

Helga Fedderson

"Come One, Come All"

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[Intro]

Yeah yeah (yo)

Turn my mic up, one two

East Coast Gangsters (straight Brooklyn right here)

(East Coast Gangster, East Coast Gangster)

Come to let ya niggas know

One time and one time only

We ain't playin

[ShaCronz]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Stay charm, livin, everybody wanna know cons position

I'm in the strong condition, plus there's no competition

Pop dons, twistin up, arm glisten

RZA truck, lean dudes in the hallway, sittin, spittin up

Don't think about gettin up, this world ain't forgettin us

On the streets, we crizzin cuts, too late me missed the bus

So I hop in the train, poppin them things

Shootin stupid, hittin every cop in my lane

Hip hop is my game, my job, my hustle

Had to rob and scuffle, when the projects, the god struggle

In the public, you know for thuggin crew

Little rugged dude, comin thru

Like the man in front of you, you can't do nuthin dude

Who is he? Catch me in a pair of shoes, pissy

Seen more grands than you, lizzy, when it comes to crime

Ain't nuthin, my first guns a nine

Summertime, frontin on the block, we get ones with nine

Who's wild? New style, some say I'm too foul

Ya rap dudes is curtail, sit back and watch my loot pal

Slot Time eliminatin, ya rhymes a criminatin

Shine innovatin, two dimes in rotation, mind insinuation

God, ya dudes is weak, sometimes I be losin sleep

To write that shit, that make ya move ya feet

My fuse is deep, on tape ain't confuse my speech

Lock me up, behind bars, cuz I refuse to speak

[Chorus 2X: ShaCronz]

Come one, come all, if you wanna ball
All weak niggas on the floor
We can take it to the courts, guns involved, my sons
involved
Can't fuck with it, if there's no ones involved

[Freemurder]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo
I squeeze heaters, take you out of here on some
I don't need ya, Swiss cheese ya
Keep you runnin like cheetahs
Squeeze 16's, thru they 9 millimeters
Ram came back, short stop like two re-ups
Get money, fuck squeezers, send my dogs to get out
ya
With sweepers, Lil' Free a sneak ya
Splash ya, put 3 strikes on ya like Adidas
Ya causin blood on my sneakers
Squeeze with ease, shot sound like four speakers
Affiliated with Streetsweapers
That's why they get sprayed in the night with red
beamers
Get laid in broad daylight, ya fools don't want it
Click all you, run up on you
Rob pools, on they floor, jewels, gun on you
Grimy when I want to, no tellin what I'm gon do
What ya niggas wanna do? Throw shots at ya Mom too
Can't beat me, call me, ya faggots disappoint me
Throwin shots at ya head, back frontin for me
Shootin for my block away, I'm blazin a ack
Ya niggas quick to but ya glock away
Ya niggas can't rock with me, ya niggas ain't stoppin
me
Most bitches be clockin me
Can't bag one bitch with the other chick clockin me

[Chorus 2X]

[ShaCronz]

I burn the enterprise, with recognitiative
We don't surrender to faggots
You got to shoot me to try to injure my status
The things you do, make a lot of these contenders the
maddest
But not me I visit cabbage, make ya render the karat
This in the average of 8 shells, cape swells
On these streets peak with my tape sells
Look how we creep in eight wale
Hoes in barrettes, scheme boatin on the coast of Java
Bloods loke, bust guns for Dada

I'm defensive, a lineman like "Mean" Joe Green
Sell no dreams, hold the fort in my Polo jeans
Blow cream, blow steam, I make hoes scream
In front of the stage, I watch the hoes fiend
I want the bread, fuck the law
Hustle with guns, gotta cut the raw
The devil my one, pedal touchin the four
Dudes fumble when I come, my metals bustin for war
We never settle the score, devils watchin ya door,
what?

[Chorus to fade]

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