

Horst Chmela

"When He Comes On"

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".. doesn't sound good to me"

[Pudgee]

Motherfuck the bullshit! Hello, heidi ho, where's my intro
to this show, and you know the shit is dope
I'm all that, no, your mind ain't playin tricks
But I think you suck like a (whore) does to dicks
Talk good game, but you ain't no lover
Last you pussy you had is when you slid out your mother
You know I was hep to the shit from the get-go
Come off like the clothes of a ho in a strip, show
My oh my god DAMN I'm proud to say
Or like they say that every dog gotta have his day
Rest assured when the day arrives on this child
I'm kickin the gravy style, never the corny style
Nuff respect is what I'm gettin, give it to me
Even if you're part of BBD you couldn't "Do Me"
I play Marvin Gaye, "What's Goin' On?" "Let's Get it On"
Cause everything is over when the Phat Bastard goes on

[Chorus]

C'mon motherfuckers c'mon (aww yeah!)
C'mon motherfuckers c'mon (here we go)
C'mon motherfuckers c'mon (keep it up!)
C'mon motherfuckers c'mon (here we go)

[Pudgee]

Here comes the wickedest, with the wickedest style I'll be kickin it
I wear a size eleven you can guess where I'll be stickin it
Think with the heart, everything is all me
Shittin on niggaz as if they was Tawana Brawley
Who cares whether superstar or small name
Tramplin comp like a City College ball game
Scamp, get the upper hand, I'll be with it
Drivin 'em right off the edge like in Chappaquiddick
Without a second for thought, what I got to lose?

They'll find you deep in a river wearin cement shoes
Anyone gets out of hand I get drastic
How the fuck you wanna leave - a basket or casket?
Fuck the fact that they say I ain't - shit
Plus the fact that, they're really on my dick
I play Marvin Gaye, "What's Goin' On?" "Let's Get it On"
Cause everything is over when the Phat Bastard goes
on

[Chorus]

[Pudgee]

If you ever feel that you're better then tell me
Come with the facts or get taxed just like Leona
Helmsley
You motherfuckers should retire
There's nobody flyer, I set yo' ass on fire like Richard
Pryor
No flaws, causin drama
And any-a test I'm sure to cut you up just like Jeffrey
Dahmer
I won't be frontin I can't sing that's not my thing
Fuck with me I'll beat yo' ass like Rodney King
I'm pullin tricks on the slick, shit
I'm beatin niggaz on the daily routine like you beat your
dick
Everywhere I'm seein smiles; you're lovin me now
'til things slow down and then you're on a different
style
I don't know you we never hung out
But once I get paid up again you'll be actin like you're
strung out
And bein life is a gamble, bet
I'ma be tellin yo' ass goodbye like Tevin Campbell

[Chorus] - 2.25X

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