

Timbaland Feat. 50 Cent & Tony Yayo "Come And Get Me"

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Yeah, yeah
It's Tim-Unit nigga, yeah
You know I like how I sound on that nigga

Nigga, your time is up, I ain't come to catch you
I knew you niggas was dumb but how dumb is you
Thinkin' you could see the king when you unofficial
You don't wanna go to war 'cause I launch these
missiles

I'm a "Ride or Die Nigga", I be tearin' shit up
We ain't like them other crews, so don't preparin' to us
All the hoes love a nigga that be backin' it up
But me, I love money, I be stackin' it up

From my band wagon puller, they hop on board
They hop right on mine, they hop right off yours
I get respect homie all across the board
I get to call a "Milla" track without an award

Ever wanna test a nigga, then come see me
In the street, I hold my ground like on concrete
I know shit ain't sweet, so the shit get deep
I'm rich, I can pay to have you six feet deep, nigga

I give it to whoever want it
If you want it come see me
You know where I'm at if you want it
If you want it come get me

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Nigga, you violate, I regulate rata tat tat
Bigger shields to fit in that banana clip jack
Run in the bulls eye, form on your back
Hard to miss with a full clip in the Mac

I got Ammo! Ammo! Eye low, reload!
Caught a nigga quick, yeah, my knife can't leave it

Tough guy shit, nigga that's what I see through
You like a three course meal, motherfucker I eat you

You fool and I'm in the mood
So fun I let the hammer fly
Nigga you could duck, run for cover or die
Your choice, you choose, I pop, you move, evacuate
shot

You been shot, nigga, your blood on the street
You rough shit's creek, you can hardly speak
You startin' to get weak, your eyes close your life,
flash!
Your heart's slow, your heart stop your ass, then you
fuck it!

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I'm like Nicolas Cage, yeah, it's the Ghost Rider
P89, yeah, I like my toast lighter
Costa Rica to Brazil, I got my hoes in the Lear
While your bitch ball headed like Britney Spears

I'm in the projects, gettin' dope and piff money
Two more flips that's in and a cold Smith money
Fuck a G 4 I'm in a G 500
G 450, G 550

That's airplane talk, I'm the aviator man
Baby ate lawsuits, your baby out your hand
Spaghetti and cold brown mixed got me blunted
This whole talk about she know, fuck on a empty
stomach

Buy out the mall and hugged the block
A hundred "Dall" wood green and a phantom drop
Then I cruise in the club, got my rube in the club
Pay a belt and buck, now I ouze in the club, yeah nigga

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