

Funkmaster Flex "Come Over"

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Yo, whattup, baby girl, fuck is the deal?
Nah, you know what I'm sayin', I'm on my way fo' sho'
Nah, well, Kejuan and Murph, they with me already
And you know Leezy on his way

We gonna be out there in a minute
But what's goin' on with you though? 'Cause I hope you
ain't frontin'
'Cause it's too late at night for that ya know?
Nah, no doubt though, aight?

(Here we come)
Here we come now, girl
(All over you)
Baby girl, uhh, uhh

You know, I spend hot shit when need be
Only nigga that can take a still picture in 3-D
(What?)
If need be I'm leavin' the party with Cindy
(Who is that?)
Cocky, bow legged, long hair and Fendi

That ain't nuttin', how 'bout her twin sister, Mindy?
I spit game like that, I get brains like that
Butter-soft leather seats, it came like that
If sex was football, I'd be a running back

I can only get low and I never fumble
Make ya throw ya hands up when I break in the zone
So if it's on it's on, shit, I'm takin' you home
I got my own dog house, own thrown, own bone

She like my bizza, my bad, lil' dawg
You Lunatics, and that's what I be sayin' 'bout y'all
Hell, not an M.D. but I'm always on call
And I got a stick for ya, guaranteed not to stall, so

(Here we come)
Here we come now, girl
(All over you)
Baby girl, uhh uhh, 'cause we be

Vokal'd down from the sky to the ground
Sippin' Alize, steady, puffin' on a pound
Hollerin' whoa now, slow down, switch it up
Mami, don't frown, go down, heat it up, hey
(Here we come)

Full countdown, from the sky to the ground
Sippin' Alize, steady, puffin' on a pound
(All over you)
Hollerin' whoa now, slow down, switch it up
Mami, don't frown, go down, heat it up

I'm like a New Edition, y'all not Ronnie Bobby and Mike
Not even Ricky Ralph or Johnny, instead it rain tonight
Is this the end? Damn right, I turn out like Ike
Until Vanessa Del Rio like over Bryan McKnight

Said, oh, no, babydoll, kissin' me as she goin' down low
Peepin' that demo, oh, I can tell that you a pro
Swore up and down, you never did this before
Whatever, just go slow

Hated by all types, baby fathers and dykes
The type they ready to fight 'cause I'm the one they
women like
He think he tight, he think he got more game then
Spike Lee
Running through his veins like an IV : High Speed

Tightest nigga for five G's of AI D
Better catch me now while my price is low
Demandin' five digits when the Lunatics blow
Another zero for a show, just to let you niggaz know,
now what?

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(All over you)
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You see me and my niggaz only come out on the weekends

'Cause the weekdays too busy creepin'
Freakin' wit' yo' rat, now picture that
When she with you she not speakin', but she weaken

Lettin' me know that she really been thinkin'
About a nigga even when I'm not wit' her
(Ooh)
I'm frosty all year while you only in the winter
My pockets gettin' fatter, your pockets gettin' thinner

I ain't baptized so you callin' me a sinner
Overpaid, 29, callin' me a young tenor
Nelly, stop, don't leave, don't stop when I'm in her
SherReady for whatever and I ain't even bought her dinner

I started the game on the bench with splinters
(Uhh)
Beggin' your coach, let you play for a minute
The last seconds of the game you still waitin' to enter
I ain't gotta hear the buzzer, boy, I know who the winner, come on

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(All over you)
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