

K-Rino f/ Charlie Boy**"Come on Down"**

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(*talking*)

Yeah Charlie Boy, K-Rino let's get em

[K-Rino]

I'll drag you 'cross the water, from Houston to Israel
I'm a seven course gourmet feast, you a kid's meal
Take a sledge hammer, and damage the frame of your
Caddy
Embarrass you, and make your own kids ashamed of
they daddy
The people asking you questions, you answering none
Out of the trunk, selling mo' junk than Sanford and Son
You thought testing was a smart move, now you feel
dumb
Like the Texans stupid ass, for not drafting Vince
Young

[Charlie Boy]

You opened the door so here I come gunning, no time
for no battlers
Me and the Time Traveler rattle ya, with a perammeter
Batter ya boy let's chatter yuh, leave you for
scavengers
Adding you to the long list, of dismissed wanna-be
challengers
Haven't ya realized yet, all that talk make me
aggressive
Dig in your chest bring the broad out you, like some
kind of decongestive
Material imperial mind, your flow is repossessive
It ain't the fact that you're whack black, I'm just very
impressive mayn

[Hook - 2x]

Come on down, to Texas partna
Tight flows, or anything you need we got ya
Serving you, Southern hospitality proper
But know this, you step out of line we drop ya

[Charlie Boy]

The chorus and rap singing, a Don is

Verbally I astonish, get you hooked on my phonics
K-Rino spitting that plain flame, I soulfully punish
You trapped in a web's game, and into the eyes of
who's punint
Locked down we run it, hands down no question
6'4 with a 5'5, wild child mic molesting
Bark like Mr. Smith, bite like Wesson
Professor ay step up, and get taught a top flight lesson

[K-Rino]

I laugh at ya, K-Rino the paragraph smasher
Catch you eating, snatch the food off your plate and
won't even ask ya
If we bet who raps can outlast, you'll be a cash passer
One of the first, still one of the last of the ass thrashers
I'm down with Charlie Boy, if he call me I'm in his corner
Twenty thousand yards away, take off sprinting and
run up on ya
I vacation in my own hood, keep the Bahammas
We got mo' flows, than a welfare office got baby
mamas

[Hook - 2x]

[K-Rino]

I break a microphone is half, like the leg of Joe
Theisman
If words was rushing yards, I would probably win the
Heisman
Me temp is rising, your chance of survival is barely
breathing
You telling lies with your hands on the bible, you damn
heathen
I verbally, and verbally capture ya
Hit your car simultaneously, word slapping the driver
and the passenger
You talking like a pimp, but you steady tricking homes
I be on your gal all night long, like a Cricket phone

[Charlie Boy]

Etching my name in history books, walking amongst
legends
A part of a coalition, Texas ghetto street reverends
Chargers the game like Tomlinson, send you packing
like Levans
Have you struggling to survive, like James and Florida
Evans
Darkness about to set in, prepare for the on start
Shaking like a child fooling with a pit, just got his arm
caught
You weak I ain't say that, that's what your mom thought

You bring a threat to me, like them nuclear bombs
Sadaam brought none

[Hook - 2x]

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