his get zound get click  
Yo, you shoulda brought it on

[Lord 3-2]

3-2 comin at ya, comin at ya  
Don't make me pull my shit and have to cap ya  
With my glock, I make it go "pop," it's a 17 shot

So a nigga gon drop, a nigga gon drop  
You heard me roll a fatty  
Now I'm at the window of your cocksucking caddy  
So what you wanna do? It's about that time  
Pop pop pop goes the weasil in my nine  
Uh, where your nuts at nigga? You'd better let em hang  
Cause we can get it on ho, it ain't no thang, uh  
Mo murder mo motherfucking merrier  
Cause I be one of the roughest niggas from the  
hardcore area  
So quit running your mouth, bitch, you know you can't  
fade this  
Rap-A-Lot south shit  
It's the 3 the motherfucking 2  
So bring on your motherfucking crew bitch, we can get  
it on

[Big Mello]

Strapped assassin, ghetto gladiator  
Leaving a path of destruction like the motherfucking  
Terminator  
Lurking the streets of hardcore, stalking like a predator  
17 shots to the chest made his clothes wetter than  
mine  
Cause the nine'll hit your ass everytime  
Got my motherfucking b-mo, going straight for the  
dome  
Wig-splitting nigga with the finger on the trigger  
Sinister, symptoms of a motherfucking killer  
B-I-G to the motherfucking M-E  
Double L O's not a motherfucking ho  
But a cutthroat, smiggity smoking niggas like dope  
Now bitch don't choke, cause the dick's down your  
throat  
Getting my blast on, nigga get your ass on  
Riggy run your ass home cause I'm a bring it on

[Scarface]

It's the return of the motherfucking dreadlock  
Putting fools in headlocks, giving niggas headshots  
You don't wanna fuck with me, I ain't that motherfucka  
I mean that average run-of-the-mill ass nigga  
You hoes better recognize that nigga that you up  
against  
Mista mista Scarface ain't that nigga to be fucking with  
So lay it down niggas, bump it down or feel the  
pressure  
Cause I'm the type of nigga that's known for taking  
drastic measures  
Quick to rip shit and leave a motherfucker twitching  
So niggas make a run once the rifle starts spittin

Round after round after motherfuckin round  
So bitches lay it down, I shut em down I shut em down I  
shut em down  
Screaming for vengance I swear that I meant this  
decended  
Surrender suspended cause niggas I meant it  
Calm like an Islamic brother from the Nation  
Still got the mind of a motherfuckin mental patient  
I got the chrome to my own dome  
But I'm a give you one before I take it home  
motherfucka so, uh

Bring it on, huh, bring it on, yeah (Repeat 3x)  
Bring it oooooooooooooon!

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