

## St. Lunatics F/ Nelly

### "Here We Come"

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Yo, whattup baby girl - fuck is the deal?  
Nah youkna! I'm sayin I'm on my way fo' sho'  
Nah well Kejuan and Murph they with me already  
And you know Leezy on his way we gonna be out there  
in a minute  
But what's goin on with you though? Cause I hope you  
ain't frontin  
Cause it's too late at night for that y'know?  
Nah no doubt though aight?

(here.. we.. come..) Here we come now girl!  
(all ov-er.. you..) Baby girl, uhh uhh

[Nelly]

You know I, spend hot shit when need be  
Only nigga that can take a still picture in 3-D (What?)  
If need be I'm leavin the party with Cindy (Who is that?)  
Cocky bowlegged long hairr and Fendi  
That ain't nuttin - how bout her twin sister Mindy  
I spit game like that, I get brains like that  
Butter-soft leather seats, it came like that  
If sex was football, I'd be a runningback  
I can only get low and I never fumble  
Make ya throw ya hands up when I break in the zone  
So if it's on it's on, shit I'm takin you home  
I got my own doghouse, own thrown, own bone  
She like my bizza, my bad, lil' dawg  
You Lunatics - and that's what I be sayin bout y'all  
Hell, not an M.D. but I'm always on call  
And I got a stick for ya guaranteed not to stall  
So

[Chorus]

(here.. we.. come..) Here we come now girl!  
(all ov-er.. you..) Baby girl, uhh uhh, cause we be  
Vokal'd down from the sky to the ground  
Sippin Alize, steady puffin on a pound  
Hollerin whoa now! Slow down, switch it up  
Mami don't frown, go down, heat it up! Hey! (here.. we..  
come..)  
Full countdown, from the sky to the ground

Sippin Alize, steady puffin on a pound (all ov-er.. you..)  
Hollerin whoa now! Slow down, switch it up  
Mami don't frown, go down, heat it up

[Nelly]

I'm like a New Edition; y'all not Ronnie Bobby and Mike  
Not even Ricky Ralph or Johnny, instead it rain tonight  
Is this the end? Damn right I, turn out like Ike  
Until Vanessa Del Rio like over Bryan McKnight  
Said OH NO, babydoll kissin me as she goin down low  
Peepin that demo oh +I+ can tell that you a pro  
Swore up and down you never did this before..  
Whatever just go slow  
Hated by all types, baby fathers and dykes  
The type they ready to fight cause I'm the one they  
women like  
He think he tight, he think he got more game then spike  
lee  
Running through his veins like an IV, highspeed  
Tightest nigga for five G's of Al D.  
Better catch me now while my price is low  
Demandin five digits when the Lunatics blow  
Another zero for a show, just to let you niggaz know,  
now what?

[Chorus]

[Nelly]

You see me and my niggaz only come out on the  
weekends  
Cause the weekdays too busy creepin  
Freakin, wit yo' rat, now picture that  
When she with you she not speakin, but she weaken  
Lettin me know, that she really been thinkin  
about a nigga (oooh) even when I'm not wit her  
I'm frosty all year while you only in the winter  
My pockets gettin fatter, your pockets gettin thinner  
I ain't baptized so you callin me a sinner  
Overpaid, 29, callin me a young tenor  
Nelly stop don't leave, don't stop when I'm in her  
SherReady for whatever and I ain't even bought her  
dinner  
I, started the game on the bench with splinters (uhh)  
Beggin your coach let you play for a minute  
The last seconds of the game you still waitin to enter  
I aint gotta hear the buzzer boy I know who the winner,  
come on

[Chorus]

[repeated until the end]

Here we come y'all, here we come

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