8Ball & MJG f/ Bun B, Jazze Pha, Slim Thug "The Real Comin' Down"

Visit "The Real Comin' Down" on MotoLyrics.com

(Jazze Pha)

Ladies and gentlemen! (Gentlemen, gentlemen)

Baad Boy

This is the moment you've all been waitin' for

Sho' nuff, sho' nuff

A Jazze Phizzle produc-shizzle

Eightball and MJG!

Bun B, Slim Thug, let's go

(Hook, Slim Thug)

Ridin' and swervin'

(Jazze Pha)

Ladies and gentleman!

(Bun B)

Comin' down

Comin' down, comin' down

(Verse 1, Eighball)

I make the money, money don't make me

South-side, til' I die, poetry, Ol' G

Lookin' good, in my big black S-U-V

Fat boy wit' the brains, be wit' MJG

Full of sticky green, I'm a fiend for the 'Dro

Got dough, young pimpin', just a slow flow pro

Lean in the paint, on my old school beamin'

Pop the trunk quick nigga, gimme one reason

Ice on my wrist, got my ho arm freezin'

My neck stay froze, it don't matter what the season

Eightball, fat boy, call it how ya see it Pimp, gutter, young nigga, in a quarter-million dollar whip

(Hook, Slim Thug) Ridin' and swervin' (Jazze Pha) Ladies and gentleman! (Bun B) Comin' down Comin' down, comin' down Comin' down Comin' down, comin' down Comin' down Comin' down, comin' down Comin' down Comin' down, comin' down

(Verse 2, MJG)

Rollin' through the city wit' the top let back, I
Hit the trunk button, make it pop like that, I'm
M-J fuckin' G, I'm not a coward or a snitch, it's
Too many niggas out here illegitamite
I'm ridin' and I'm leanin', get my swerve on good
But I'm, seein' more haters than a third eye could
It's a must, I be keepin' the 4-5 right here, why?
It's the only thing that you boys might fear
Baby girl, how do you really make it shake like that?
How can, you be so thick, and have a waste like that?
It's important to keep it so gritty-gritty, I know
You can, smile in my face and then steal my dough
But I'm

(Hook, Slim Thug)
Ridin' and swervin'
(Jazze Pha)
Ladies and gentleman!

(Bun B)

Comin' down

Comin' down, comin' down

(Verse 3, Bun B)

I'm in a big-body slab, wit' the rear chopped off (Off) Sittin' on butter leather, that's tear-drop soft (Soft) Interior stitched and tucked, like ya grandmas quilt And my cup of syrup ain't half empty, it's half filled Gotta Cigarillo full of that lavender 'Dro ('Dro) Everyday's a holiday, on my calendar, ho (Ho) Put the ice around my neck, and I start up the light show

And proceed to takin' over, you cut with the white snow This one here is for my ballers and my true street thugs My real trap-or-die niggas, movin' street drugs Keep ya grip on ya motherfuckin' strap on tight So soon as you see a hater, you can clap on site It's the king of the trill, and the underground too Step in the ring bitch, you won't make it to round two Eightball, Iil' JG, and U-G-K

Showin' ya how to ride and swerve, the true G way We comin' down

(Hook, Slim Thug)

Ridin' and swervin'

(Jazze Pha)

Ladies and gentleman!

(Bun B)

Comin' down

Comin' down, comin' down (Whoa)

Comin' down

Comin' down, comin' down (Whoa)

Comin' down

Comin' down, comin' down (Whoa)

Comin' down

Comin' down, comin' down (Whoa, whoa)

Visit <u>8Ball & MJG f/ Bun B, Jazze Pha, Slim Thug</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.