

DMX F/ Sean Paul, Mr Vegas "Coming 2 America"

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The royal penis is clean your highness
Thank you, king shit

-- Yeah motherfuckers! Welcome to the United States
of America.
Time to roll out the red carpet on y'all bitch asses.
Hailin from the filthy, dirty South, where the Kings lay.
Ludacris; Disturbin' Tha Peace family. Recognize
royalty
when you hear it. The throne has been taken, so kiss
this
nigga's earring. Luda throw some grapes on these
bitches!

[Ludacris]

These bitches throwin rose petals at my feet mayn!
They wanna spoil me, treatin me like royalty;
what I'm 'sposed to do? It's such a sweet thang
Work that track, whip 'em like Kunta
That's why they stay down, they loyal citizens of
Zamunda
By way of A-T-L; if you disagree
don't even look at me ho don't pass go just go straight
to jail
With no probation or bail, but this ain't Monopoly
It's Jolly Green Giants cause we smoke so much
broccoli
Uh-oh, Spaghetti-O's! Luda's oodles of noodles
And testin me is like pitbulls put up to poodles
My rap career goes back further than yo' father hairline
It's Ludacris - I pack more nuts than Delta Airlines
I'm fly, even when I get high I work cash
And even got my coach bumped up to first class
I'm boss to all employees - and I'm here to teach the
principle
Cause I've been saved by mo' bells than Lark Vorhees

-- Man fuck that nigga 'Cris man, for real man. I'm tired
of
this shit man. Man I try to rap for the nigga, I try to get
a nigga tracks; he ain't hearin my shit. Man for real.

Man my four-year-old son can rap better than that
nigga;
man that nigga garbage. Man I got talent too, the nigga
ain't
hearin me. Man iii-iiiis this shit on? 'Cris, c'mon 'Cris.
'Cris, f'real man. FUCK YOU NIGGA, MAN FUCK YOU!

[Ludacris]

Fuck you too! What you wanna do, scrawny nigga
But I got a arsenal of automatics down to twenty-twos
Know how to use 'em, fight dirty as SHIT
I throw a grenade and all-in-one bury a CLIQUE
You see y'all got it all wrong like women in tuxedos
And comin up shorter than five Danny DeVitos
I'm on a cool ranch, get laid more than Fritos
With five strippers, four wives and three amigos
I go scuba divin in Bays at Montego
I find gold links and snatch 'em like I'm Deebo
But I'm the light-skinteted version of Mandingo
I've seen more Beatles and Jagged Edges than Ringo
I used to run numbers in line they caled me BINGO
Cause I'm big, you a little star, you just twinkle
Old asses like sharpeis, y'all all wrinkled
And I stay with more BULLETS than yo' Billboard singles

-- Ho that is just too much! You just gotta give applause
he is definitely all f'real - yaseel'msayin? Ha ha I be
fuckin with him all the time, yahhmean? I'm sayin, I
used
to just serve homes herb now how come through he
want 50's a purple,
he want quarters a purple now. I want y'all to trip with it
man, I woulda sold him a QP last week of the lava,
yaseewhatlmsayin?

[Ludacris]

Yeah, can I get a little hit of that, little nigga with a
bigga sack
C.P. set a bigger trap look at that Godby Road and Old
Nat
Where they kick it at? And a lot of people just don't
know
Shady Park you heard just don't go
Quick to flip the bird up po'-po'
Makin the way for that rodeo, that rodeo show!
Gotta hit 'em with a reload, I gotta put 'em with the
people
I gotta make a nigga stop, drop, roll - oh no where the
beat go?
Bring that, shit back, didn't wanna hear that, clik-clak
Tons of fun with guns

Fuck all the lil' chit-chat get back get that get that
Who knows, who goes there? Motherfuckers it's Poppa
Bear
Stop and stare; pourin out a lil' gasoline and then drop
a flare
I'm on, FIRE! And you know I can't stop 'til I re-TIRE!
Oh no, we stay swoll, rollin on Vogue TIRES!
Right down the avenue, passin you rapidly stackin
In the back of the Cadillac and packin emergency
action
Camera, LIGHT LIGHTS, throwin a punch and then
FIGHT FIGHT
Packin a lunch and then BITE BITE, A-T-L stay TIGHT
TIGHT

-- I'm just tryin to save ya shorty. I'ma let you know
it's real down heah. When you ride down that two-
eighty-five,
and you go past Cascade, get ready to go past that
Campbellton Road
fo' you get it to Camp Creek shorty just shake; cause
dat where dem
real niggaz at. I ain't lyin when you in Decatur and you
flossin
down Glenwood, Candler Road or Rainbow nigga
shaaaaaake!
Cause dat where dem real niggaz at. When you're goin
down that
ol' Nat Hill and you pass dat second waffle house 'fore
you get
to the rich niggaz shaaake; cause dat where dem real
niggaz at!
Matter of fact, just shaje when ya get to Georgia nigga.

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