

## **St. Lunatics "Here We Come"**

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Yo, whattup baby girl, fuck is the deal?  
Nah you know I'm sayin I'm on my way fo' sho'  
Nah well Kejuan and Murph they with me already  
And you know Leezy on his way we gonna be out there  
in a minute  
But what's goin on with you though? 'Cause I hope you  
ain't frontin'  
'Cause it's too late at night for that y'know?

Here we come  
Here we come now, girl  
All over you  
(Baby girl)

You know, I spend hot shit when need be  
Only nigga that can take a still picture in 3-D  
If need be, I'm leavin' the party with Cindy  
Cocky bowlegged long hairr and Fendi  
That ain't nuttin', how 'bout her twin sister Mindy  
I spit game like that, I get brains like that  
Butter-soft leather seats, it came like that  
If sex was football, I'd be a running back

I can only get low and I never fumble  
Make ya throw ya hands up when I break in the zone  
So if it's on it's on, shit, I'm takin' you home  
I got my own doghouse, own thrown, own bone  
She like my bizza, my bad, li'l dog  
You Lunatics and that's what I be sayin' 'bout y'all  
Hell, not an M.D. but I'm always on call  
And I got a stick for ya guaranteed not to stall

So here we come  
Here we come now, girl  
All over you  
(Baby girl)

'Cause we be Vokal'd down from the sky to the ground  
Sippin' Alize, a steady puffin' on a pound  
Hollerin' whoa now, slow down, switch it up  
Mami, don't frown, go down, heat it up

'Cause we be Vokal'd down from the sky to the ground  
Sippin' Alize, a steady puffin' on a pound  
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I'm like a New Edition, y'all not Ronnie Bobby and Mike  
Not even Ricky Ralph or Johnny, instead it rain tonight  
Is this the end? Damn right I, turn out like Ike  
Until Vanessa Del Rio like over Bryan McKnight  
Said, oh no, baby doll kissin' me as she goin' down low  
Peepin' that demo oh, can tell that you a pro  
Swore up and down you never did this before,  
whatever just go slow

Hated by all types, baby, fathers and dykes  
The type ready to fight, I'm the one they women like  
He think he tight, he think he got more game than  
Spike Lee  
Running through his veins like an IV, high speed  
Tightest nigga for five G's of Al D.  
Better catch me now while my price is low  
Demandin' five digits when the Lunatics blow  
Another zero for a show, just to let you niggaz know,  
now what?

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All over you  
(Baby girl)

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You see me and my niggaz only come out on the  
weekends  
'Cause the weekdays too busy creepin'  
Freakin' wit yo' rat, now picture that  
When she with you she not speakin' but she weaken  
Lettin' me know that she really been thinkin'  
About a nigga even when I'm not wit her  
I'm frosty all year while you only in the winter  
My pockets gettin' fatter, your pockets gettin' thinner

I ain't baptized, so you callin' me a sinner

Overpaid, 29, callin' me a young tenor  
Nelly, stop, don't leave, don't stop when I'm in her  
She ready for whatever, I ain't even bought her dinner  
I started the game on the bench with splinters  
Beggin' your coach, let you play for a minute  
And last seconds of the game, you still waitin' to enter  
I ain't gotta hear the buzzer boy, I know who the winner,  
come on

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Here we come y'all, here we come  
Here we come y'all, here we come  
Here we come y'all, here we come  
...

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