

Paul Anka

"How We Comin'"

Visit "[How We Comin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mystikal]

Can't you smell them bodies gettin fried [I'm comin'!]
Ooooooh, you ain't never lied [How we comin'!]
Somebody said we comin' hella high [How we comin'!]
Ooooooh, you ain't never lied [I'm comin'!]

[Black C]

Check the flows we deliver
Makin' the hardest rapper shiver
When a killa touch the mic
I'm givin him blows to the brain like Mike
And despite them old faulty fake playas who try to
cross me
Smell of coffee, cuz it's burnin
I'm gettin that money like Mike Vernon
While ya learnin', we teachin', ya reapin' what yo sew
See the whole load is gettin' heavy
Now ya ready to pull a lick
I'm pullin' a switch
Pullin' yo black mask down
I puttin' my ghetto mash down so now
You know that dog in me
Maybe that hog in me
Got me runnin around town wit no love an actin'
thuggishly
But ruggidly I'm comin'
My homie Ric Roc made the drop, now I'm dumpin'
I'm dumpin'

[Big Lurch]

Steady comin', I'm pumpin'
Brain waves wit no assumptions
I'm ready to ruin' somethin'
If you want it, come get it I'm bumpin' ya wig
Get split quick, bust a quick lick, you don't understand
I'm not yo average man
Matter fact I buck like [?]
Instead of leavin' you shell struck
And I'm dumpin' you wit no reprecussions
No discussions, just bustin' for 9 millimeters
disperssin'

And the worse you been cursed with a hearse
Watchin' all your extersions
Lay down to your knees and your worryin'
They got evaporatin' for purgerin' an disturbin' 'em
Hit my nerve and then
We skeet swervin'
back to the hood to get a lil bit mo pervin'

[Mystikal]

I'm one of the fresh mutha fuckas tattooed for the
murderin'
And ain't nobody have to go and bury him

[Big Lurch]

I'm walkin' down the street wit a strap up
Got my loons
I'm not to be played in this game
Brotha I'm hurtin' 'em
I'm hurtin' 'em

[Chorus]

[Hitman]

Now who them cowards who's always frontin'
Like talk behind our back
Scared to confront the strap, we can let it all react
Or we can take 10 spaces back and watch your brains
collapse
Or we can handle this like gentlemen and just scrap
Try to cross me like longitude-latitude
I show no gratitude to another busta wit a attitude
I gets to taggin' fools
Hit roofs like Rictor Rooter
You get dumped calls
Cuz I make house calls like Roto-Rooter
Thay be ridin' jack like a scooter
Maybe cuz we swerve
Mess around wit these broads on the curb
While I get the bullets reserved
The nerve
Somebody's always tryin to tell me what my title bout
Get served
It don't take like rocket scientist to figure this out
When I emerge
I'm on like National Geographics when I have this
My clicks got graphics like Sega Saturn which is only
like 32-bits
Blow you to bits
These pieces is bad for your health
So put a quarter in yo ass, cuz you played your self

[Mystikal]

Nasty vomit, mildew, rotten I'm the violentest
I make the most advanced hightech state of the art
rapper sound childish
No matter how hard you try
You can't come no where round us
Even if you scream at the top of your lungs [AHHH!]
I'm a still be the loudest
HAAAAAAAAAAA!

Wildest

Hand full of niggaz ain't gonna get hurt
Rest of y'all niggaz gettin dimolished
Red peppers and hot tamales
It's the nigga that's gonna be tighter than grip plyers
Cussin like Richard Pryor
I came down here fixin' to bust yo head
Don't try an sleep on me nigga
You gonna have nightmares bout what I said
Mouths get busted
Ooh you know you gonna get rushed
Nigga put it together, wiped out and brushed up
Comin' from the bottom of sound elevation to the
occassion
This ain't no fuckin' past time
BITCH THIS AN OCCUPATION!
So fool what you talkin' bout, where my money?
Or wit my fist down yo mutha fuckin' throat.... HOW I BE
COMIN'!

[Chorus]

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