

## Everclear

### "Come On"

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Ugh, ugh, scorpion sting crush  
A.T.U. with DJ EQ

Come on [scratched] "Come on"  
Come on, "Come on" Scorpion sting crush  
Come on, "Come on"  
Butterfly wing dust, scorpion sting crush  
Lion tough, lion rough

COME ON, follow and burrow and bite  
I'ma twirl the line when you cross and my phenomenon  
strikes  
Tomorrow tonight like it's the Armageddon fight  
The bomb in my book, drop it when I'm ready to write  
It truly run through me, like the blood's in my pen  
and the ink's in my veins while I'm thinkin these thangs  
Got my brain overloaded often  
My life gotta change before I go to my coffin  
Not in the game for sortin, we offer the pain of losses  
Hope I ain't the end to pallbear  
Because many are slain, I'm cautious  
I'm tryin to refrain from nightmare  
I'm wakin in cold sweats, I eliminate stress to my own  
best ability  
None of you rappers shiver me timbers  
What if a fashion statement Ab makes em remember  
'Stract Rude with the massive agenda

Come on, "Come on"  
I said come on, "Come on"  
Come on, "Come on" scorpion sting crush  
Come on, "Come on" scorpion sting crush

Shadowbox, hit the punch bag, acceptor  
Won't win battlin, Tribe Unique's got wetter  
Who that sayin the Ab ain't gainin the game  
They're mistakin identity and blasphemy of my name  
Breakin your energy field, lion untamed  
Smartest of the artists, hardest of thugs gettin game  
Like mobbers were marching that Malcolm X-type pain  
Fill out the carcass with heavy blood flow, slain

Gotta rhyme for each kind in your crew  
or any other solo appearance you might do  
Too tight to go against, to the severity of your  
punishment  
reflects the gravity of the offence  
Heavy casualties, my battles be intense (ugh)  
Your lyrical obituary reads that of the events  
that took place, I gave chase, you couldn't save face  
What a disgrace, that's what makes great  
heavyweights

Come on "Come on"  
Come on, "Come on" scorpion sting crush  
Come on "Come on"  
Come on, "Come on" scorpion sting crush

You could train five miles on an exercise bike  
but you couldn't gain my styles, we the flexin em type  
Though I appear docile, I know when to get hype  
You wanna make me hostile on the radio mic  
And when I'm in person it's worst, my no rehearsin,  
free versin  
And it hurts when I let my jagged edged words  
disperse  
You won't get a word in edge, why? Cos I served ya  
first  
You can second guess and live to rhyme, what's your  
purpose on Earth?  
Well I write in cursive and print, and jot down in my pad  
Toss out your turf in the war, til you throw out the white  
flag  
Surrender contender, when I chop your lumbar say  
"Timber!"  
And I got your number, 17th of November, I take you  
under  
My inner eye, a thunder remembers like elephants  
with big trunks and big tusks, big topics to discuss  
Butterfly wing dust, scorpion sting crush  
Lion tough, lion rough, alright  
Mass Men, A.T.U. with DJ EQ

"Come on" Come on  
"Come on" I said come on  
"Come on" I said come on, scorpion sting crush

Scorpion sting crush  
Come on! Scorpion sting crush  
A.T.U. with DJ EQ  
Sound, right, reasoning  
Yeah

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