

Abstract Rude "Come On"

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

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

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.