

Tef

"Comin' At Cha"

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[Intro]

Uh

Yeah!

Primo

Big money cow

My man Pos

M.O.P.

First Family

Ya know I'm go

Street shit

Yo!

[Verse 1]

Open your eyes bitch,

The hardest thing to accomplish is convincing the
world I didn't exist

(HOLY SHIT!) Drama, blazing a 4.5 blama raised to
uphold my honor

Who don't respect me?

Death be the b-k black Joe Pesci

Words to 3 ways to dead beat

Niggas got beef, to break some

I convert the whole concrete jungle in a animal
kingdom

Shit the way I figure it

You only being called a Ruff Ryder

Cause you'll be all over motherfuckers dick

You motherfucking coward

You ain't got siss enough to realize the niggas I Browns
with

Blow holes in your houses

Go ahead and put ya foot in ya mouth

Shit gets down and dirty I starts shitting niggas with
hoods in ya house

And I'ma be the last man standing on the block poppin
of a mad-ass cannon

Bitch we on the planet

[Chorus: scratched]

(We comin' at cha)

(Killing 'em dead)

(Whatever the cause of this)
(I bring the pain)
(We comin' at cha)
(Killing 'em dead)
(Whatever the cause of this)

[Verse 2]

I got a good mind to smack you
Back you down and clap you
For real my skills the steel is factual
I could do drop, duck and roll
But when I hop pop a lot cock buck and blow you got
bust into
God damn you
I ain't got enough money to hire hitmen
So I do my shit manual
I'm a hands-on nigga who don't mind gettin' my hands
dirty
It's hard work, but my squad is worthy
And when we get it we gonna keep it
In this game we the best kept secret
And double niggas is the only niggas teph creep with
You know how thugs do
We block the block tryin avoid the avoid the cop
Packin mags with muzzle
And it really ain't a problem
To let niggas get richer than we rob 'em
And put 'em in a obituary column
We real thugs with dangerous minds
And a track record a mile long
Fuck committing a-hideous crime

[Chorus: scratched x2]

[Verse 3]

See I'm one of them heistmen
In a car poppin mob-deep guns under the carseat
Driving without a lisenche
Fucking with hoodrats
Niggas send me out of bounds somewhere uptown
And wonder where the rest of my wolves at?
Whoever I roam with, whether I'm alone shit
Just know I'm Brownsville bound whenever I get home-
sick
Whether alone or we creeped together
We keep peeped tucked under the lever
But to hold the streets forever!
See I was hand picked
The drawn steel would lock everything from the saw-
mill to fair wind
Motherfucker it's a raw deal

New York is up for grant y'all I bust ya last nut off
And ya about to get ya power shut off
When the clock strikes 12
I'm a pop like 12
And the niggas on ya block might tell that they see ya
Little nigga running down the street
Dumpin the 3 time 3 millimeter
Holler and freeing me out

[Chorus: scratched x2]

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