

Soulja Slim "What You Came Fo"

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F/ 12 O'Klock, Trenchy

[chorus] 2x

You gone get what the fuck you came fo
I got that shit you wanna bust my brains fo
It could be this nigga, that, niggat this, nigga that
But you gone get what the fuck you came fo

[Soulja Slim]

Yeah I'm comin 'round ya'll muthafuckin set, wit my
gun in my hand
Not to kill ya, just to get it off my chest like a man
I use ta, fuck wit cha, now I gives a fuck about ya
Tryna jack a jacker?, bitch I'll blow ya mama house up
You know how we do, them 3rd ward nigga
Don't fuck wit Soulja Slim, I gotta grave yard nigga
They say ya'll niggas gettin beside yourself
Ya playin wit cha life gone jeprodize ya'self
I'ma natural born, hustla hitta, go getta, 6 Co' fa
Sho nigga, whoa nigga, you aint sayin nothin
I'm sprayin somethin, I'm willin to die behind mine
My AK pump the party, that's my Partners n Crime
If you only knew, what goes on in my mind
I see murder, and do murder, fuck it, I'm "Trapped in
Crime"
It's kinda hard for me, to walk a straight line
I'd rather give a nigga somethin 'fore I let em take
mine

[chorus]

[Trenchy]

I heard these niggas wanna murder me, bury me, carry
me, back to the grave
Was first, bein in a hearse, or bein in a cell block
packed wit the slaves
Get smacked in the face, tried to see my body stacked
in the case
A lack of the trace, I don't never get out tracked in a
race
Cause I'm that nigga that learned to respect the game
that my ho's gave me

And aint no need of me livin for God cause I know
heaven can't take me
And the devil can't make me, Not prison or them bullets
can break me
I done went from leg wounds to the head wounds, what
you been thru lately?
I tried to be down to earth but it's like I'm slowly fallin
off it
I'm by the bridge awaitin hell, but I'm ready to walk
across it
Let-a-nigga-chalk-it, let it come and find the human
target
Cause nigga I married the game and we left 4 blood
stains at the Paupet
And I'm still lost to the world, but if you wants it come
and get me
But I aint that nigga to be sittin around thinkin bout
what you did me
This nigga done bent me, this bitch gone fell me all in
his kidney
Bitch I'ma soulja for life and I'm too real for you to sell
or rent me

[chorus]

[12 O'Klock]

Papa was a rollin stone, had a hat filled wit dice
Taught me "Son get yo own, give no ho your life"
Thru struggle, there's progress, I'ma livin testimony
I went to Range Rovers and writin checks, when I
Started out as a junkey, Fuck Love!
I don't trust love, I don't need love in this picture
Cause the one you choose to love, no doubt, will be the
one to get cha
Actin off of impulse, is a weakness fools keep (damn
fools)
Thinkin wit the index finger, gets many put to sleep
What goes around comes around, I don't believe that
friend
Cause if you let me get you now, I'm bound to strike
again
How you live is how you die, that's words of the good
book
But I was born into this sin, So I guess I'ma die a crook
A man that stands for nothin, falls for anything, and
A man that stands for somethin, calls for many things
Me, I'm like Clint Eastwood, wanna Fist Full of Dollars
Fuck the bitches, fuck the fame, just give me the power

[chorus] until end

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