

Kelly Price F/ Daron Jones, Quinnes Parker

"I'm Comin'"

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Will:

Ugh, Ugh, I'm comin' (echoes)...

...Watch ya back, I'm comin'...

[Man (singing):]

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh (echoes)...

Will:

Big Will for the Y2K, ugh

Verse One:

Feel the Earth tremble, see the skies turn red

Eclipses, shooting stars, turn ya head

Volcanoes erupted, rage in the sea

Ain't the second coming of Christ

The first coming of me

They say if you damn up the Nile

It would throw off the rotation of the Earth

Well, messing with me is worse

Feel the rain, button up you overcoat

Watch the illadelph bad boy go quote for quote

Well, ya'll want the best, well, I'm right here

You looking for competition, ain't no one there

Ya'll in the stands dissin', kickin' dirt and missin'

My heavenly flow put MC's in hell's kitchen, ugh

And I'm so, I'm so hot, hot, ya'll burnin' up, HOT

I step in, it's like the wedding between Hope and

Armageddon

The Hip Hop Moses to where we headin' y'all

Chorus:

I'm comin', I'm comin',

You can't stop me, you can't stop me,

I'm comin', I'm comin',

Can't hold me back, uh uh,

I'm comin', I'm comin',

You can't stop me, you can't stop me,

I'm comin', I'm comin'...

Verse Two:

When I was born there was a rainbow formed with no

sun

Roy G Bid marking the path for the chosen one
An angel, my grandma, told me before she died
Smart folks don't need to put no cursing in they rhymes
So from CD to TV to movies back to rhymin'
My lifestats makes Jordan's six rings look common
Ya'll hate, I retaliate, just by being great
Big Will the enemy of your mental state
With the same rhyme I used to burn your idol in a battle
To screw you into saying, "Look, I don't wanna battle,"
M.I.B., WB mad respect
Black stealthbombarama, radar can't detect that
I'm comin' is what I screamed
as a teen armed with discipline, faith, and a dream
After smoke clears, after life's roller coasters
See who stands putting his mic into his holster, what!

[Chorus]

Batton down the hatches and latch the doors
You wanna try to match my whits with yours
Three hits, I hit you, you hit the floor
This track is the third hit, that's for sure
Beat thick reminiscin' of a bodacelli
I'm like a cheetah huntin' out on the Serengeti
I got my X-ray vision through all in my way
No Plan B, it distracts from Plan A
Stay splitting in half, earthquake style
Evacuate your premisses, the hardcore nemesis
I never miss, my flow never flawed
Grab mics and send electric shocks through the cord
Quest for the rings my only weapon's intuition
My future position is determined by past decisions
So young George Bush, I'm thinking bout runnin'
Maybe not this time, but trust dude, ugh

[Chorus]

[Man (singing)]

Comin', comin', you can't stop me,
Comin' comin', can't hold me back, no.

Comin', comin', you can't stop me,
Comin' comin', can't hold me back.

[Repeat 2x]

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