Dungeon Family "They Comin'..."

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Yeah, here's some shit make ya go Have you ever wondered why the world hates you? Maybe because you is a child of God?

They come

Yeah, your best must be ready because they come
You better hold your straps ready because they come
Your mens better not be spaghetti because they come
You turn your pocket into graffiti yeah, they come
Nigga you ain't ready but they come
You better hold your straps ready because they come
Yeah, they come
Yeah, they come
Now here they come

They say, the sound of revelation takin 'em off while your occupation

Now we all computers puttin' cheques by sharp shooters

You'll cruise one world, one nation, undivided but deliver me from evil

And these crazy people all across the world All out warfare mentally, physically, spiritually, emotionally

Fulfullin', you ain't doin' no killin'

'Cause I ain't scared

I got friends comin' to my house

And I gonna put you on your place

By the grace of God

Because I don't really think you ball that hard

That's what your mouth said

They come

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It's like the whole damn world is caught
Now y'all whole motherfuckers is just rotten
Like the CIA, the IRS, the DEA, the FBI
And whoever else with three letters in their names
You think you quick on the draw puttin' them ten times is mo' better

We got all the superstitions they got all the [Incomprehensible]

You own nothin'

You bought from them we might as well say we just leasin'

Ain't no reason then why the preacher and his false teaching's

Keepin' hot coals over your heads

Yeah, when I looked into your eyes I will see that

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