

## DJ Clue "Coming for You"

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New Beanie Sigel, Freeway  
Don't get scurred  
Fat shout, Beat Street

1, 2, Sigel comin' for you  
3, 4, I'm 'bout to kick in your door  
5, 6, man, I want those bricks  
7, 8, you gon' give up dat weight  
9, 10, I'll put the glock to ya chin  
11, 12, man, I'll see you in hell

I handle tools like hammers and wrenches  
Gats wit metal attachments, how you want it, metal or  
plastic?  
Disrespect your fam, bastard, close your casket  
Then I give 'em a can of hold your ashes

Visions of the killer for we rose a passin'  
True killer, true thug, never show no passion  
Hit your rug, hit your ceiling, if I know if you stashin'  
Wrong, nigga the rug, nigga know who you passin'

Fresh year from rammin' off the zany's fours and perks  
Keep the semi handy, jammin' you for war or work  
Niggas like the border, goin' berserk  
On the roof bangin' dat S.W.A.T., lettin' off shots and  
spurts

Dey tryin' to trap me in the back of the yard  
Man, I'm lettin' every cat fall, hittin' from the cap to the  
Sarge  
Can't see me back in the yard, two wacks back to the  
wall  
Use the two gat stash pack in the wall

Picture Mac liftin' up racks in the yard  
I had a block, shiftin' up, knocking off racks by the yard  
The dope from dem dudes, smokeless confused, shit  
They ain't know if they want a crack or the saw

Switch they life, straight from the pipe to the straw  
Pokin' they vein, what you want, the dope or the cane?

I open the game to sniffin' the D, X to the Z  
Hot shit from B Sig consecutively

1, 2, Freeway's comin' for yo' ass  
3, 4, you better watch yo' stash  
5, 6, have you duckin' from dem clips  
7, 8, fuck it, I can't wait

Y'all niggas crazy think Free won't draw the lev'  
Prefer the nine but I got the four four instead  
I move dimes, who your dime? Get your whore in bed  
Tell that triflin' bitch I want more than head

Free might spark at ya clip, take more than bread  
Guns and bricks while young bulls hug the block  
Dey love the strip, help 'em get chains and watches  
Guns and kicks, freeway, my name is priceless, flow is sick

And remember, if you lie on Free  
Lie in the lake, while your bitch lie on Free  
She ride on the snake and my whip over her key  
We ride in the jakes, empty clips, hop on Amtrak

Out of the state, broody shit, you and yo' man, right  
outta ya case  
Hold dis clip, blow your brain right outta ya face  
Lawyer slick, preliminary, outta the case  
Flow legendary, hotter than Mase

You be Free? Never, where we outta the case  
Roc-A-Fella pop Cris 'til we outta the case  
Form the hood nigga Nikes, Delts and 'Lo Sport  
Hood niggas just like me, get bell and  
[Incomprehensible]

Hood chickens just bite me well and blow squad  
I was 16, twelve thousand wit no job  
And I skipped school, gripped bitches wit no rides  
Been a crack smoked leave bitch wit no thighs

No tits, rob hustlers wit no clips  
No guns, left niggas wit no chips  
And the flow runs like the Mississippi River  
And your hoe comes, ya bitch hear me when I whisper  
Silence all guns hit 'em fo-fo-for dey hit ya  
If we comin' for you than, nigga, we gonna get ya

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DJ Clue, [Incomprehensible]  
The Professional Part 2 niggas, word up  
You know how we do things

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