

## **Popa Wu**

# **"Come One, Come All"**

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[intro]

Yeah yeah (yo)

Turn my mic up, one two

East coast gangsters (straight brooklyn right here)

(east coast gangster, east coast gangster)

Come to let ya niggas know

One time and one time only

We ain't playin

[shacronz]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Stay charm, livin, everybody wanna know cons position

I'm in the strong condition, plus there's no competition

Pop dons, twistin up, arm glisten

Rza truck, lean dudes in the hallway, sittin, spittin up

Don't think about gettin up, this world ain't forgettin us

On the streets, we crizzin cuts, too late me missed the bus

So I hop in the train, poppin them things

Shootin stupid, hittin every cop in my lane

Hip hop is my game, my job, my hustle

Had to rob and scuffle, when the projects, the God struggle

In the public, you know for thuggin crew

Little rugged dude, comin thru

Like the man in front of you, you can't do nuthin dude

Who is he? catch me in a pair of shoes, pissy

Seen more grands than you, lizzy, when it comes to crime

Ain't nuthin, my first guns a nine

Summertime, frontin on the block, we get ones with nine

Who's wild? new style, some say I'm too foul

Ya rap dudes is curtail, sit back and watch my loot pal

Slot time eliminatin, ya rhymes a criminatin

Shine innovatin, two dimes in rotation, mind insinuation

God, ya dudes is weak, sometimes I be losin sleep

To write that shit, that make ya move ya feet

My fuse is deep, on tape ain't confuse my speech

Lock me up, behind bars, 'cause I refuse to speak

[chorus 2x: shacronz]

Come one, come all, if you wanna ball  
All weak niggas on the floor  
We can take it to the courts, guns involved, my sons  
involved  
Can't fuck with it, if there's no ones involved

[freemurder]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo  
I squeeze heaters, take you out of here on some  
I don't need ya, swiss cheese ya  
Keep you runnin like cheetahs  
Squeeze 16's, thru they 9 millimeters  
Ram came back, short stop like two re-ups  
Get money, fuck squeezers, send my dogs to get out  
ya  
With sweepers, lil' free a sneak ya  
Splash ya, put 3 strikes on ya like adidas  
Ya causin blood on my sneakers  
Squeeze with ease, shot sound like four speakers  
Affiliated with streetsweapers  
That's why they get sprayed in the night with red  
beamers  
Get laid in broad daylight, ya fools don't want it  
Click all you, run up on you  
Rob pools, on they floor, jewels, gun on you  
Grimy when I want to, no tellin what I'm gon do  
What ya niggas wanna do? throw shots at ya mom too  
Can't beat me, call me, ya faggots disappoint me  
Throwin shots at ya head, back frontin for me  
Shootin for my block away, I'm blazin a ack  
Ya niggas quick to but ya glock away  
Ya niggas can't rock with me, ya niggas ain't stoppin  
me  
Most bitches be clockin me  
Can't bag one bitch with the other chick clockin me

[chorus 2x]

[shacronz]

I burn the enterprise, with recognitiative  
We don't surrender to faggots  
You got to shoot me to try to injure my status  
The things you do, make a lot of these contenders the  
maddest  
But not me I visit cabbage, make ya render the karat  
This in the average of 8 shells, cape swells  
On these streets peak with my tape sells  
Look how we creep in eight wale  
Hoes in barrettes, scheme boatin on the coast of java  
Bloods loke, bust guns for dada  
I'm defensive, a lineman like "mean" joe green

Sell no dreams, hold the fort in my polo jeans  
Blow cream, blow steam, I make hoes scream  
In front of the stage, I watch the hoes fiend  
I want the bread, fuck the law  
Hustle with guns, gotta cut the raw  
The devil my one, pedal touchin the four  
Dudes fumble when I come, my metals bustin for war  
We never settle the score, devils watchin ya door,  
what?

[chorus to fade]

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