

J Dilla f/ Elzhi

"Come Get It"

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Uh
Elzhi
J Dilla rock on

(Elzhi)
Yo I heard you was lookin for me
Well its sort a like you lookin to be in the wrong place
With your arms waving getting took for ya things
That ice emblem ya Benjamin and ya Timberland
My raps finish em like strokes to black citizens
Attack ya women friend
Pull her hair til its straight like she half Indian
Collapse many men doin laps around meridian
Aim for ya chest like I'm a titty man
Wit a fetish for feelin him wit a iron fist that lift like
helium
What y'all niggas want shock therapy
Ya pop barely and fold up
Ya never blow up no
You full of hot air to me
Another rapper claimin he hot
But couldn't be if he was Damien's pop
That was once an angel from God
Get my jock out ya mouth now that I'm hot
Can't believe nigga's a stoop so low til they limbo with
the cock
Well I'm
Tryin to get over like a Alche to sober nights
Y'all niggas ain't spittin y'all just soakin mic
Getting hot headed
But my shoulders ice that's why I catch the cold eye
That's why you catchin holes guy inside ya four door
ride
I left four more slide from out the barrel
Then my niggas speed a punch you in ya back to knock
you out apparel

(J Dilla)
What you want, what you want, where you at, where you
at
What you want, what you want, where you at, where you

at

(Elzhi)

You lookin for me under a rock, a bush, or a tree
I jump on ya block and stomp you til my foot is asleep

(J Dilla)

What you want, what you want, where you at, where you
at
What you want, what you want, where you at, where you
at

(Elzhi)

You lookin for me run in ya spot bullet and heat
I bust off a glock and snuff you til you put in the deep

(4x)

If you want it, come and get it

(Elzhi)

Get ya best nigga out ya brigade
Bet everything becomes vague
Clothes become beige
And hearing sweet serenades and grenades
I bomb like Saddam twice
Smoke fills the room like the intercom vice
I'm wicked enough to punch you in your inner mind's
eye
Until you black out and wake up within the land of Mt.
Zion
Wake niggas get screamed on
And highly retire
I got the eye of the tiger like Rocky's theme song
Step in the concrete jungle
I bust you til you see doubles
Then watch all four of me reach for you
The heat bubble ready to cock back
I'm aimin shots at any nigga
I even got midgets wit triggers hittin the side of top
hats
Ready to kill ya
We fully armed like Dr. Octagon
Skinny limbs that flip cocky arm
Cough up lung if you wanna tango
Best run ya ankles
You ain't fly
Ya vocals sound dry like they under rain coats
And the same niggas that's still after me
They get chills when it get back to me
Then peel back they feet like an athelete
Then when they turn they back to me dramatically

Them and the ground collide til they pop up on the
other side wit the Japanese
I mean business
To oppose would be suicide
Ya middle name would be mud like kalauah slide
All you hear is slugs
So you move and dodge
And try to run for cover
I'm on some other, other, other
Skip ya level I'm above that
So what you love rap and you want mine
I make ya very punchline sound like love taps
They don't hit right
throw ya fist right
I fist fight with a mic
To submit like
to ya insight
Then I'm a leave ya area walked you
Arogant dogs
They claim you carryin sparks but couldn't bury a
corpse

(J Dilla)
Ha huh say
What you want, what you want, where you at, where you
at
What you want, what you want, where you at, where you
at

(Elzhi)
You lookin for me under a rock, a bush or a tree
I jump on ya block and stomp you til my foot is asleep

(J Dilla)
What you want, what you want, where you at, where you
at
What you want, what you want, where you at, where you
at

(Elzhi)
You lookin for me run in ya spot bullet and heat
I bust off a glock and snuff you til you put in the deep

Say uh

(*If you want it come and get it*)

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