

Brandy F/ Fat Joe, Big Pun, % Rodney Jerkins

"Going Right at 'Em"

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Noyd:

I'm coming right at 'em, dun. Come on!

You see these monkey-see-monkey-do's only holding
22's
They're bucking nothing, letting nothing die
You see I roll for dolo, I don't need a crew
I pack up by the gun or two
Believe me and I'm letting stuff fly
And I don't give a fuck about the law
Because I've been here before
I've been locked in, boxed in, adolescence at war
I've been locked up, shot up, niggas calling the cops up
I make these niggas shit in their draws. I seen it all
Let's move on to the scale, the soda and fishscale
We be making crack like this
Let's forget about hell, nigga, them jails, them god-
damned snitches
They're going to make me clap the bitch
You see I'm all over the beat
You know I'm all up in the street
My niggas and bitches, bang to this
Check it, if it don't shine
Believe me homies, I pack some nines
I'm going to bang til I empty my clip
You know my style, kid

Noyd in Chorus:

With my timbs on my feet and the gat on my back
When I'm strapping, you know I'm grinding, nigga
You have to see me with nines, if you want to stop mine
I be two steps ahead and you be one shot from dying
I don't run from feds for the bread I'm frying
The chicks say they love me, but I know they're lying
The closest thing to me only be my iron
And I ain't lying

PMD:

I've been doing this rap thing for years, ain't a damn
thing changed
Still on the block with my dogs, kicking the slang

Kool and the Gang don't sound like E and King
Since it's my thing, street cats respect my name
Got the perfect game when it comes to this hiphop
game
Crack your frame, leave your whole shit in flames
I'm like the gator in the Florida swamp, you losers no
comp
You know the track record, mess around and get
stomped
From "The Headbanger" to "You've Gots To Chill"
I stacked and built, packed and filled
So why these cats be acting ill?
Across the planet, my walls are granite
Slow down, partner, the beat is never lost or stranded
I can rap for centuries, spit with the first infantry
[] in the back, I take the jet and keep the Bentley
Don't tempt P, I squeeze until my whole clip's empty
[Still say I was sent when it's empty]

Chorus

Noyd:

Ain't nothing changed, me and only me got my back
With no gang, I maintain with a baby Mac
This game got these niggas thinking they're hard when
they ain't
Like they're God and won't catch ache in broad day.
These niggas soft
You know they've got sugar in their tank, man, get lost
Before you catch it right across your face
You got "thug" pumping through your hearts and veins
Till my slugs come busting through your window panes
Then they flip, you know they turn and they snitch
Nobody in the hood seemed to heard of them since
Listen, dun, you don't want it, you don't want to feel the
Tec
I'm coming squeezing, leave you bleeding
Y'all niggas know the rest

Chorus

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