

Dj Cammy

"Come On"

Visit "[Come On](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Rock]

Come on (BCC)

Come on (MFC)

Come on (BCC)

Come on (YEAH!)

Aiyyo Rock, Rock, Rock

Everybody say Rock, not Lou from suburbs to PJ's

So watch ya hootchie, groupies get dudes beat up

Or heat is leave the scene and BLAZE to get ya fleece stuck

See me on the streets 'bra, I'll break yo' teeth up and take yo' beeper

Two piece your man and let Big Noc put him in a sleeper

Then see ya, catch me in a club on a wall

Spliff in my hand, big-booty broad winin on my balls

Surrounded my thugs, maybe two or two times ten

Plus the other nine cats, my Rapper Card got in (Your Rapper Card?)

Yeah my Rapper Card, it works in live sessions

Plus barbecues, hoes, clubs, weed spots ecetera

[Buckshot]

Buckshot rock knots wit fists

Niggas stay high while I rock wit this

Mobb on y'all niggas like The Infamous

Too close wit the dillinger, two shots I don't miss

I'm wiggin out while I'm diggin out backs

Run from the gun claps, run three laps

Perhaps, them niggas you sent to carjack

Buckshot got stopped in they tracks wit macs

Now this is what I act like when I smoke on black

Stay high wit the lazy-eye, bomb wit facts

>From the, street Bible or the street Quran

Fake thugs ride the dick when my shit comes on

I'm a nappy little nigga, still goin strong

You can eat a dick while I eat a thong (CLUE!)

But still the bomb

[Tek]

It's the wave-king, rock the two tone Wallees strip-ons

Don't wanna end up miss-on, then play your position
My grimy Brooklyn niggas stay flippin ya chick
While my crew from New Jerus stay vickin ya whips
Tek is the shit, ain't nobody spittin like this
Deep impact steez been like a chromed out six
Wit the AMG kit, Ericsson wit the chip
Y'all stockin-cap copy-cats, get off the dick
I keep the livin quarter held down wit two nines
One in the bed, one in the bathroom at all times
So while I'm takin a shit, I'm at route and plan a hit
The amount we flip depends on what we get
It's like a Wall Street trick, dirty money move quick
My mans wear stones you can tip the scales wit
On they ears and wrists alone for every deaf one's
bone
Look, ain't no tellin how many gats I've thrown

[Rock] (Steele)

Come on (yo for all my dogs gettin wild)
Come on (yo yo for all the shorties on the prowl)
Come on (yo yo for all the soldiers on the streets)
Come on (yo yo it's yo' time to eat)

[Lidu Rock]

Yo the set I claim is the set that bang
To the muthafuckin end, I be doin my thing (YEAH!)
Lidu Rock, know the name in New York we G stackin
First the Bloods and the Crips, now bitches is carjackin
Like my nigga Craig and em say, "Fuck that shit!"
Rockin shines in the 'Ville, you better tuck that shit
Or watch yo' step baby, watch where you walk
I put a slug up in yo' mouth so that ass won't talk
For real son, now we got mad cops on the block
'cause we hold it down for Doc and I keep my heat
cocked
Lidu Rock, what the fuck I know y'all niggas mad at me
So if you rep for yours go 'head take a stab at me,
muthafucker

[Ruck]

You a many style copy-cat, ?bendy mile? stockin cap
Fake nigga from the projects who ain't got a gat
Ruck reign supreme, aim the steam
When the gun click, your ass shit navy beans
Maybe these, niggas ain't ready for the Magnum
Force, the Holocaust, balls I just dragged them
Off lost in the sauce and of course I'm glad them
Monkey niggas don't fuck wit the Ruck 'cause they
fags, son
The last one, to step to Sean P caught a bad one
Quincy toes tagged em after somebody stabbed em

Cornball niggas wit drugs thinkin they weight great
Still bummin money for stoges and a Drakes cake

[Steele]

Get it straight, y'all niggas fuckin wit some
heavyweights
Boot Camp-ion champions on point like paper mates
Demonstrate, spectacular venacular
Smackin ya upside the back of ya head wit a spatula
Snatchin ya, off the street like police
Next week, they find your body washin up on the beach
Don't speak if you ain't at norm (ain't got nuttin to say
fool)
Tally on, be gone, as we rally strong
See me in Brook-lyn where crooks be armed
Territorial disputes leave you in memorial suites
Callin your troops, I shoot straight stay in ya place
We the type you love to hate 'cause we stay in your
face
Sayin our grace before we put our hands in our plates
Carnivorous lyricist, niggas fish like fillet
My mind spray like a murderer's nine spray
The crime way, get mine three-hundred sixty-five day

[DJ Clue]

DJ Clue, The Professional
Part One, you know how we do it
Word up, rest in peace my nigga Donnie Brasco
My nigga B.I.G. word up
And we out, till next time
For all parties Big Skane 800-570-3657
Aight then

Visit [Dj Cammy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.