

Ghostown

"Come and Get It"

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[Cig]

Cig's next in line, call it a take over!

These cats ain't ready for me to get heavy
So many adversaries want me buried in the cemetery
You're a snitch, you're a bitch, you don't want no beef
Talkin' shit? Piece of shit, dog, you can't compete
Cowards step to this, you'll get filled with holes
I'll have you jettin' (Jet in) NY like Laveranues Coles
Mix Bacardi with dro, chicks party with Hypno
Cig throws back more Heat than Alonzo
Fuck with Cig? That's like askin' for your death
Rip your lungs & throw 'em back so you can catch your
breath
Your records can't sell, your life? Don't risk it
Wind up another dead rapper statistic
I'm realistic, I'm Staten's finest
Your attitude was positive until your crew got minused
Cause I'm packin' more Teck's (tech's) than Rashid
Wallace
My flow's flawless, flap shit, you'll be jawless
That's why you ain't felt, cause all you do is front
The only gun you ever held came free with Duck Hunt
You're too shook to stunt, and we can see right through
you
I've heard blank CD's that sound better than you do

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Tell 'em if they want it, they can get it
If you ain't with it, then you'll get it
Don't want the beef, you don't want it with us
Don't run these streets, they don't want it with us

[J Formz]

Sadly we lost Pac and L due to assassination
So now Cig and Formz the new Deadly Combination
Rap abomination, domination, got you facin' plots you
hatin'
Got you waitin', got you pacin', heart racin'
Stop the fakin', all the hatin', pop your face in, cop your
weight and

Pop the tape in, no escapin' the Cig and Formz
compilation
The cops are tracin' the flow, we so real
And how I got you sayin "OH" with no deal
Come through blocks with glocks, and I'm known to kill
Cause when I cock and pop, your brain's known to spill
You wanna spit again, but the game's over, chill
Sign, get rich, and then what? I'm a soldier still
Never stop ridin', never stop spittin'
And the hottest shit I'm rippin' is probably not written
So send word through your Nextel's and hand out
flyers
And fuck Denzel son cause this Man's On Fire

[Chorus]

[Cig]
Cut pies like pizza, what guys will buy fame?
Move Key's like Alicia, but you'll know my name
Your crew's gettin' bling? you're cocky and lame
Last time you seen checks was at hockey games
My wrist's rocky, all these haters could greet snubs
Chick's feen for the mug, whip's clean, sweet dubs
16 and a beam, aimed to heat thugs
And you ain't gotta go on Fear Factor to eat slugs
Cig's that thug that gets chick's to strip fast
AK in the dash that'll give you whiplash
You're a chump poppin' off, I'm coppin' cream fast
You ought to stop producin' like you was Dreamcast
You're gassed like Jews at the Holocaust
And these tools blast fools when the hollow's are
tossed
We pop bottles, cop Movado's just to floss
And the models follow just to say they swallowed a
boos, yeah!

[Chorus]

Cig: You ignorant mother fuckers man, you do your
little shows, you hand out
your little flyers. Bottom line is, we'll see who they
feelin' man. Don't
you dare ever try and do this to me again man, I own
this shit man. I was built
for this, you ain't built for this man. Y'all battery rappers
man, get charged
up. Follow me and see how shit gets done around here
man

