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Esham "We Cumin' For U"

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(chorus)

I'm coming for you

(verse 1)

I know you wish I was dead form the shit i be makin up Reality's nightmare, dead men don't wake up In and outcha mind, flatline, straight up through the darkness

I'm heartless and regaurdless, the wicketness, i'ma spark dis

Now let me kick the wicket shit that got me paid bitch Triple six, the unholy, back up boy you don't know me I'll slit ya fuckin thoat plus the murder i wrote Daddy will blast for me, wicket catashrophy When I got spliff wrote my name on the wall in grafitti I takes from the rich and I gives to the needy Punks don't know my steelo man I rock up a kilo My undrstanded zero plus i'm no super hero You say you want a revolution, well bitch A young nigga sittin on ammo plus i'm rich The fallen angel strangled sev-er-al N-A-T-A-S got federal

Fuck the radio and public broadcast it Timothy Mcbay need to be wrapped in plastic Shoot you in yo face for my mothafuckin respect Judgement day in my god damn tape deck

(chorus)

I'm coming for you

I'm the wicketest demon ever bless the microphone
As i spit this curse, I watch ya brain burst
It gets worse
Nigga what the fuck you thought
For murder raps, ghost writers never get caught
Can't understand the spell i cast to the mass
I make a young nigga blast if i give 'em the task
I got master sterea in ya area
And in america, i'm bringin the terror
On devils night
I'ma watch ya city burn

(chorus)
I'm coming for you

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