

McLaren Malcolm

"Comin' After You"

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In case you didn't know my flows grows for sure
I'm makin sure you niggaz don't try me no mo'
Weak shit you talkin and I'm surprised that shits sellin
Do-for-self niggaz full of felon's who the fuck you tellin
Braggin bout money where that shit be at
After videos all that shit we never see that
Bitches with big asses blunts and big cars
Shot callin niggaz pissy drunk in them tittie bars
Ren assassinatin all of these
Wack ass rappin niggaz that say they selling keys
And pimpin hoes and smokin a million blunts a day
Shooting a hundred niggaz and saying he walked away
without a scratch
Some Rambo shit inside they head
Livin with yo' mama talkin bout a hundred grand
Nigga please, who the fuck you think you talkin to
Real niggaz comin after you, we after you

[Chorus 2x]

Fake ass ballers who we talkin to
(We comin) lyin on records bout what you do
(We comin) the shit y'all doin is played out and through
(We comin) you come we that shit we come after you

It's the Don Daddy with the villian, who you killin
Oh we hate em, come to bate em, with this cap peelin
Top billin, make a million
Paparazzi chase us through the tunnel when the mast
are ridin
Now they got me on hard copy didn't have to shoot
Versace
Yet you still wanna watch me
Motherfuckers wait they whole fuckin life and a day
Hopin that we can reunite NWA
All purpose, try to serve us, gettin nervous, mo'
murders
Shit can just turn into the service
Standin over the carcass
You look like the kind of nigga that'd press charges
We the largest we the biggest, we the niggaz
With the attitudes the longitudes the latitudes

Have some gratitude
To the niggaz that started this shit
Been around forever bitch we smart at this shit

Chorus

I make the planet groove nigga mo' than BET
Yo bitch tied up phoning home like ET
So kick in that fifty grand
Before you find body parts nigga in Japan
I'm mothefuckin lyricist nigga top clout
I'm makin hits what yo bitch ass talkin bout
That same old shoot em out I'm smokin fifty blunts
That's why yo shit ain't comin out for like fifty months
Ain't nobody tryin to hear you nigga outdated
Yo wak ass quit tellin niggaz that you made it
I'm never faded like a ghost, villain dissappear
Buy some shit to resurrect my dick the next year
Ninety eight ninety nine to the earthquake
How much garbage these mothefuckers gonna make
You better shake, fuck that here I come strong
Best believe Ren will rock the shit all night long

[Chorus 2x]

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