

## Lyrics by Kiske Michael

### "Here We Come"

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[Intro: INF-Black]

Gangster this and gangster that  
Half of ya'll ain't gangstas, so hold that \*gun shot\*  
Blaow!

[U-God]

I got a deathwish, my playlist is wreckless  
Almost famous but the natives gettin' restless  
Leave 'em breathless, guess who popped up  
With pile out, hear you talkin' like Wu's washed up  
Squash what, I got balls and guts, more deluxe  
The magnetic flux, in the all black tux'  
And my back's all hushed, lead showers for you mutts  
I devour the cuts with a power packed punch  
And cowards I hunt, when I ride with my gun  
I'm like a spoke on the wheel that glides on the drum  
Through the, smoke I reveal, I'm the rising sun  
That go through your shield, is he really that Hill?  
Let the streets decide, with nerves of steel  
Let the beats collide, with the death-defyin' skill  
And beneath the sky, lurkin' network of strangers  
That insert the danger with a touch of a finger

[Chorus: Letha Face (INF-Black)]

Oh no... watch... out... here... they... come  
(Gangster this and gangster that  
Half of ya'll ain't gangstas, so hold that \*gun shot\*  
Blaow!  
Stand up... with... my... real... nig... gas  
(Gangster this and gangster that  
Half of ya'll ain't gangstas, so hold that \*gun shot\*  
Blaow!)

[INF-Black]

Yo, aiyo, I'm speakin' for myself, my feets on stealth  
Fuck thirty deep, I'm in your hood for delf  
Blowin' trees with your main squeeze countin' my shells  
As I feed the clips to the T, handle it well  
Never been the one to front, son, my history's swell  
Tell you how it's gon' be, what it was and what it is  
Catch you in your sleep, thug, now your memory lives

The streets get the buzz, no love, them same thugs  
snitch, bitch  
Learned you was livewire, mafia lie  
You get wired, by real gangstas and big buyers  
Messin' with fire, you ought to leave town  
Son, there's rules to this game, and these lames wanna  
be down  
Bringin' all clothes, most fold when it go down  
4-5 pounds out the gate, nigga, slow down  
I recognize real, and it ain't how you sound  
It's the shit that you feel when I'm bustin' the pound

[Chorus]

[Hook: INF-Black]

Niggaz keep talkin', better keep walkin'  
Walk the block frontin', you ain't sayin' nothin'  
You ain't poppin' nothin', you ain't cuttin' nottin'  
Son, stop stuntin', before I start dumpin'

[Letha Face]

I apply your bones to the grindstone, to roam on the  
block with the chrome  
Son I smack you out your rhinestones, holmes  
I zone where the average man is not permitted to stand  
Unless you got that thang, in your hands  
Screamin' fans wanna touch me, groupies wanna fuck  
me  
And crabs that don't wanna see me make it, try to bust  
me  
Trust me, I got my shit on cock  
So now I'm ready to rock you on the spot and put you in  
a human Ziploc  
With the clip in his lock, and my hand over my heart  
I swear to be my brother's keeper, til death do us part  
The truest darts spoken in broken language, got you  
soakin' wet  
Like a bottle of Dutch juice, with the mint leaves  
Nigga please, the trigger squeeze in every direction  
Blood is similar to viral effects, enter your section  
And my possession is a deadly weapon  
This pen that I use, to bang a hole in your neck, nigga,  
you suspect

[Chorus]

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