

Young Joc

"Hear Me Coming"

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[Chorus x2]

All the hoes lose they mind when they see me stunting
Dope Boys lose they mind when they hear me coming
All the haters get to running when they hear that
choppa drumming, Blillluuupp, blillluup bumping

[Yung Joc]

Y'all ready know, ya ain't even gotta wonder
I was voted number one rapper to drop this summer
A one hit wonder, how the hell ya figure that?
My rhymes like crack, fiends screaming, "Gimmie
that!"
I'm being like a monkey, and that '73 dope
Need a desert eagle, reefer smelling like a skunk
Got a bitch named Judy, with a real big booty
Blue star keep a nigga riding cuji
If it's a problem, I suggest you let it go
Got some killas over there, more hellan than the lord
I beat the block up
You can hear me when I'm coming
If it's a problem then the choppers start drumming,
drumming

[Chorus x2]

My niggas flip birds
Your niggas flip burgers
My niggas got work
Your niggas just workers
My niggas, we get heard
Your niggas is unheard of
My niggas murder
Your niggas get murdered
My niggas win niggas
Your niggas get drenched
My niggas play the field
Your niggas ride bench
My niggas is quarterbacks
Your niggas just receive
With a single flinch boy, your niggas retreat
My niggas take the coke and they let the shit cook

Your niggas experiment with dope and get hooked
Now ain't that something, let the story get told
As the plot thickens and the script unfolds

[Chorus x2]

I get back around three
We can do it more again
Message to them hater middle finger to the wind
Let my chain swang, with a limp in my walk
Baby hush ya mouth, respect a pimp when he talk
Everybody know that I do it for the hood
Help feed the hungry, now my homies all good
Word on the street, Joc got the heat
Suede on the seat, 28's on the feet
Two bottle of Crys, baby go on spend money
When ya add it up now I'm drinking red money
My wrist gone froze
Make em jump out of they clothes
Go ahead drink tonight, 'cause tomorrow you gotta go

[Chorus x2]

Ha ha ha, nigga
Rookie of the year, play ya position nigga, ya'll fuck
boys stop ya husstling, ya'll niggas know how we do it.
Ya'll know what it is.
All the way from the motherfucking west side to the
south side nigga.
ML king, Fabora, Four-five, the whole Four block, Three-
twenty.
What's up Koolaide? Yeeaahh.
Rest in peace my nigga Steve, Chris Terry, Lil' Mike,
Black Horace, we gonna take it to the motherfucking
south side nigga.
College Park! Ya know what I'm talking about. Born and
raised, Shady P nigga. What it is. I see ya out
there Tony V. Carl Moe, what up nigga? Fresh stat from
college park. I see ya nigga. Ain't nothing but
love, ya'll know how we do it. Yung Joc! Block
entertainment. Bitch! Shorty Slick, where ya at? Ya up
next nigga. And I'm outta here.

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