

## **Boss**

# **"Comin' to Getcha"**

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The Boss, you suckers

I'm comin' to getcha

(Yeah)

Tonight when you sleep creepin' steady but quick

I'm here to tell 'em that B ain't no petty bitch

You run up, you're gettin' stuck what was goin' through  
your mind

When you thought over Boss, you could ever fuck?

(You could ever fuck)

So nut up, whassup is I'ma drop fat gun blast

In the gash in that ass if I find 'em I got 'em

Takin' cover from the killin' and body bags is

The only motherfuckin' thang I'm fillin'

(Yea)

The spunk villain kill forty ounce by the neck

And it's kept on a ninety degree tilt

For me and my, diggy D O G's, doin' dirt with ease

Shoulda got with that, niggaz can't fuck wit deez

(Can't fuck wit deez)

Bitches straight pimpin' ain't no simps, and so the  
gang ain't simpin'

It's a bitch thang and step to this one how I figure

From six feet deep you push daisies nd that ain't no  
maybe, nigga

So step in my set and get yo' ass fucked up

When I hitcha

(How you comin'?)

I'm comin' to getcha

Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha

Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha

Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha

Yo, she's comin' to get ya

Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha

Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha

Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha

Yo, she's comin' to get ya, kick it

There they go down the block, got the glock cocked  
Here we come straight rollin' in from the streets  
Of the boondocks, lettin' mo' than just a little go  
Gunnin' punks down then bailin' back to the vehicle

Then that's when heads start swellin', you ain't been  
told  
Somebody better fuckin' tell 'em 'bout the  
motherfuckin' misfits  
Out on that other shit, goin' all out and doin' much dirt  
on the killin' tip  
(Much dirt)  
So save the rest for the next nigga

I was born to start trouble so they labelled me a  
gravedigger  
And if the five-oh step, that's when I blast another  
Twenty question askin' punk cop motherfucker  
(Yeah)  
Don't make your move before you think

And fuck the judge, the jury and the goddamn precinct  
So you can see the total picture  
Watch your back 'cause the fact is that  
Boss is like comin' to get

Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha  
Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha  
Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha  
Yo, she's comin' to get ya

Now check one two, E caught the flu  
Funky with the style, some say I'm buckwild  
But step off and check out the Boss  
You suckers and crab motherfuckers  
(Yo, she's comin' to getcha)

See, most bitches don't fit  
In the category of a criminal gettin' paid  
(Yeah)  
Where comin' up is mandatory  
Where nothing's fallin' but the motherfuckin' rain

And nothing's changed but the weather  
'Cause life in the ghetto still ain't gettin' no better  
I'm takin' a knot fo' a knot, throwin' heavy hits  
Then you wonder why it's yo' ass that I'm comin' to get

'Cause what I got I simply took a crook that takes it to  
the limit

Life's already a bitch, without me in it  
I commence to make dollars and sense, pump lead  
Only evidence, another ditch another nigga dead

If you a homie cap peeled if you play homies  
Never stay homies long anyway, fuck it  
See some be throwin' for bullshit  
That must mean on some night

I'll take yo' ass out with just one shot  
So when you duck from the bullets I won't give a fuck  
You shoulda died before they hitcha  
I'm comin' to getcha

Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha  
Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha  
Runnin' and runnin' and gunnin' and comin' to getcha  
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